CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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The Battle of the Century

Pennsylvania to Erect on Battlefield Majestic Monument Bearing the Names of its 22,000 Sons Who Fought in the Greatest Engagement of the War of the Rebellion—Most Deadly Fighting Known in all History.

Gen'l. St. Clair A. Mullholland in Phila. Ledger.

Very many Cameron, Elk, Potter and Clinton soldiers took part in the battle of Gettysburg, mostly in the Brigade so ably commanded by Gen. Roy Stone, who visited Emporium several years ago, upon the occasion of a Soldiers Re-Union. It was at Gettysburg Hons. C. F. Barclay and Capt. J. C. Johnson were captured and for months incarcerated in southern prison dens. No doubt our veterans will enjoy reading the following from the pen of Gen'l St. Clair A. Mullholland in Phil'a Ledger, Dec. 13, 1908:

In a valley of peace, calm, comfort and content, overlooked by ranges of high hills—blue, purple and exceedingly lovely—lies the old town of Gettysburg and the 25 square miles of territory over which the armies of the North and South struggled and fought during those three days of July, 1863.

No more beautiful country than this can be found in the State of Pennsylvania. No matter what part of the field one visits, scenes of lovliness open in vistas on every side. The tongue of wood of McPherson's farm, where Reynolds fell, is a fine bit of American forest; and Willoughby Run, which meanders close by, and whose placid waters were crimsoned by the blood of brave men, is a sweet and charming stream where lilies grow in shady places and the birds come in springtime to build their nests along its banks. Then from Cemetery Hill, where the Union men made such a gallant stand against the "Louisiana Tigers," there is a splendid view as one looks over the town and across the fields to the Lutheran Seminary.

Culp's Hill, too, is full of sweet spots; and through the dark forest, where the six hours' fighting took place on the morning of the third day, one can find much to admire, and many a grand old tree riddled by bullets and torn by shot and shell—forcible reminders of the awful morning of July 3.

And what more picturesque than the wild and rugged scenery of the "Devil's Den"? Or where can one go to look for a grander or more sublime scene than that from the summit of "Little Round Top," where Vincent's men made their gallant fight?

Gettysburg is certainly a magnificent spot, full of natural beauties; and of the many battlefields of the war none more suitable could have been selected upon which to erect the monuments that are intended to commemorate the heroism and valor of our troops. The field is fast becoming the National Mecca, and year after year the number of visitors to the ground increases, until tens of thousands of Americans annually make a pilgrimage to the holy ground and worship at the shrine where so many noble men laid down their lives in defence of the State and cause.

THE NATIONAL MECCA.

England has her Westminster, France her St. Denis, Italy her Pantheon and Germany has her Walle-Halle. Every nation of the old Continent has some place dedicated to the noble and illustrious dead. This country has not, as yet, reached that mature age when one can visit some hallowed spot set apart for the last resting place for the good and eminent men. In the State of Pennsylvania the ground of Gettysburg is, however, of much greater interest and much dearer to American people than any of the celebrated sanctuaries of Europe.

Glorious Gettysburg! Where 4000 of the bravest and best of the soldier citizens sleep in honored graves on the field their valor won, is the National sanctuary, the Pantheon, the Westminster of the Republic.

No kings, princes or potentates lie there, but 400 gallant men, greater than kings, more splendid in their deeds and in their death than any of the princes or the great ones who slumber within the fretted walls of Europe's grand old Cathedrals—fathers, brothers and kinsmen, men who came from 18 States to shed their blood on Pennsylvania's soil in defense of the Union and human liberty.

TRIBUTE TO PENNSYLVANIA.

Gettysburg! The national battlefield of the war, where gallant men from 28 of the 32 States that then compased the Federal Union met in deadly conflict to decide by force of arms the future of the Republic, the great battle of the war fought on the free soil of a Northern State. Fortunate, indeed, was the son of Pennsylvania who was present in that stupendous fight; and by a special Providence it would seem as though the battle fought on the soil should be, in a very great measure, by sons of the Keystone State, and the histonian of "New York in the War," William F. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses," says:

> "The percentage of killed in the soldiers of the Keystone State was greater than in the quota of any other Northern State. This high percentage of loss in battle was largely due to the fact that nearly all of the Pennsylrania troops served in Virginia, where the territory was better contested and the war more prolonged. Then, again, the Pennsylvania regiments were second to none. The cavalry of the State were, as a whole, unsurpassed. They saw plenty of hard fighting, and their total losses in action exceeded the cavalry losses of any other State"

IN LEAD FOR GLORY

The eminent soldier who command ed the army, Genl Geo. Gordon Meade, was a son of this State; General Jonh Fulton Reynolds, the first great soldier to crimson the ground with his blood and give up his life in its defense, was a Pennsylvanian, and General Winfield Scott Hancock, "Hancock the Superb" he who galloped to the front at the first sound of the strife, and who, from that hour until in the moment of victory he fell, crushed and bleeding on the line of the Second Corps, did so much to win the fight, was a native of this grand Commonwealth.

The first regiment to fire a shot was the 56th Pennsylvania Infantry. The first brigade to especially distinguish itself was Roy Stone's, all Pennsylvanians.

When the second day's fight opened at the peach orchard almost the first troops to meet the advancing host of Longstreet were the men of Graham's brigade, nearly all Pennsylvanians. Later, on that same afternoon, when Hood's Texans climed the slopes of Little Round Top, they were met by the 82d Pennsylvanians, and the splendid soldier who fell there, General Strong Vincent, fell on his native heath.

Still later on that same day, when the terrific fighting was waging over the wheat field and "Valley of Death," McCandless, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, swept over the bloody ground and made one of the most successful charges of the afternoon. And when the day was far spent and darkness settled over the field one of the most brilliant feats of the whole battle was the splendid fight of the heroic Ricketts and his Pennsylvania battery, when with iron hand he held the crest of Cemetery Hill against the rush of the "Louisiana Tigers."

The morning of the third day was ushered in by the charge of the White Star Division, commanded by another son of the State, General John W. Geary; and in the cavalry fight at Rummel's farm, the greatest cavalry fight of the century, the Union forces were commanded by another, General D. Mc Gregg. In the last scene of all, when Pickett crashed on the left centre with his 18,000 men, Pennsylvania was everywhere on the line to meet him, and the Philadelphia Brigade stood at the most important point on the field and gathered in the greenest laurels of the day.

The fighting of both armies at Gettysburg was severe, and the sons of

Continued on 8th page

No Paper Next Week.

After a very strenuous month of work the PRESS will not be issued next week, "according to the time honored custom." Our readers, who have been given for three weeks the largest paper ever issued in this or any adjoining county, in fact in this section of the State, should now have reading sufficient to keep them occupied. This has been made possible by a liberal patronage from our enterprising citizens, who believe in letting their light shine. The wide field covered by this paper has long since demonstrated its value for trade getting. Our thanks are due to all who responded so cheerfully and willingly to make our Holiday Issues a great success. We do not claim them to be money-makers to us, yet we feel they have been so to our county and town, so dear to our heart, where we have resided so many years, doing, as we saw it, the best for our county. In looking back over the forty years that we have been connected with the old PRESS, we feel proud of the many friends who stood loyally by us. Those who consciently differed with us we offer good cheer and fellowship. Time heals every wound.

The great work incident to these great papers has been hard on our employees—Messrs. Orville Proudfoot, our faithful and reliable foreman; Raymond Klees, assistant; W. S. Sterner, Thos. Waddington and Riley Murray. Without their watchfulness and energy we could accomplish nothing. Thank you, men.

Wishing all, employees as well as patrons, a joyously Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

Yours Truly,

HENRY H. MULLIN.

P. S.—Our office will be kept open for the transaction of business and receipt of orders for printing, during the Xmas-tide.

A Hustler.

Walter D. Parsons, the gentlemanly traveling salesman for the Keystone Powder Company of this place, is in town for a rest during the Xmas-tide. Mr. Parsons don't fool away much time here but is almost constantly on the wing. What he does not know about dynamite, as well as the trade, is not worth much. When he and Teddy Blum goes after an order they get it or know the reason why not.

Buy a handsome mereschaum pipe for the husband, sweetheart or brother. For right goods and prices consult Taggart

Rapidly Going.

In less time than ten years few of the large timber tracts of this once great timber section of Pennsylvania will be only in the stories as told by old woodsmen The great Dodge, James & Stokes lands that covered the Northern Tier counties of Lycoming, Clinton, Clearfield, Cameron, McKean, Potter, Elk and several other counties, worth hundreds of millions, yes billions, of dollars, bas now almost been cleaned of timber and passed into the hands of the State as stripped lands. Only last week Mr. Lafayette B. Worley, title expert, representing tho Potter Title & Trust Co., Pittsburg, was in Emporium tracing the land records on the title to 18,000 acres of the above lands, that now pass to the State Forestry Department. The now valuable but once despised hemlock has made more wealth than ever did the white pine, should now be protected by the State or Nation—in fact the State or Nation should purchase every acre of timber land in the State and protect it for the future generation.

Pleasant Callers.

Mrs. and Mrs. John F. Sullivan, of Huntley Towerburg, were pleasant PRESS sanctum visitors Monday evening. Mr. Sullivan, has for very many years been identified with railroad train running. While here he explained the inter-locking system installed at Huntley, the only one in use in Pennsylvania. Our poet-correspondent entertained a party of gentlemen for an hour and gave many plausible reasons for believing that the new system will greatly reduce the danger of train wrecks. The system must be wonderful. John F. takes great pride in his work, and makes good every trick.

President-elect Taft.

United States Senator P C. Knox having been offered and accepted the Secretary of State portfolio when President-elect Taft becomes President, has brought out a large number of aspirants for United States Senator, notably Geo. T Oliver, Congressman Dalzell, Jas. F. Burke, M. E. Olmsted and a host of others. It looks to us that Mr. Oliver has the backing to land him in the vacant chair. He is an able gentleman and represents well the western portion of the State. He is in every way fitted for the position and deserves it. We hope Geo. T. Oliver will be the choice of the Republican party.

Christmas Cantata—Santa Claus at Miss Prim's.

The public is cordially invited to attend the Christmas Entertainment at the Presbyterian church, Tuesday evening, December 29, at 8 o'clock. Santa Claus will be there and the Cantata, "Santa Claus at Miss Prim's," will be given by members of the school. Silver Offering will be taken. Come and enjoy the evening with us.

Sleighing Party.

Mrs. Fred Logan on Tuesday afternoon supplied one of our Borough Schools—room No. 5, Miss Caroline Lechner, teacher—sleighs with which to give all of the scholars a ride. This in memory of her deceased daughter, Miss Inez, who was a member of the same school.

We have an extra fine line of Booth's Chocolates, from 25c to $10.00 per box

BEST IN THE COUNTRY.

What Mr. R. Kuehne, Emporium's Prominent Merchant, Says of the PRESS.

MR. H. H. MULLIN,

Editor Cameron County Press.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to congratulate you on the appearance of your valuable paper and the splendid way in which you print advertising matter. It is certainly a credit to our town and county and equals the best in the country. We are certainly well pleased with the results we get from advertising in your paper. Wishing you the best of success, I am,

Yours truly,

R. KUEHNE.

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Snow.
SATURDAY, Snow flurries
SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business Dec. 22, 1908.

$788,596.78

1909.

At sight pay to the patrons of this bank 365 Happy Days. Value received in your confidence and charge to our appreciation.

$1.00 Starts an Account.

3% INTEREST PAID ON CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store,
Emporium, Pa 12y

32 PAGES

Musicale.

Miss May Gould gave a very pleasing Musicale at her residence on Sixth street, last Saturday evening. A part of her very large class of piano-forte pupils took part in the program, viz:

Raymond, (Overture) Duet.....Thomas.
Belle Husted, Kate Metzger.
Merry Games Waltz,.....Frate.
Ruth Loucks.
The Gay Peasant, op. 216,.....Gurlitt.
Ethel Creighton.
Caprice Espagnol, op. 58,.....Henry Weyts.
Rosemary Quinn.
Polka Chromatique,.....Fieldhouse.
Agnes Cleary.
Spinning Room Chat,.....VonBlum.
Olive Ellis.
Softly Sings the Brooklet, op. 63,.....Wentzel.
Helen Freindel.
The Sailor Boy's Dream.....Le Hache.
Evelyn Donovan.
Ours, op. 104,.....Howard Cadmus.
Gordon Vogt.
Menuet, op. 14,.....Paderewski.
Louise Welsh.
Silvery Echoes,.....Wood.
Frank Housler.
Narcissus,.....Nevin.
Nora Grace.
Bubbling Spriug,.....Julie Rive-King.
Ruth Pearsoll.
Valse Styrienne, op. 27.....Vollenhaupt
Margaret Cavey.
Rustle of Spring,.....Sinding.
Herbert Vogt.
Simple Confession,.....Francis Thome.
Kathryn Hogan.
Moonlight Sonata, op. 27,.....Beethoven.
Belle Husted.
Rondo Capriccioso,.....Mendelssohn.
Kate Metzger.
Overture,.....Rossini.
Belle Husted, Kate Metzger.

Miss Gould takes great pains with her pupils and it is certainly remarkable how rapidly her scholars advance. She has numbered in her classes many of the most proficient in town. She certainly deserves much praise for the good work she has accomplished.

Teachers Call.

Misses Margaret Weisenfluh and Catharine Orr, of this place, who are teaching in Hick's Run and Sterling Run respectively, and Miss Clara Edwards, teacher of the West Branch school at Hicks Run, were business callers at the PRESS office last Saturday. They are all very pleasant young ladies and without a doubt make good teachers and the scholars under their instruction will show good results of their careful training.

One Hundreth Anniversary.

The First National Bank of Emporium usually present their patrons very beautiful calendars but this year, we think, they have touched a popular chord, their calendar being supplemented with a handsome embossed profile of Abraham Lincoln, in commemoration of Lincoln's 100th anniversary.

A Welcome Caller.

Mr. Adam Nickler, who has just passed through a long lay-up caused by being injured in the railroad yard at the Junction, some time ago, is sufficiciently recovered to be at his work again. Mr. Nickler was a PRESS office caller last Saturday and placed his subscription for 1909 and took advantage of the offer and received our New Home Library Wall Chart.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year, over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

The Good-Will Habit.

A habit of holding a kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it encircles and enlarges the whole life. When we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, if we have formed the good-will habit. In other words, says the New York Weekly, the kindly habit, the good-will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us. On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interest, our own comfort, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic and uninteresting.

One of the teachers in the Vevay schools the other day asked her class the origin of the word stateroom, as applied to berths on steamboats. Not one in the class could answer the question, and we doubt if there are many people who could. The word, says Vevay (Ind.) Reveille, originated with the newspapers many years ago. At that time a magnificent steamer was built and 35 sleeping rooms were made alongside the cabin. At that time there were 35 states in the union, and a room was named for each state. Later the state of Texas was added to the union, and the sleeping apartments set aside for the officers of the boat was dubbed "Texas."

The wisdom of sending the fleet into the Pacific and to the far east has been triumphantly demonstrated from every point of view, declares the New York Herald. It has enormously increased American prestige, given assurance of peace and promoted friendly relations, which will have the eminently practical result of stimulating and expanding American commercial interests.

If the Highland Park housewife who bought two gallons of water for floor polish will just drop in a couple of bars of soap and let it stand over night, says the Detroit News, she will have something that, with elbow grease ad lib., will just make her floors shine. P. S.—Slice the bars of soap.

The dowager queen Margherita will give a piece of lace and an old veil to Miss Elkins for wedding presents. People who feared the dowager's present might be a lemon are, therefore, resting easy again.

It is painful to learn from a distinguished English source that the game of football as played in America is "antiquated." But we shall cling to the belief that our college yells, at least, are comparatively modern.

The wear and tear on the world's metal currency is two tons of gold and a hundred tons of silver. We can produce a man ready to stand the wear and tear.

The tattooed blush on the cheek of beauty must be highly inconvenient when the circumstances require that the wearer should suddenly turn pale.

There is one mill that is not being put in operation owing to the return of prosperity. We refer to the South Dakota divorce mill.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, including those who actually buy those green hats you see in the shop windows.

A New York man is being examined as to his sanity because he made expensive gifts to his wife. Let us take warning.

Let the jungle cheer up. Mr. Roosevelt says he does not intend to kill more than two elephants.

The trouble with many a man's integrity is that it needs constant vindication.

PEACE WITH JAPAN

ACHIEVEMENT OF SECRETARY ROOT A WORTHY ONE.

Americo-Japanese Compact, Brought Into Being by Republican Administration, Is of Immense Moment to the World.

The United States and Japan have set down in black and white their mutual sentiments concerning the points upon which their interests touch.

Thus briefly, save in one important particular, may be summarized the meaning of the identical notes which Secretary Root and Ambassador Takahira exchanged in the state department at Washington. The two governments wish to encourage the free and peaceful development of their Pacific commerce; they desire the maintenance of the status quo upon these waters; they have no plans for aggression upon each other's territory; they seek equal trade opportunities in China, and they will use all peaceful means to assure the integrity and independence of that empire.

These are simple formulations of friendship. The sole clause which is more than this is the mutual pledge of the two powers to communicate with each other with the purpose of reaching an understanding, should any event arise to distrub the principles above set forth.

In this "interchange of notes" there is no technical treaty between this country and Japan. Yet its moral and political effect will almost certainly be far greater than that of an intricate, devious and ponderous agreement worked out after the fashions of the ancient diplomacy. For this is the new diplomacy at work—in its "shirt sleeves," if you will—upon the broadest problems of progress, seeking its goal direct and scorning the mental and verbal mazes of mediaeval statecraft.

In its largest sense the thing which Elihu Root has given us is an Americo-Japanese peace compact. It brings to a fitting close not only his own career as secretary of state, but also the official record of Theodore Roosevelt, pacificator. It follows up the work of the treaty of Portsmouth and it adds another link to the chain of peace agreements which is quietly encircling the earth. It justifies the attitude of our people toward Japan in the war with Russia and it knocks the ground from beneath the feet of jingo alarmists of the Hobson type.

These are results, clear, tangible and permanent. The people instinctively approve of them and they want more like them. It will be an unwary statesman who tries to overthrow the work of Root and Roosevelt this winter upon the technical plea that the sacred privilege of the senate has been invaded.

The Postal Savings Bank.

A bill embodying Postmaster General Meyer's recommendation for postal savings banks is on the senate calendar for consideration soon after the opening of the short session. The bill came from the senate post office committee at the last session by a unanimous vote, and a majority of the senators are openly in favor of the bill. Whatever opposition there might have been in the house will be greatly diminished by reason of the pledge of the Chicago convention in favor of the plan and because of advocacy of the plan throughout the west as a preferable alternative to the scheme for the government guarantee of deposits in national banks. Misapprehension of the postal bank as a competitor of national banks or of existing savings banks has been cleared away, and the advantage of the plan as an extension of existing agencies for the encouragement of saving are generally recognized.

Congress and the Tariff.

The Republicans should allow their opponents to monopolize the racket about the tariff. At this time it is legitimate game for them. Naturally they are anxious to throw things into confusion, in the hope of reaping future benefit. It seems altogether likely that the fight for the Sixty-second house will turn on the tariff, with the coming revision as the basis of action. The Republicans must stand on the record in respect to the good faith and thoroughness of their revision, and the Democrats, no matter what that record may be, will challenge it. They cannot afford to be satisfied with it, and will not be. What they desire is a tariff for revenue only. What the Republicans are instructed to give the country is a new law, eliminating or reducing duties which time and manufacturing developments have wholly or in part rendered unnecessary and consequently burdensome and injurious, but still recognizing the principles of protection. The two parties are heading in different directions.

Tariff Hearings.

Chairman Payne's reply to Mr. Van Cleave is clear and sufficient. The program of the ways and means committee as to bearings was widely advertised. Everybody was invited. Come one, come all. Producer and consumer were respectfully requested to step up and state their case. Some have complied. There is yet time for those who have not complied. The hearings are not closing. The new committee of the new house may seek information in the same way. It is that committee which will draw the bill, and the new members of it may want to do a little investigating on their own account. The battle has not begun.

IN FAVOR OF COMMISSION.

Plan of Business Men to Secure Genuine Tariff Revision.

It is reported from Washington that the ways and means committee of the house intends to ask congress for authority to subpoena witnesses and obtain testimony by compulsion. Among the woes of the "converted" standpatters who are complaining of distrust and premature criticism is the indisposition of leading manufacturers to appear before them. Experts like Messrs. Van Cleave, Miles and Carnegie have declined for various reasons to give testimony to the committee, and pretty plain intimations have been made that the methods pursued by it, as well as the time allotted to important schedules, do not admit of satisfactory and trustworthy results.

Instead of resorting to subpoena threats, however, the converted standpatters might with advantage ponder the significance of the resolution just adopted by the directorate of the Chicago Association of Commerce. Here is an influential and powerful body of business men proposing to congress "the creation of a nonpartisan tariff commission to which shall be intrusted investigation and recommendations introductory to tariff revision." The manufacturers and merchants of the middle west evidently share the skepticism of their fellow business men of New York and other industrial centers as to the sort of revision likely to result from the present hearings and the existing machinery, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

The directors of the Chicago Association of Commerce have wisely asked the other commercial organizations of the country, or such as have not yet expressed themselves, to adopt resolutions similar to theirs. Let the committee and the converted standpatters in congress understand the position of the business community. If they are really "converted" they will favor nonpolitical, nonpartisan and scientific investigation as the condition of "genuine" revision. A fit and nonpolitical body would not need to drag witnesses to its hearings or to appeal to any legal "big stick." Men of ideas and knowledge would be only too glad to appear before it and submit their data and their recommendations.

Taft's Problem.

President-elect Taft is already face to face with the same perplexing difficulties that have harassed the present national administration. The party opponents of that administration have been the first to try to "take Taft into camp."

They want no tariff tinkering, no currency legislation, no postal savings banks, no labor legislation—in fact pretty nearly every one of the planks of the party platform they would like to have thrown onto the wood pile of political reminiscences.

Judge Taft is essentially a man of peace. He deprecates war. He will fight only when honor is at stake. He wants no conflict with his party brethren.

But if these men ask him to repudiate his solemn pledges and the promises of his party, we imagine his ponderous fist will come down with significant emphasis and there will come forth something that will sound very much like an explosion.

Judge Taft despises sham, and hypocrisy, and dishonesty. He is kind, generous, self-sacrificing, but he must not be expected to stultify himself. He must not be asked to violate his sacred word. He will not do it—he will be true to the people who have placed him at the head of the nation.

Campaign Publicity.

Mr. Bryan thought he was scoring heavily when he ordered his party to report its receipts before election day. But he was mistaken. To the extent that he had imagined, the country had not accepted the statement that the presidency had three times running been bought, and was in danger of being sold a fourth.

Now as to the two reports. The Republican national committee received about $1,600,000, the Democratic committee about $600,000. But those figures do not represent all the money that was spent in the campaign. Some of the state elections, and especially where the saloons were active, must have been expensive; and money spent on state tickets did its share in promoting the fortunes of the kindred national ticket.

Still, when everything has been taken into account, it is plain that corruption did not stalk abroad in this latest campaign, and the conclusion seems safe that it did not stalk abroad in the campaigns of 1896, 1900 and 1904. Publicity is all right, and serves a good purpose, but, alone, it will not eliminate money as an improper agency in our elections. The problem remains unsolved.

Better Wait for New Congress.

Since Mr. Taft has announced his determination to have real tariff revision there have been a number of "hurry calls" from the highly protected interests clamoring for revision by the present congress. The same interests now pleading for haste have for years demanded and secured delay. And why not? Would they not fare better with a hurried revision by a congress that has been friendly to them than with a more careful revision by a congress elected on a pledge of honest tariff reform? But the country is now disposed to wait for the new congress. The tariff ought to be revised by the friends of revision, not the enemies of revision and there are more friends and fewer enemies in the congress-elect than in the congress current.—Kansas City Star.

THE FIGHT FOR SENATOR IS HOT

CANDIDATES OPENING HEADQUARTERS AT COLUMBUS AND CLANS GATHERING.

BURTON IS ON THE GROUND

Charles P. Taft Expected to Arrive Monday—Is Now in Washington—Foraker Looked for Saturday.

Columbus, O.—Congressman T. E. Burton of Cleveland arrived here on Thursday to open his campaign for the United States senatorship to succeed Senator Foraker. He will stay here until the legislature meets, with the exception of spending a few days in Cleveland during the holidays. He said that there had been no break between himself and President-elect Taft and that he is in the race for the senatorship to stay.

Notwithstanding assurances from Mr. Burton that there has been no disagreement between Mr. Taft and Mr. Burton, that idea is not accepted by the followers of Charles P. Taft in Columbus, and they are more pleased than otherwise that this is the case. It is stated now, following the announcement by William H. Taft that Mr. Burton is not to be in the cabinet, that the recent interview between the two was not of the most pleasant nature in the world. Friends of both men were intensely interested in it, and were anxious as to its outcome. Close friends of Taft feared that Mr. Burton would look on the offer of a cabinet position in the nature of a bribe to induce him to leave the senatorial contest, and it was expected that the situation would be most embarrassing for both gentlemen. In the light of later developments the supposition is that this is just the way Mr. Burton did look at it, and probably that he said so, and that as a result the president-elect resolved to remove temptation from the path of the Cuyahoga congressman by withdrawing the offer of a cabinet position.

Charles P. Taft will arrive Monday morning to open headquarters. He has gone to Washington and will remain there for a day or so, delaying his arrival at Columbus.

THE NATIONAL LAWMAKERS

Proceedings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

Washington.—The president's Panama canal message was read in the senate on the 15th. The postal savings bank bill was discussed. In the house some bills were passed relating to the District of Columbia. The bill to revise the penal laws of the United States was considered.

Washington.—The senate devoted considerable time on the 16th to a discussion of the president's course in placing strictures on congress in the matter of secret service. The house spent most of its time in consideration of the bill to revise the penal laws of the United States.

Washington.—In the senate on the 17th the postal savings bank was discussed. A message from the president relating to the government of the District of Columbia was read. The house passed a resolution asking the president for evidence in the secret service matter.

TURKISH PARLIAMENT OPENED

Elaborate Ceremonies, Gorgeous Costumes and Varied Races Mark the Event.

Constantinople, Turkey.—A new constitutional Turkish government was inaugurated Thursday with ceremonies attending the opening of the new parliament which was elected under the constitution promulgated by the sultan last July. Two hundred deputies and senators, together with the chiefs of various religious communities, a large number of other state dignitaries and ministers and the heads of the diplomatic missions, were present.

The sultan opened parliament in person with elaborate ceremony, fashioned after the customs of older similar assemblies. The scene was perhaps one of the most remarkable in the political history of the world. All the creeds and races of the Turkish empire sent their duly elected representatives.

Rockefeller Charges Libel.

New York City.—On a charge of criminal libel made by John D. Rockefeller, jr., S. S. Carvalho, president of the Star Co., publishers of William R. Hearst's New York American, was arrested Thursday and arraigned in police court before Magistrate Finn. Carvalho was paroled in the custody of his lawyer until December 26 for examination.

Letters to Santa Claus.

Washington, D. C.—Postmaster General Meyer announced on Thursday that he would not renew his order issued in December, 1907, permitting delivery to charitable organizations of letters addressed to "Santa Claus."

Boston Councilman Surrenders.

Boston, Mass.—Leo F. McCullough, president of the common council of Boston, has surrendered himself to the police. He is charged with perjury and conspiracy to defraud the city out of $200 on June 1 last.

TRIAL OF THORNTON HAINS

STORY OF KILLING OF ANNIS TOLD IN COURT.

State Claims Hains Knew of Plan of Slayer and Assisted Him in Carrying Out His Fatal Deed.

Flushing, N. Y.—The story of the slaying of William E. Annis, a publisher, as he sat in his catboat clad only in a bathing suit and was riddled with bullets that made a dozen wounds was on Wednesday made part of the record in the trial of Thornton J. Hains, a magazine writer, charged with being a principal with his brother, Capt. Peter C. Hains, jr., in the murder of Annis last summer.

Tracing the movements of the principals in the Bayside Yacht club tragedy with the aid of miniature iron figures and models of the float and the catboat Pam, Edwin Andrews, a yacht club member, showed under examination how the army captain, standing on the float's edge, held aloft the obscuring boom and sail of Annis' boat and shot the publisher as he sat at the tiller.

There was surprise when it was learned that John Tonning, a Swedish boatman, who saw the tragedy, could not be located. District Attorney Darrin said he thought Tonning was in Sweden, but that nothing had been heard from him since last September.

"He is a most important witness for us," said Lawyer McIntyre Wednesday night, "for through him we would have shown that he struck Capt. Hains after the shooting with a boat hook or car and that to protect his brother, Thornton Hains drew his revolver."

The cross-examination of Andrews consumed the major portion of the afternoon session and Lawyer McIntyre sought to develop that Thornton Hains had used expressions after the shooting to the effect that he had tried to dissuade Capt. Hains from his act and that he would hold him until the officers came.

"HONEST REVISION OR NONE"

President-elect Taft Repledges Tariff Revision in Speech at Banquet in New York.

New York City.—President-elect Taft was the guest of honor Wednesday evening at one of the most notable banquets ever held in this city. It was the twenty-third dinner of the Ohio Society in New York, but around the 100 tables placed in the grand ball room in Astor gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel were men gathered from every section of the country and leaders in many walks of life.

Mr. Taft took advantage of the occasion to pledge his administration and his party, so far as he can control it, to a loyal adherence to the Chicago platform. He dwelt almost wholly upon the revision of the tariff, which he singled out as the most important declaration made at the last national convention, and said:

"Better no revision at all, better that the new bill should fail, unless we have an honest and thorough revision on the basis laid down and the principle outlined in the party platform." Mr. Taft also referred again to the Sherman anti-trust law and declared for its enforcement as one of the Roosevelt policies that the party had pledged itself to carry forward.

BONI WAIVES THE $60,000.00

At Last Minute Abandons Claim for Big Sum in Suit Against His Wife.

Paris, France.—The last day of the hearing of the suit brought by Count Boni De Castellane against his former wife, the Princess De Sagan, born Gould, in which he petitions the court to award the custody of his three children to his mother, the Marquise De Castellane, brought out the fact that the count had decided upon a sudden change in front in that he withdrew his demand that the court allow him a yearly income of $60,000 for the maintenance of the children.

M. Bonnett read to the court a letter from his client filled with indignant protests that he should have been charged with initiating the proceedings to obtain money. He insisted his only object in wanting the children removed from the De Sagan household was their moral and physical welfare.

The count has recognized his claim for this enormous allowance has injured his case in the eyes of the court and the estimation of the public, and his tardy renunciation is considered a clever move to enlist sympathy in his favor.

Congressional.

Washington.—The senate devoted considerable time on the 16th to a discussion of the president's course in placing strictures on congress in the matter of the secret service and adopted a resolution calling for a thorough investigation. The house spent most of its time in consideration of the bill to revise the penal laws of the United States.

Caught After Two Years.

Princeton, Ind.—Henry F. Agar, formerly secretary and treasurer of the Princeton Milling Co., charged with forgery and embezzlement of approximating $100,000, was arrested in Harlingen, Tex., Wednesday after a two years' search.

Turkey Now Constitutional Monarchy.

Constantinople.—Turkey makes her bow as a full-fledged constitutional monarchy Thursday, when the new Ottoman parliament will hold its first session.

OHIO SUPREME COURT RULINGS

MIKE RYAN OF CLEVELAND MUST SPEND A YEAR IN THE PENITENTIARY.

WAIVER OF AGENT DOESN'T GO

In Insurance Case—Property Rights in Inheritance Set Straight—Minor's Insurance Contract Set Aside.

Columbus, O.—Michael F. Ryan of Cleveland, well known in political circles in that city, will be compelled to spend a year in the penitentiary, according to the decision of the supreme court Tuesday. Ryan, who was formerly a deputy in the state fire marshal's department under Hy D. Davis, was a judge of election at a primary held in precinct A, Twentieth ward, Cleveland, before the election of November, 1905, and was charged with having certified that 43 men voted at the election who in reality had not been at the polls. He was sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary and the supreme court affirms.

Henry Walkendorfer must stand alone a judgment rendered against him and Henry Flandermeyer for $1,600 by the Cuyahoga county common pleas court, in favor of Helen Urbanowitz, who was five years old in 1905. It is alleged that the two men while intoxicated drove through a crowd of children playing in the street. The common pleas court gave judgment against both men, but the circuit court released Flandermeyer from liability because Walkendorfer owned the horse and buggy and was driving. The supreme court affirms the circuit court's decision.

That waiver by an agent of written proof of loss is not binding on a fire insurance company was decided Tuesday in the case of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. of London vs. E. C. and Delpha Smith. The case came up from Hardin county. The court holds that written proof must be filed. The policyholders had a fire and notified the local agent and asked if they should file written notice and proof of loss. The agent said it would not be necessary. The company refused to pay.

A peculiar case was decided involving the right of a second wife to the property of her deceased husband which property had been bequeathed to him by his first wife. William G Rizor's first wife, Matilda Rizor, died in Marion county, leaving him all of her property. Rizor married again and for a consideration of $5 transferred 50 acres of this land to his second wife. After his death the heirs of his first wife brought a partition suit asking the division of this 50 acres. The court decided the case in favor of the first wife's heirs.

The decision of the lower court was affirmed in which Frank R. Fuller of Portage county, aged 18 years, recovered $100 from the Prudential Life Insurance Co. of New Jersey, $24 of which was a payment on a 20-year endowment policy on his own life, the balance being payments on industrial policies on the lives of Fuller's four younger brothers and sisters, paid 2 cents per week.

THE HARTJES AGAIN IN COUR

Pittsburg Millionaire and Divorce Wife Lawing—Son Selling Peanuts in Theater.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Augustus Hartje the millionaire, and his wife, Mrs Mary Scott Hartje, principals in sensational divorce litigation the past three years, on Tuesday made public more of their differences when arguments were heard in proceedings brought by Mrs. Hartje to have her husband adjudged in contempt and imprisoned for alleged failure to pay her $416.66 a month alimony.

Hartje practically admits default of payment and asserts that his wife is not obeying the orders of the court involving the custody of the two children and that he has defaulted for the purpose of bringing all the questions before the court. He charges that his wife influences the children to avoid visiting him and that she is not giving them the proper care and attention. In support of the latter, Hartje's attorneys charge that the boy, Scott Hartje, is selling peanuts in an East End theater. Judge Frazer adjourned the hearing to December 30, when the children may be brought into court.

The National Lawmakers.

Washington.—The president's Panama canal message was read in the senate on the 15th. The postal savings bank bill was discussed. In the house some bills were passed relating to the District of Columbia. The bill to revise the penal laws of the United States was considered.

Doesn't Agree with Carnegie.

Washington, D. C.—Disagreeing with the published views of Andrew Carnegie with regard to the steel schedule of the tariff, Charles M. Schwab, former president of the United States Steel corporation, gave testimony before the house ways and means committee at the tariff hearings Tuesday.

Ik Marvel Dead.

New Haven, Conn.—Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") died at his home in Edgewood Tuesday night.

Bethlehem.

Sheltered within the hollow of her arm
The Son of Man lay sleeping. On her cheek
She felt his warm breath stirring, like the faint
And fragrant breeze that fans the silver leaves
Upon the slopes of Olivet. Her eyes,
Still shadowed with the pains of motherhood,
Dwelt tenderly upon the placid brow
And cherub features of the infant Christ,
The babe in swaddling clothes, whose destiny
Led to Golgotha's summit, where the Cross
Was yet to groan beneath the sacred weight
Of his perfected manhood. All the cave
Was luminous with starbeams, and her face,
Like some pale lily, drooping on its stem,
And washed with heaven's dews, gleamed pearly white
In that strange radiance. Somewhat apart
And leaning on his staff, the carpenter,
Joseph of Nazareth, musing, stood:
"Lord, who am I?" he marveled in his soul,
"That thou shouldst deign from thy exalted place
To cast thine eyes upon me and to say
'Behold! he shall be warden to this pearl,
This pearl of perfect womanhod, more pure
Than any of the daughters of mankind
From the beginning of the world and down
Through all the ages that are yet to dawn!
Lo! shelter she shall find, and sustenance
And one round arm encircled the fair child
As if the newly-awakened mother love
Lay listless, with transparent fingers curved
As though she clasped some blossom in her sleep—
Some rare, sweet flower she was fain to keep
And cherish always. Joseph took the hand
And held it in his rough, toil-hardened palm,
Wondering at its softness, the blue veins
That threaded all its whiteness, and the bloom
That made a sea-shell of each finger-tip.
But he forebore, though sore his heart did yearn,
To clasp the little sleeping new-born babe
Whose golden head lay pillowed on her arm,
Thinking: "It were not well for her or him
That he should waken suddenly." A sigh
Heaved the soft breast of Mary, and her eyes,
Like heavenly blue flowers, opened wide,
Meeting the gaze of Joseph, as he knelt
In reverent adoration. Her low tones
Thrilled like aeolian strains; her tender smile
Flooded his soul like sunshine as she spoke:
"Joseph, my husband, I have dreamed a dream!
The Angel of the Lord hath been again,
Saying: 'Behold! that which thou hast brought forth
This night is the Redeemer of the World—
Even Messiah!'" But a grave voice cried
As she ceased speaking: "Peace to all within!"
And, lo, there stood upon the threshold one
Who bore much gold and frankincense and myrrh
In his two hands. And Joseph answered: "Sir,
Peace be unto thee, now and evermore!"
And, lo, there came two others bearing gold
And precious spices, who likewise did say,
"Peace and good will!" And Joseph made reply:
"Peace unto thee and thine forevermore!"
Then spake the foremost stranger: "Where is he,
Born King of Jews this night in Bethlehem?
Three kings are we that come to worship him,
For we have seen his star in the Far East
Beyond the deserts. We have journeyed far,
Star-led, and, lo, it standeth o'er this roof,
A sign celestial!" Then each laid aside
His mantle and his sandals, bowing low
Before the mother and the holy child,
Crying: "All hail, Redeemer of the World!
King of the Jews, all hail!" and they did break
Boxes of precious ointments, and the air
Was heavy with the perfume of rare gums
And costly spices, cinnamon and myrrh,
And sandalwood and cedar, and the scents
Distilled from blooms in gardens of the East,
And ambergris and frankincense and nard,
And they laid down their offerings of price,
Soft yellow bars and bags of shining dust,
All intermixed with amethysts and pearls
And carbuncles and diamonds and the pale
Lack-luster topaz. And the foremost guest
Unclasped the heavy chain of beaten gold
That hung about his swarthy throat and showed
Its curious pendant, fashioned in strange wise
And hammered from a nugget, soft and pure,
For uncouth semblance to a rugged cross,
Speaking in awed, low tones of prophecy:
"A voice cried in the desert wastes, 'Arise!
Take of pure gold a nugget large and bright
And hammer it into a massive cross
Such as the common criminal, condemned
To die, yields up his shrinking spirit on,
And hang it to the chain about thy neck,
And when thou comest to the journey's end
Lay it within the mother's hand, that she
May read therein a sign.' Lo, I have done
According to the word!" And Mary's eyes
Grew wide with terror, as her fingers closed
About the gleaming symbol, for she saw,
As in a dream, three crosses on a hill,
And, nailed between two thieves of aspect vile,
Upon the middle cross, a tortured form
That moved her strangely with a sense of loss
And woe unutterable, for multitudes
Surged round the sufferer and scoffed at him,
Crying, in mocking tones: "Hail, King of Jews!"
But he that hung cast downward pitying eyes,
Full of meek pardon and of tender love,
Gasping: "Forgive them, Father! Oh, forgive
Thy children, for they know not what they do!"
And in those dying orbs compassionate
She saw a semblance of the holy light
That shone within the eyes of her fair babe,
And moaned: "Take it away—the cross of gold!
I shudder at the phantasies it brings!"
At which the strangers out of the Far East
Arose and gave their blessing to the child
And passed into the night. And Mary slept
The sleep of sweet forgetfulness, while he
Who stood in place of father to the babe
Watched the sweet pair until the morn awoke
The songbirds in the clustering olive trees
And tinged with light the roofs of Bethlehem.

LILITA LEVER.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.

If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community *there's a reason.* People go where they are attracted — where they *know* what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUTS
CONFECTIONERY
Daily Delivery.
All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Enlarging Your Business

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

JOB PRINTING
We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Publisher.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Emporium as second class matter.

Vote of Cameron County for Member of the Legislature.

[The following are the official returns of Cameron county elections for Member of Assembly, since the organization of this county to 1908. It must be remembered that the district, under the old Constitution from 1864 to 1871 was composed of the counties of Cameron, Clinton and McKean. In those days Clinton was heavily Democratic. From 1871 to 1874 the district was composed of Cameron, Elk annd Jefferson counties. After this date each county was entitled to at least one Representative. The following statement of the vote in this county was prepared by Mr. Wm. H. Howard some weeks ago but we held back the publication until this time, on account of the convening of the legislature next month, when Hon. Josiah Howard takes his seat for a third term, a compliment never befere accorded a Representative from Cameron. We have always contended that an efficient Representative should be returned to the Legislature as often as he is useful to his constituents. Hon. Josiah Howard has made a good record and stands well as one of the leaders of the House and is favorably mentioned by gentlemen in all parts of the State, for Speaker. Little Cameron has, by unity, which is the only sure means of success, advanced politically, being recognized as it has never before, both at Washington and Harrisburg—Hon. Chas. F. Barclay entering upon his second term in Congress and Hon. Josiah Howard his third term in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg.]—EDITOR.

1864	
L. Rogers, R.,	248
E. B. Eldred, D.,	211
Majority,	37
1865	
J. Brooks, R.,	278
E. B. Eldred, D.,	223
Majority,	55
1866	
C. A. Lyman, R.,	368
G. O. Dice, D.,	307
Majority,	61
1867	
S. D. Freeman, R.,	356
G. O. Dice, D.,	298
Majority,	58
1868	
John Brooks, R.,	565
W. J. Davis, D.,	412
Majority,	153
1869	
L. W. Crawford, R.,	493
A. B. Armstrong, D.,	406
Majority,	87
1870	
A. C. Noyes, R.,	583
V. P. Carter, D.,	241
Majority,	342
1871	
A. I. Wilcox, R.,	427
E. English, D.,	345
Majority,	82
1872	
W. H. Newcomb, R.,	604
D. P. Baird, D.,	504
Majority,	100
1873	
J. W. Phelps, R.,	580
D. P. Baird, D.,	325
Majority,	255
1874	
J. W. Phelps, R.,	439
A. H. Boynton, D.,	406
G. W. Shaffer, G.,	108
Majority,	33
1876	
John Brooks, R.,	630
A. H. Boynton, D.,	486
Majority,	144
1878	
John Brooks, R.,	427
J. B. Newton, D.,	374
C. F. Barclay, G.,	210
Majority,	53
1880	
L. Taggart, R.,	650
J. B. Newton, D.,	601
Majority,	49
1882	
J. M. Shaffer, D.,	588
John Day, R.,	504
Majority	84
1884	
C. A. Barclay, R.,	751
J. M. Shaffer, D.,	564
Majority,	187
1886	
*G. W. Warner, D.,	608
C. A. Barclay, R.,	600
Majority	8
*Unseated	
J. C. Johnson, R.,	809
G. W. [illegible], D	514
Majority,	295
1890	
J. C. Johnson, R.,	753
D. P. Baird, D.,	742
Majority	11
1892	
I. K. Hockley, D.,	818
J. C. Johnson, R.,	764
Majority,	54
1894	
H. H. Mullin, R.,	796
J. C. Bonham, D.,	626
Majority,	170
1896	
S. S. Smith, D.,	787
H. H. Mullin, R.,	708
Majority,	79
1898	
S. S. Smith, D.,	803
H. H. Mullin, R.,	633
Majority,	170
1900	
F. X. Blumle, D.,	766
T. F. Moore, R.,	718
Majority,	48
1902	
*F. X. Blumle, D.,	821
H. H. Mullin, R.,	742
Majority,	79
*Unseated but paid.	
1904	
Josiah Howard, R.,	854
F. X. Blumle, D.,	751
Majority,	103
1906	
Josiah Howard, R.,	839
F. X. Blumle, D.,	738
Majority,	101
1908	
Josiah Howard, R.,	930
B. Egan, D.	596
Majority,	334

Breezy County News

FIRST FORK.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

It is rumored that the wedding bells will ring at Fred Peno's on Christmas, the contracting parties being Thomas Peno and Miss Snyder. We can congratulate our good friend, in taking this bold step, and it would be wise if some of our other young men would do likewise. We wish them a happy and prosperous life.

A large number of our people were at Sinnamahoning on Saturday, purchasing Christmas gifts to stock up Santa Claus. This holiday comes only once in a year and people should take advantage of it.

The B. & S. R. R. Co., has hired an American boss from DuBois, Pa., on the section joining Sinnamahoning. The former one was an Italian.

Miss Mattie M. Collins, County Superintendent of Schools, visited Grove district last week. Our teachers always give her a most hearty welcome in their schools. Come again Miss Collins.

One of our bold hunters tracked a bear up the mountain side and found that the track stopped at a pine stub. He went home after an ax and a gun, but was surprised after cutting it down to find only a flying squirrels.

Mrs. Woodlock, of Williamsport, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John A. Wykoff, at this place.

Some of the high officials representing the B. & S. R. R. Co., were in this vicinity, inspecting the water line at Lick Island Run.

Annabel Lewis, teacher of the Gilmore school, will spend her Christmas vacation at the home of her parents at Weedville, Elk county, Pa. She departed Saturday for that place.

Quite a few of our young people were entertained for several hours at the Sinnamahoning Skating Rink, Saturday night.

On account of the rain and deep snow, many of our people were unable to attend the entertainment given at the Gilmore school house Friday night.

YOHONTAS.

HUNTLEY.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

J. E. Johnson and family spent Sunday in Sinnamahoning.

Alice Jordan is spending a few days with Mrs. English at Castle Garden.

Selburn Logue visited friends in Lock Haven Saturday.

B. J. Collins was a business caller in Driftwood Saturday.

John L. Johnson who has been very ill with grip for the past week is a little better at this writing.

Mrs. G. S. Hill and son Elmer of Grove Hill, called on friends in town Saturday.

T. J. Riley, of Driftwood, was seen on our streets Saturday exercising his new driving team.

Captain Barr, of Tunnel Hill, spent Sunday with friends in Sinnamahoning.

W. W. Johnson spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Mrs. J. F. Sullivan and son were Renovo visitors Monday.

Fireman Roy Smith, of Renovo, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. Welsh, of Emporium, called on J. F. Sullivan Sunday.

Operator Thomas Eddy, of Sterling Run, was a visitor in town Sunday.

Gertrude Hill our popular teacher will have a Christmas tree at the Huntley school house on Christmas eve for the benefit of the pupils. A good attendanceb is expected.

J. F. Sullivan and wife were Emporium callers Monday evening.

J. F. S.

CASTLE GARDEN.

C. A. Hendrix, of Houghton school is doing the preaching, during the revival.

Mrs. C. T. Scudder, of Williamsport, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. M. English, and enjoying the revival.

Alice Jordan, of Huntley, is doing work for Mrs. English during the revival.

Mrs. Kate Murphy, of Lancaster City, and her niece, Hazel Austin, of Driftwood, attended Sunday School here and remarked what a large and nice school we had.

Our school teachers visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

S. A. McWilliams and son Harold, left for Philadelphia, last Friday, where the former will have her eyes treated.

The venerable Mrs. Thomas Daugherty, Sr., Mrs. W. E. Daugherty and daughter Florence visited Buffalo last week, returning on Sunday.

The congregation that come to hear Rev. C. A. Hendrix preach on Sunday night, was a large one; nearly every set was taken and there is over 100 of them. His theme "The Love of God." Among the large audience were many Driftwoodites.

George Gore, Sr., packed his trunk on Monday in the absence of his wife, and left her behind for good. It will be remembered while she was away on a visit to her children that he (Gore) advertised her, but in order to have her sign the deed for the sale of his property, he took his back and made her believe all was forgiven and promised to live with her, but when he got all things arranged to suit himself he skipped. The wife is almost crazy.

Mattie, only child of Clarence Smith and wife, died at DuBois, Pa., of whooping cough, Dec. 13th, age 11 months, 13 days. Remains brought to Castle Garden, the 15th inst., for burial. Rev. Hall of the Wesleyan Church, conducted the funeral, which was largely attended. We can but say:

The angel death has taken.
A loved one from their home,
She was their household idol,
Their sunshine, 'mid the gloom.

She is happy now with Jesus,
Forever free from pain,
Temptation, sin and sorrow,
Their loss for her is gain.

They loved her, O, so fondly,
'Twas hard to let her go.
Their hearts are crushed and bleeding,
But God knows best, we know.

LONE BELL

CAMERON.

H. W. Mitchell, dentist, Emporium.

A. E. Lord made a business trip to Emporium.

W. H. Fox made a business trip to Emporium Sunday.

M. Lupole returned from the woods Monday with an attack of blood poisoning.

Quite a number of the Calder folks spent Tuesday in Emporium shopping for the holidays.

Mrs. E. F. Comley and son were callers at Canoe Run Tuesday.

John Yocolana was severely injured Monday night while out coasting. Cause: Sled stopping suddenly and he keeping on going.

Coasting parties are out on the hills every night, and all report having a good time.

LOUISE.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. Best Salve for burns, scratches and hurts. It is especially good for piles. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

A Bank Account Drawing Interest.

The First National Bank of Emporium, will open on January 4th, 1909, a Savings Department, paying interest at the rate of 3 per cent. Interest begins on the first of the month following date of deposit; but when a deposit is made during the first five days of any month interest begins at the first of that same month. We will credit and compound interest twice a year March first and Sept. first.

After January 4th, we can receive your deposit for any sum from $1.00 and upwards. A passbook will be given you when you make the first deposit; you then have a bank account which draws interest. You can add to this account at your pleasure.

If you would be most successful, you should make your money work too.

For further particulars you are invited to call or write.

37-9t. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier,

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is a perfectly reliable medicine for bowel complains, and one that has never been known to fail even in the most severe and dangerous cases. For sale by L. Taggart.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup stops the cough and drives the cold from the system. Children use it. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

English Spavin Liniment removed Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stifles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-6m

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-6m.

Jurors for January Court.

PETIT JURORS.

Adams, D. H.	Farmer	Shippen
Burns, H. L	Speculator	Emporium
Barclay, Arthur	Farmer	Grove
Baldwin, Allen	Sup't	Emporium
Burk, F. S.	Laborer	Grove
Barr, C. F.	Farmer	Gibson
Bennett, Amos	Farmer	Grove
Blinzler, Ed.	Barber	Emporium
Bailey, C. M.	Farmer	Gibson
Craven, Joseph	Laborer	Shippen
Catlin, C. G.	Miller	Emporium
Comley, Fred.	Laborer	Lumber
Chadwick, Mell.	Farmer	Shippen
Council, C. A.	Clerk	Grove
Duell, Charles E.	Farmer	Gibson
Darrin, J. H.	Carpenter,	Lumber
Edwards, Charles	Sup't	Emporium
Frank, J. R.	Farmer	Lumber
Farrell, James	Laborer W. W	Emporium
Freeman, Orrin	Farmer	Shippen
Fink, Eugene	Laborer	Gibson
Gregory, E. H.	Scaler	Emporium
Goss, R. S.	Laborer	Grove
Bathaway, William	Farmer	Lumber
Hogan, M. T.	Merchant	Emporium
Hobson, James	Farmer	Shippen
Ingersoll, Andrew	Farmer	Shippen
Judd, Frank	Agent	Emporium
Kline, C. R.	Farmer	Shippen
Lewis, F. A.	Farmer	Shippen
McGee, William	Farmer	Shippen
Moat, Howard	Laborer	Gibson
McDowell, Robert	Farmer	Portage
Mattison, Almon	Farme	Shippen
Miller, W. H.	Farmer	Grove
Misel, J. B.	Merchant	Emporium
Moore, W. D.	Farmer	Shippen
Moore, Warren	Farmer	Shippen
Morrison, J. K. Jr.	Farmer	Shippen
Marshal, Elmer	Faborer	Shippen
Mack, Frank	Laborer	Driftwood
Norton, Fred	Farmer	Shippen
Piper, T. H.	Laborer	Grove
Quinn, James Jr.	Laborer	Emporium
Reid, J. L.	Farmer	Shippen
Strayer, F. P.	Machinist	Emporium
Schwab, John	Teacher	Lumber
Spangler, Charles	Farmer	Shippen
Schlecht, John	Laborer	Emporium
Swartwood, A. O.	Mason	Emporium
Smith, H. H.	Farmer	Gibson
Seger, R.	Tailor	Emporium
Thomson, O. G.	Barber	Driftwood
Uber, Edward	Laborer	Shippen
Wykoff, Isaac	Laborer	Lumber
Wiley, Charles	Farmer	Shippen
Weaver, William	Laborer	Emporium
Wright, Mark	Farmer	Shippen
Williams, A. S.	Laborer	Grove
Zarps, Henry	Merchant	Emporium

GEAND JURORS.

Brown, Jerry	Laborer	Gibson
Bliss, Fred.	Painter	Emporium
Carter, William Jr.	Farmer	Shippen
Clark, O. H.	Laborer	Gibson
Chadwick, Tillman	Farmer	Shippen
Drum, Norman	Laborer	Emporium
Donovan, D. W.	Landlord	Emporium
Felt, Charles	Bookkeeper.	Emporium
Guthrie, Smith	Laborer	Gibson
Haynes, J. H.	Farmer	Grove
Hanes, P. M.	Clerk	Driftwood
Henry, Cash.	Bartender	Driftwood
Hicks, R. L.	Farmer	Gibson
Kissell, Joseph	Farmer	Lumber
Logue, J. H.	Farmer	Grove
Lewis, Linden.	Farmer	Shippen
Lyons, Ray	Farmer	Shippen
Logue, J. G.	Laborer	Gibson
Larrabee, Clifton	Painter	Emporium
Mix, Geo. A.	Laborer	Gibson
McDougal, Alex	Merchant	Emporium
Ostrum, James	Farmer	Shippen
Rishell, Chas.	Clerk	Emporium
Smith, Miles	Farmer	Grove

Trying To Save His Life.

When we say that Sexine Pills are responsible for many a happy person in this world to-day we are not exaggerating a bit. There is no tonic builder equal to Sexine Pills. Show me a person who cannot be restored to strength and steady nerves with Sexine Pills, and I will show you that it will not cost you a cent to try them. They are guaranteed. Price, $1 a box. 6 boxes $5. Sold by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

For a Lame Back.

When you have pains or lameness in the back bathe the parts with Chamberlain's liniment twice a day, massaging with the palm of the hand for five minutes at each application. Then dampen a piece of flannel slightly with this liniment and put on over the seat of pain, and you may be surprised to see how quickly the lameness disappears. For sale by L. Taggart.

Nearly everybody knows DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They are small pleasant, sure Little Liver pills. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

WANTED!

Men to represent us either locally or traveling, in the sale of a full line of easy selling specialties. Apply quick and secure territory.

ALLEN NURSERY CO.,
33-16t. Rochester, N. Y.

LADY WANTED

Honest, industrious woman waated to introduce our large line of foreign and domestic dress goods, waistings, trimmings, etc., among friends and neighbors and townspeople. We prefer a woman who has trade already worked up. Should be able to earn $25.00 or more weekly. Dealing direct from the mills our prices are low and patterns exclusive. No money required. Write us for particulars. 41-3t

Standard Dress Goods Co., 100-7th St. Binghamton, N.Y.

Trying to Save His Life.

When we say that Sexine Pills are responsible for many a happy person in this world to day we are not exaggerating a bit. There is no tonic builder equal to Sexine Pills. Show me a person who cannot be restored to strength and steady nerves with Sexine Pills, and I will show you that it will not cost you a cent to try them, for they are guaranteed. Price, $1 a box, 6 boxes $5. Sold by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa., where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Leather Goods will be cut in two as far as Xmas prices are concerned. Get them at Taggart's.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS:—The Hon. HARRY A. HALL, President Judge and the Hons. JOHN MCDONALD and GEO. J. LABAR, Associate Judges of Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cameron have issued their precept bearing date the 12th day of Oct. A. D., 1908, and to me directed for holding Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court, and Court of Common Pleas in the Borough of Emporium, Pa., on Monday, the 11th day of Jan., 1909, at 10 o'clock, a. m. and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables within the county, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute against them as will be just.

Dated at Emporium, Pa., Dec. 14, 1908 and in the 132d year of the Independence of the United States of America.

J. D. SWOPE, Sheriff.

LIST OF CAUSES.

LIST OF CAUSES SET DOWN FOR TRIAL at January Term of Court for 1909, commencing Monday, the 11th.

No. 1 Oct. Term, 1908
Andy Tulipan vs R. P. Bingman.
Messrs. Johnson & McNarney for Plaintiff.
F. D. Leet, Esq., for Deft.

No. 15 July Term, 1907.
Henry G. Lyon vs Owen C. Dimmy.
E. R. Mayo, Esq., for Piff.
Messrs. Johnson & McNarney for Deft.

No. 25 Oct. Term, 1907.
John Urbansic vs J. W. Norris.
D. J. Driscoll, Esq., for Piff.

No. 2 Jan. Term, 1908.
Thomas H. Murry and Cyrus A. Wood vs Lydia Fox, Administratrix of the Estate of Frank Fox, deceased and Maria Corby, Frank Fox, Jr., Lydia Fox, Maggie Spencer, Katie Ingram, William H. Fox, Michael Fox, Nellie Fox, Heirs at law of Frank Fox, deceased.
Messrs. Johnson & McNarney, for Plaintiffs.
Messrs. Green & Felt, for Deft.

WILLIAM J. LEAVITT,
Prothonotary.

Cameron County's Greatest Store

Christmas Eve Prayer

To all Our Customers of Cameron County:

We wish a very Merry Christmas, and all the people are our customers. "God bless us, every one.

H. Kuehne,
Cameron County's Greatest Store

The Store will be Closed Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1908.

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar, the officially approved ingredient for a wholesome, high-class powder

There is greater deception in the sale of baking powders than ever before. Closely observe the label and be certain of getting Royal.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.

Miss Ethel Waddington visited Olean Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Marsh, of Mason Hill, was trading in town on Tuesday.

Miss Grace Morton, of Sizerville, was visiting in town over Sunday.

Miss Helen Dougherty, of Benezette, was a guest of friends at this place, the last of the week.

Claude E. Rentz, of the C. T. S., of Pittsburg, is spending his Christmas vacation at his home in this place.

H. N. Knight and wife, of St Marys, were guests of W. H. Gilbert and wife, last Saturday.

Robt. Lentze and sister, Miss Mary, go to Hicks Run to-day to visit their sister and family and spend Xmas tide.

Mr. Leon Brundage, one of Emporium Powder Co.'s faithful employees, was a PRESS caller on Monday. He enrolled his name for the PRESS—the Great Family Newspaper.

H. M. Olmsted, of Ridgway, where he fills a responsible position in the general offices of Elk Tanning Co., visited at his home here over Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Lupold, daughter of Mr. Andrew Ullrich, of East Emporium, was an agreeable PRESS business visitor on Monday.

Harry Jordan, of Chicago, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Jordan and family at their home on Sixth and Vine street.

Miss Mabel Butler, who is a student in Villa Marie Academy at Erie, came home on Thursday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Butler, and sister until after the Xmas-tide.

Mrs. Wm. H. Howard, wife of our very efficient Burgess, went to Philadelphia last Friday to visit her mother and sisters for a few days, expecting to return to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cox, returned to their home in this place, last Saturday, from Philadelphia, where they spent the week.

Mrs. Lottie Schweimler, who has been the guest of her brother W J Merry and wife, departed for Buffalo last Wednesday, where she will spend the holidays with friends.

Lian Strayer arrived in town last Tuesday from State College, to pass the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Strayer and family.

Miss Mary Blumle, is home for the Christmas vacation from Williamsport, where she is attending Commercial College.

Mr. Leo. A. Ruof, of Lancaster, Pa., visited in town last week, guest of the Misses Lechner.

Mayble McSwan is spending the Holidays at Buffalo, guests of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McSwan.

Our old friend W. H. Smith, of Sterling Run, dropped in to see us last Thursday and found us all up to our eyes in work—too awful busy to visit.

Mrs. Jos. Burnett, of Sixth street, was called to Pittsburg last Saturday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her brother who is down with pneumonia.

Mrs. J. B. Schriever and daughter Irene, of Scranton, arrived in Emporium Tuesday to pass the Xmrs time at home with Mrs. L's parents, Chas. Zarps and wife.

Mrs. E. H. Hughes left last Friday to spend the Holiday season with Phillipsburg friends. Mr. Hughes will join her for Christmas.

Miss Nellie Tuberty, of Bolivar, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Edna Clark during the past week.

Mrs. Fred Seger is enjoying herself visiting friends at Butler, Pa., after which she goes to her former home, Salem, W. Va., to visit her parents.

C. H. Cordie, formerly of this place, but now in the employ of the U. S. Government as an inspector of dynamite, was in town the first of the week. "Jim's" many friends were glad to see him.

Miss Nellie Swain, who has been a guest at the home of F. P. Rentz and family, departed for her home at Olean, last Monday. Miss Swain has many friends here who are always pleased to see her.

Mrs. Laura Bryan and Miss Nina, her daughter, are spending Xmas time at Erie.

Hon. B. W. Green returned on Tuesday from a business trip to Northern New York.

When posting a letter or packake step into H. S. Lloyd's and purchase a Red Cross Christmas stamp for every parcel.

Misses Hastings, of Starky, N. Y., accompanied the Misses Abbie and Grace Metzger to their home in this place, arriving here last Saturday and will remain for the Christmas season.

Mr. John E. Smith, of Sterling Run, was a PRESS caller yesterday and renewed his PRESS as he always does, to the day. We deeply regret Mr. Smith is again troubled with a growth in this mouth and that he goes to Philadelphia in the near future for treatment.

P. H. Larry, of Ridgway, spent Sunday with friends at this place.

James Ulmer, of this place, is spending the holidays at Holidaysburg, Pa., with relatives.

Lewis Metz, of this place, has enlisted in the service of the United States and has become a member of the Marines.

Mrs. Rose Lupole and daughter and Misses Mary and Florence and Master Edward Weisman, of Olean, are guests at the home of Joshua Bair and family on Fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Byrns and two children, of Lancaster, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. P. Mullen, Sheffield, Pa., are guests of Mrs. Michael Creighton and family, South Broad street, to remain for the Holidays.

StateConstabulary Here.

The State Constabulary are locating their men, throughout the winter, at the several county seats of the State. Three men, with horses and full equipment, will be located at Emporium next week, making their headquarters at City hotel. No doubt they will police the adjoining country. The Constabulary is doing good service throughout the State and giving the citizens protection that has resulted in much good. The once opposition to the Constabulary has passed away, prompt service rendered by this body of officials having reduced criminal violence.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. Editor:—Please convey our sincere thanks to those kind neighbors and friends who aided and assisted us during the illness and death of our little son.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. W. PALMER.

Religious.

In the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock the pastor will preach a Christmas sermon.

At 7:30 o'clock in the evening a musical Christmas Cantata will be rendered by the Church Choir.

Roomers Wanted.

I will take a few gentlemen roomers and several for meals only. Apply at H. S. Getchell's residence, Fourth St.

The National Protective Legion recently paid to Mrs. Miranda Lewis $15 for one week's sickness. During the past year several members in Emporium have been benefited by this order.

Will Spend Winter in Michigan.

Michael McGrath, of this place, who has for many years been one of the most proficient woods foremen for C. B. Howard Company, left last Tuesday for Emmitt, St. Clair county, Mich., to spend the winter with his sister and take a good rest. Hope our good friend will have a pleasant visit and return in robust health, ready for his arduous position.

Basket Ball.

Emporium is now getting a winning team in this exciting game. On Dec. 15th they defeated Austin 17-13, and on the 18th the fast Weedville team only succeeded in defeating the home team by a score of 20 17. On Christmas night the boys are going to play the fast team from Lock Haven and if they keep up good work no doubt they will win. Come and give the game a boost by your presence and cheering After the game there will be a dance for benefit of team Dancing from 10 to 2.

Popular Preacher.

Rev. G. Pitt Beers, of Colgate University, will preach in the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

Fresh Candies every day at Sugar Bowl. 2t

Fancy Baskets of Fruit for Christmas at Sugar Bowl. 2t.

Leave your order for Buffalo Ice Cream at Sugar Bowl 2t.

Xmas at the Old Reliable is dollars saved to the Holiday purchaser.

Holiday Goods to be closed out at cost and less at Taggart's Pharmacy.

Sweeping reduction in our entire line of fancy china, the stock must be disposed of At Taggart's drug store

Capt. Peary Sends a Wireless to Harry S. Lloyd.

Captain Peary sent a message from the land of ice and snow,
As he wanted some nice presents for his little Eskimos;
He said these little people ne'er a Christmas had enjoyed,
But he wanted them to do so, so he wired to Harry Lloyd.

He knew that Harry's splendid store was strictly up to date,
And if he placed his order there he would not have to wait;
To keep the finest Christmas goods is Harry's joy and pride,
Therefore the Captain did just right to buy from Harry Lloyd.
His prices are in reach of all, he knows just what you need,
To please your dear ones, young and old, "square dealing" is his creed;
A Merry Christmas to you all, and may you long abide,
Upon this earth, in health and wealth, is the wish of HARRY LLOYD.

J. E. S.

Give a Donation.

EDITOR PRESS:—

While the charitable people are making donations, why not make a donation for the two aged citizens living near the east end of Emporium, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brock, who have been customers of the Emporium merchacts for many years, with the small sum of $36 00 every three months. We read in our weekly papers, the complaints that the people send to Chicago and elsewhere for goods, and do not patronize home merchants. No doubt there are some who do that to make their money reach their needs and wants, but those old people have put the greater part of their earnings for years in the merchants' stores, and they deserve a donation once in a while. The writer has been to their home and learned of their financial condition, but before the three months have elapsed their little $36.00 income is consumed. Charitable friends, give this old couple a liberal donation and it will help them through the next three months of cold winter, and they will appreciate it very much. Whatever you give to them in Jesus' name you give to Him, and you will be rewarded for it, for they are God's children Who is the giver of all good gifts and the Provider for all.

A FRIEND.

DEATH'S DOINGS

PALMER.

JAMES PATRICK, infant son of Geo. W. and Sarah A. Palmer, aged one year and five days, died Monday evening, at the family residence, West Sixth street. Funeral took place yesterday, Wednesday. The afflicted family deeply mourn the death of their child and all of their good neighbors sympathize with them.

Young girls usually have poor judgment in selecting gifts for their sweethearts. They should cut out the collar and necktie boxes and retain the love and respect of their swains by buying them a fancy pipe or a Xmas package of cigars at Taggart's..

EMPORIUM

MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 21, 1908,

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 35
Felt's Fancy, "	1 65
Pet Grove, "	1 65
Graham, "	70
Rye "	80
Patent Meal "	50
Buckwheat Flour	90
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 50
Chop Feed, "	1 50
Matchless Egg Maker, per 100	2 50
Cracked Corn per 100	1 50
Screenings "	1 50
Oil Meal "	1 85
Middlings,	1 60
Bran,	1 40
Chicken Wheat	1 85
Corn per bushel	84
Oyster Shells, per 100	75
White Oats, per bushel,	65
Seed Oats per bushel	
Buckwheat	1 70
Alfalfa Meal	1 40
Choice Clover Seed,	At Market Prices
Choice Timothy Seed,	
Choice Millet Seed.	

1908 Merry Christmas

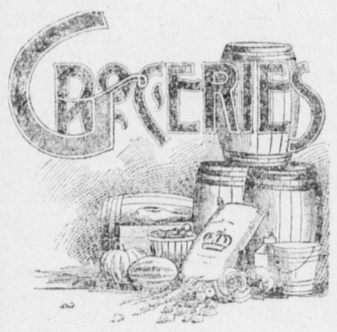
1909 Happy New Year

DAY'S

The Satisfactory Store

We desire to thank our many patrons and friends for the liberal support given this store in the past, making it possible to render up to date service, and hope to warrant a continuance of same. It shall be our aim to make the store better the coming year, than in the past.

We wish you one and all a very Merry Chrisimas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year



Store will be closed Christmas Day except for a short time in the morning for correction of any errors

After Christmas Sale. Here's the list for Friday and Saturday

Sugar 25 pound bag best Granulated Sugar, **$1.55**

Hams California Hams (Trimmed Shoulder). **A Lb. 10c**

Lard Pure Lard in bulk, **A Lb. 13c**

Soap 7 Cakes Oak Leaf Soap, **25c**

Baking Powder 1 lb. can Royal Baking Powder, **45c.**

Cocoa ½ lb. Tin Walter Baker & Co's Cocoa, **23c**

Corn 15c can best Quality Maine Corn, **2 Cans 25c**

Peas 12c Canned Peas, Early June, **The Can 10c**

Raisins Finest Quality Seeded Raisins, **A Lb. 11c**

Coffee 20c Blended Coffee, **2 Lb. 35c.**

Tea 50c Tea, Oolong or Ceylon, **A Lb. 40c.**

Cherries 20c Cherries, the can, **15c**

Baltimore Shucked Oysters. Fresh Caught Lake Fish. You Get Better Values Here

Prompt Delivery to all parts of Town.
Phone 6, Emporium, Pa.

J. H. DAY.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lords Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and foiling her pursuers. Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives, Seton confessing love for Debbie. Flagship Britannia overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by again taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Strathgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are in hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at swords from Strathgate, Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband. Carrington, immediately following the duel, was placed under arrest for refusing to obey his admiral's orders and Ellen, who had swooned during the duel, awoke to find him gone. Sir Charles Seton found the fugitives, proposed to Debbie and was accepted. Debbie, Ellen and Sir Charles made a plea to the king to spare Carrington.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Little Man of Windsor.

There was nothing very awe inspiring in the sight of the plain, homely looking little Dutchman walking under the trees at Windsor; nor was there anything more impressive in the figure of the dumpy little woman who walked by his side, but for all that Ellen got down on her knees in the pathway as the two figures approached her. Lady Carrington's example was followed precipitately by Sir Charles and Mistress Deborah Slocum.

"Hey!" cried the little man blinking and peering at the three kneeling figures, "whom have we here?" His eye ranged from Ellen to Deborah and comprehended the baronet kneeling in the background. His dull face lighted with a glance of recognition. He knew the army list by heart and most of the officers appearing thereon, especially those of any degree of rank or station.

"Sir Charles Seton, is it not?" went on the plain little man, "and you are a captain in the Sussex light infantry. Rise, Sir Charles," he continued, gravely, "and you may present me to these ladies, your companions."

Sir Charles, glad enough to be released from his uncomfortable position, rose to his feet and stood at attention with a military salute. Then bowing profoundly, he said:

"Your majesty,"—for the little man was no less a person than King George the Third—"this is the Countess of Carrington, and this is Mistress Deborah Slocum of the—er—Massachusetts Bay Colony."

"Of the state of Massachusetts, your majesty," said Deborah, with great spirit.

"My affianced wife, your majesty," continued Seton, hastily, hoping to prevent an outbreak of wrath in his majesty's mind at Deborah's contumacy.

"Not content with stealing my colonies," said the king, kindly, but with a note of melancholy in his voice, "you Americans"—he choked a little at the word—"must now take the brave officers of my army. Rise, Mistress Slocum, and you, madam."

He extended his hand to Ellen, who was nearest to him.

Poor Ellen, who had come upon a desperate errand, to beg a great gift from the king, made no scruple about kissing the monarch's fat and pudgy hand ere she rose to her feet in obedience to the king's indication.

"Lady Carrington," continued royal George meditatively, "let me see." He knew the peerage too, did this industrious little monarch, almost as well as the army list. "Your name is Ellen, is it not?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"And you, too, are an American. I remember it all now. Lord Carrington was captured by your rebel friends. He was twice captured in Philadelphia, by you, my lady. I recall it all now," cried the king with a sprightly air, greatly delighted at his mnemonic feat. "Yes, my dear—" he turned to the stout little lady who stood quietly by his side—"you remember my telling you all about Lord Carrington's love for this lady. And now—" he stopped and looked about him vaguely.

"And now, your majesty," began poor Ellen, "his wife comes to you with a petition."

"A petition? For what?" asked the king, curiously.

"Lord Carrington is arrested, sir."

"Arrested! And for what?" asked his majesty.

"For—"

Ellen faltered.

"For disobedience of orders, sir," interposed Seton.

"How?" said the king. "'Tis a serious charge. And by whom preferred?"

"Captain Careysbrook of the Niobe, sir."

"And wherefore?"

"Lord Carrington being ordered to report aboard ship, refused to go and the ship sailed without him, sir."

"What reason had he for this disobedience?"

Little George had been a soldier himself, and he was very strict indeed on branches of military etiquette.

Sir Charles hesitated. A pious man was the king, and desperately down upon dueling. Yet the truth had to be told.

"Your majesty," he began. And then he stopped.

"Sir," cried Ellen, taking upon herself the burden, "my husband fought a duel for me."

"A duel?" asked the king, frowning.

"Yes, your majesty."

"And with whom?"

"With the earl of Strathgate, sir."

"What was the result of the duel?"

"Lord Strathgate was severely wounded, sir."

"Not killed?"

"No, your majesty."

"I'm glad of that," returned King George. "The earl of Strathgate is ill prepared to meet his Maker. Proceed, madam."

"That is all, sir. Lord Carrington was arrested immediately after for not having gone aboard the ship. You see, sir, he knew the night before when he received the orders that he

"I Hastened Here to Take the Blame Upon Myself, Sir."

would have to fight with Lord Strathgate in the morning, and he couldn't go. The fault is mine, your majesty, and therefore I humbly ask his pardon."

"Explain yourself, madam," returned the king, with a good deal of formality.

"Your majesty," began Ellen, falteringly, "I have been a very foolish woman. I ran away—with—Lord Strathgate."

"What!" exclaimed the king, his face flushing with indignation. "And you have the effrontery to come here and confess it."

"Lady Carrington does herself an injustice," again interposed Sir Charles Seton. "'Tis a long story, sir."

"Long or short," answered the king, "I must have it. How was it, Sir Charles?"

"It began at a house party at Carrington, your majesty." He hesitated and turned to Ellen. "I must make a clean breast of it," he said.

"By all means," cried the king, "conceal nothing, keep nothing back!"

"Lord Carrington was ashamed of his wife, sir."

"And why?" asked the king, with a glance of admiration at Ellen, now clothed simply, but in the proper habiliments of her sex, and who certainly looked lovely enough and sweet enough for any man on earth.

"Because, sir," said Ellen, answering the direct question, "I would not gamble; I could not dance; I was ignorant of the accomplishments of the day."

"Hum!" growled the king. "Proceed, Sir Charles."

"There was a lady there who sought to encourage my Lord Carrington in his foolish and wrong estimate of his wife."

"Who was the woman?"

Sir Charles hesitated.

"I command you, sir, by your allegiance, that you tell me her name instantly."

"It was Lady Cecily Carrington, your majesty," answered Deborah, who had no scruples at all in the premises.

"The hussy!" ejaculated the queen, to whom Lady Cecily's person and reputation were equally well known.

The king raised a warning hand. Sir Charles, at a nod from his majesty, resumed his tale.

"Thinking herself betrayed, as well as despised and mocked, my lady fled by the aid of Lord Strathgate."

"But, your majesty," interposed Deborah again, with astonishing boldness, she felt quite equal to any king that walked the earth, being a free born American citizen and she wished that Elder Brewster could see how she was bearing herself now, "I went with her."

"Good!" exclaimed the king, with evident satisfaction in his voice and manner, "but pray, why did you go away with a person of Lord Strathgate's reputation?"

"Your majesty," answered Ellen, "I knew naught of it. He had been kind to me. I told him that I wanted to get to Portsmouth and take a ship for the United States. He promised to take me there, but instead started to drive us to his own estate. Mistress Slocum and I escaped from him, took a boat by the sea shore and made the best of our way to Portsmouth harbor."

"We paid for the boat we took, your majesty," interposed Deborah again.

"Well, what next?" asked the king, smiling a little at the American girl.

"Lord Strathgate pursued us to Portsmouth by shore and Lord Carrington followed him. They met. My husband knew that I had gone with Lord Strathgate. Words passed between them. There was a challenge and a week ago they fought at Blythedale hall. Mistress Slocum and I were there, and—"

"Did they fight in your presence?" interrupted the king.

"We were concealed in some bushes whither we had retreated for rest until we could arrange to continue our journey, sir."

"And you saw the duel?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered Ellen. "He fought like a hero, sir, and for me."

"Then what happened?"

"Then he was arrested and taken back to the Britannia—"

"And what next?"

"I hastened here to take the blame upon myself, sir," said Ellen, sinking again to her knees, "and to beg that you will pardon my lord and restore him to duty."

"Hath he had lesson enough, think you?"

"I'll answer for it that he has, your majesty," said Sir Charles.

"And have you had lesson enough?" demanded little George, looking down quizzically into the upturned face of the woman kneeling before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"TRY MY $75 FUNERALS."

Baltimore Undertakers in War Using Billboard "Ads."

Baltimore, Md.—The funeral directors' trust and the independent undertakers are waging a grewsome war in Baltimore. As a result there is a liberal pictorial display of coffins all over the city, the illustrations of satin-lined coffins being accompanied with such legends as "Try my $75 funerals. You will like them."

Coffins in heroic size from great billboards make the populace shudder. Full and detailed lists of all articles necessary to bury one with neatness and precision are seen daily in newspapers in display type, illuminated with cuts. Competition and cut prices have entered the sanctuary of the dead and the cemetery with a blaze of trumpets.

It was begun by two young and bold spirits who announced that they could furnish the best funerals at $75 and that there was but one price. The claims that they possessed all modern conveniences in the way of commodious parlors, private chapels, and convenient locations and that they give the "best service, superior quality and style and excellence," are announced just as they advertise stove polish or shoestrings in the department stores. One may get a black hearse or a gray hearse, any one of six different styles of coffins, six door crepes of any shade, and "no extra charges."

PHOTOGRAPHS WAVES OF HEAT.

Frederick Hovenden Claims to Have Performed Remarkable Feat.

London.—Frederick Hovenden, a prominent English scientist, claims to have photographed the etheric waves of heat and electricity, which are invisible to the naked eye. He says they are a fluid which, properly illuminated, become visible to the naked eyes and can be cinematographed. He fills a square glass box with tobacco smoke, puts his finger through a hole in the side and turns on the box the rays from a powerful electric lamp. Then he says he sees the ether issuing from his finger and permeating the tobacco smoke. The ether escapes from his finger even when it is covered with a tight-fitting rubber cap. Hovenden also demonstrates that the air we breathe is coal black in color. He illuminates powerfully and microscopically enlarges by many diameters ordinary air issuing from a hole in a glass box. Then black molecules forming the air can be seen.

The Prize Winner.

One of the contractors in Panama was very much annoyed by the exceeding laziness of the native workmen under him. He resolved to make them ashamed of their indolence, so one day when they were all lined up he said: "I've got a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man please step forward?"

Fifty-nine of them stepped forward, but one remained behind.

"Why didn't you come forward with the others?" he asked.

"Because I'm too lazy," was the reply.

A Newsboy's Merry Christmas

By D. M. EDWARDS

IT WAS Christmas night and Patsey Higgins was "stuck"—that is, he had more papers than he could sell. With a small bundle under one arm and hands thrust deep in his pockets he strolled up Broadway in the happy Christmas crowds. Through the diamond frosted windows of the restaurants he could see the diners within laughing and animated over their holiday banquets. He jingled a handful of pennies and nickels in his pocket and wondered how in the world a boy with a stock of unsold papers on his hands and only 22 cents with which to have his Christmas feast, keep him through the night and start him in business the next morning, had much chance to be so very happy.

As he plodded aimlessly across Forty-third street a big man, hulking of shoulder, lantern jawed and deep chested, lumbered out of a gambling house near by and swung into Broadway. Grumbling about "hitting me pretty hard" and "never had any luck in my life," he plowed his way across the sidewalk, lunging against any one whose path lay across his. He bowled through a line of mincing men and women who blocked the sidewalk in front of an all night restaurant, scattering them like tenpins and making no apologies. Blind to everything but his own ill luck, he noticed nothing until he came upon a disheveled and boisterous man holding a newsboy and trying to take his papers from him.

"What th' 'ell y' doin'?" growled the gambler, as he gave the unsteady man a quick punch and tumbled him into a pile of dirt, allowing the lad to dart out of harm's way, yelling in glee at the fallen tyrant.

"Y' big stiff," threatened the gambler, as he leaned over the man, "if y' peep another word I'll wring yer head off. Git up now an' go home t' your wife— An' I s'pose you'll beat her t' git even," he commented, as he turned away.

A few blocks further he heard a voice at his elbow:

"Say, mister, I want t' thank y' fer helpin' me when that dude pinched me papers."

"Run along, sonny; don't let it worry y' none."

"I want t' give y' a paper, mister."

"Trot!" returned the other, curtly.

"Please take a paper, mister," persisted the lad, running along beside the man and holding out his bundle, "'cause, gee! we don't of'en have folks help us like you done. I'm stuck tonight, anyway, an' have got plenty to spare.'

The gambler stood still and sniffed the air as if at that moment, for the first time, he had caught the infection of the Christmas atmosphere.

"Pretty tough on some of you kids," he said. "Here, take this and go blow yourself," he added, as he pulled a greenback from his pocket, pressed it into the boy's hand and continued on his way.

"I ain't askin' you fer money," called Patsey, tagging along in the man's wake. "I jes' wanted t' give you a paper for helpin' me."

The gambler made no reply, but walked on all the faster. He had gone a block further and evidently thought himself rid of the boy, when the latter suddenly piped out again:

"Please take yer money back, will yer—"

"Aw, beat it!" said the gambler, savagely.

Patsey stopped. He watched the form of his big man fade into the darkness and then looked at the crumpled greenback in his hands.

"Gee, wouldn't dat mos'ly crimp yer?" he mused as he turned back into the canyon of electric lights and headed for a place where he knew he would find cranberry sauce, steamed dumplings and mince pie at newsboy rates.

SURPRISED THE POSTMAN.

Expected a Christmas Present Which He Didn't Get.

It was the day after Christmas, and the hardworking postman ploughed his way through snow and cold winds, a sack of unusual size on his back.

He ascended the spacious steps of a West-end residence, and in answer to his ring a manservant in rich livery appeared.

"Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you."

The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. He had done his duty with fidelity. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—

"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure."

In a few minutes the lady appeared.

"Are you,' she asked, "our regular postman?"

"Yes, madam," he answered, bowing.

"Do you come in the morning?"

"Yes, madam."

"And in the afternoon and evening?"

Again he assented, smiling eagerly. Then the lady said:

"Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

LID IS ON.

"Aren't you almost ready for church?"

"I'm sorry, but something dreadful has happened. I can't go to church to-day."

"For heaven's sake, what has happened?"

"The cook is wearing one just like mine!"

Late for the Show.

"What is the matter, my little man?"

"Eddie's mamma went an' whipped 'im."

"And you're crying because he is your little friend?"

"Naw, because she went an' done it before I could get there to watch 'er."

BACKACHE,

Sideache, Headache, and a Worn-out Feeling May all come from Constipation.

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also **Lane's Tea**)

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It is a great blood medicine and one of the best for all stomach, kidney and bowel complaints.

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have been grown on farm lands in

WESTERN CANADA

Much less would be satisfactory. The general average is above twenty bushels.

"All are loud in their praises of the great crops and that wonderful country."—*Extract from correspondence National Editorial Association of August, 1908.*

It is now possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free and another 160 acres at $3.00 per acre. Hundreds have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from $10.00 to $12.00 per acre from one crop. Wheat, barley, oats, flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great success and dairying is highly profitable. Excellent climate, splendid schools and churches, railways bring most every district within easy reach of market. Railway and land companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.

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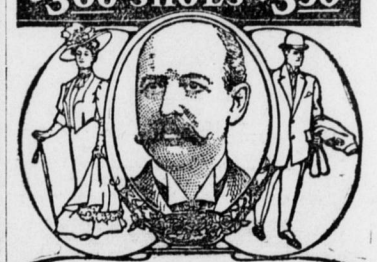

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—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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Author of "The Man on the Box" and "Half a Rogue."

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A new long novel by Harold MacGrath—every line of it MacGrathian—his unsurpassed humor, his inscrutable plots, his racy dialogue, all veined with the genius that made "The Man on the Box" and "Half a Rogue" leaders in fiction.

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E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Omaha, Neb.

Christmas Dinner by Toboggan Express

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

Donald Saunders had his first great adventure up in the Long's Peak country, a region famous throughout Colorado for heavy snows and avalanches. Donald came over from Denver, after graduating from high school, to spend the summer with Sumpter Saunders, his father's youngest brother. Sumpter was a very young uncle, indeed, being but 27 and not very long out of college, while Donald was 19. "Uncle Sump" was a big-boned, strapping fellow who had played center in his college football team, a man with laughing blue eyes and "teasing" ways but entertaining serious dreams of owning a great mine, if strength and pluck and persistence would bring one to light. He was running a tunnel on what he believed to be an excellent gold-bearing prospect, up in the Long's Peak country. Donald went out to help him. The tall boy had notions of becoming a mining engineer, and here was experience that might prove of value when he should be ready to enter a technical school.

The world is very much in confusion up in that country, the earth having been flung about at all sorts of angles, heaped and ragged and tumbled. Streams sprawl in foamy

Donald's Gray Eyes Dilated with Sudden Fear and Horror.

abandon through the canyons and the clumps of pines on the soaring steeps sing cheerily in the wind and sun. Donald found it all quite magical.

He had purposed returning home to Denver in the autumn, but Sumpter having offered him an interest in the mine, should they succeed in striking quartz, he concluded to remain at least until Christmas. Donald's father, knowing the value of practical experience, thought it quite as well that his son should stay and rough it for awhile.

There were deer and bear and mountain grouse in that lifted, broken region, but the two young fellows had little time for hunting them, being intent on driving the tunnel as rapidly and with as little delay and expense as possible. Sumpter had built a cabin close against the base of a perpendicular wall of rock at the side of the canyon in which his claim lay. In this cabin they lived very snugly, going down to Ward occasionally to bring up supplies. Donald had come up to that country over a little railroad that runs from Boulder to Ward, a bit of track upon which the snow rotary plows are busy most of the winter.

Towards Christmas the young miners began to grow a bit lonesome and restless; they especially grew weary of ham and tinned meats and longed for venison, bear, beef, or almost any sort of flesh food that was fresh. Snow was heavy on the mountains and they could get about but little save upon snowshoes. Donald wished very ardently that he might go home for Christmas but made up his mind that to leave Sumpter in that white, lonely world would be selfish and cowardly, so he remained.

Christmas morning Donald put on his snowshoes and, flinging Sumpter's rifle across his shoulder, he declared he was going to look for fresh meat. His uncle laughed at him but the hardy Scotch youth was resolute.

"An old hunter," he said, "told me at the hotel down in Ward, the last time I was down, that a lot of deer wintered in the big thickets just back of us here; he said they were hard to get at but he'd found them there twice. I'm going up to see." Sumpter assented reluctantly, cautioning his nephew not to go too far away.

The day was soft and mild, the white world all agleam with sunshine. Donald put on a pair of smoked glasses and started up the canyon. A half mile away he found a little "draw," up the slope of which he climbed until he came out upon the gleaming side of the mountain; thence he made his way slowly westward, passing around upheaving masses of dark stone, across slopes that were smooth as white satin, and, still further up the mountain side, found little hollows, evidently lined with brush but now filled with snow, simply big, glistening dimples in the mountain's fat face; but he saw no deer.

Finally, being weary of laboring through what was very much like an infinite bed of glittering down, he reached a point on the steep slope apparently a quarter of a mile or so directly north of the cabin. As he stood there debating if he should return to the "draw" or attempt to find a more direct route to the floor of the gulch, he suddenly felt himself moving. His first thought was that an earthquake was swaying the mountain or that he himself had been seized with vertigo. Then with a wild thrill he perceived that a strip of snow 200 feet wide and perhaps 500 feet in length was moving down the mountain side!

Donald's gray eyes dilated with sudden fear and horror. He was thrown headlong in the snow, hearing as he fell the crunch of stones that were being ripped out of their beds and the crash and rending of stumps and roots as they parted from their sockets in the earth. With every pulse leaping in alarm he got to his feet, toppling and reeling and shouting for aid as he glanced about him. The next instant he was again thrown headlong. He was upon the back of a steed beside which the fabled Horse of Death was as an insect. Something went through his brain like a sheet of flame, in it a picture of Sumpter sitting by the open fire of pine logs down in the cabin, a book in his hand, undreaming of this ruthless monster rushing down to crush him.

The next moment Donald was again upon his feet, pitching and clutching at the air and shouting. In that moment he saw a very amazing thing, though everything was both amazing and not amazing as in some sort of indescribable dream. A hundred feet to the rear of him, almost at the upper tip of the avalanche, he saw a bear rolling and tossing on the hurling mass. Thrown out of its hibernating bed among the rocks or decaying tree-roots, the animal was pitching about, now upon its feet then upon its back, helpless as a fly upon an ocean surge. Donald never knew why, but he shouted at the bear, and he never could recall afterwards exactly what it was he shouted. He says now that he thinks he commanded the bear not to roll down upon him, which was certainly absurd.

In his mind were many glancing thoughts. In such moments the mentality of man sometimes seems as a diamond with many facets. He thought of the Christmas tree to be lighted in the parlor at home in Denver, of how tired he was of corned-beef, of where they would bury him when they took him crushed and dead from the snow at the bottom of the gulch, whether or not his school fellows if they now saw him would shout "Slide, Donald, slide!" as they used to when he was running the bases when playing ball, and many other things, all, seemingly, in a single moment.

It must have been a very short period in which he was leaping and tumbling and whirling about on the mighty toboggan, for the avalanche ran down the mountain side like a swiftly hurrying snake, save that its undulations were up and down instead of sidewise as with a serpent. It seemed to Donald he had scarcely drawn six breaths before the snow-slide shot from the precipice above the cabin. Swift as was his flight he was conscious that the slide had leaped from the canyon wall, for throughout a few seconds there was no noise and he seemed being borne upon a bed of feathers through space, then there was a roar as of muffled thunder and he was wallowing deep in snow

The mental picture that had flashed through Donald's mind of his young uncle sitting by the fire engrossed in a printed romance, had been true to the fact. Sumpter had awakened to the coming of the avalanche only when it neared the brink of the wall, 70 feet above the cabin. His book dropped from his hand and he made a leap for the door. The next moment a bear crashed through the roof and smote the floor in front of the fire, leaving the luckless animal lifeless. Sumpter's face blanched as he stared at the strange object, then he thought of Donald and hurriedly pushed his way out of the door. The snow about the cabin was up to his neck and the roof was piled deep with it, but the bulk of the slide had leaped clear over the little house, heaping the bottom of the gulch to the opposite wall, some 600 feet away. The bear had dropped from the tail of this rushing mass directly upon the cabin.

When Sumpter had got his frightened nephew out of the smother of stuff in which he was floundering, the two young fellows stood with pale faces staring at each other for a little space, then both, seeing what they had escaped, laughed joyously.

"Come into the cabin," said Sumpter, "we will have broiled bear steak for Christmas dinner! Too many snowslides around here now; to-morrow we will pull out for Denver. In the spring we will come back and tunnel until we strike the vein."

All of which came true.

Bad.

"Did you enjoy the play last night?"

"No. It was awful. I could write a better one myself."

"H-m. Then it must be bad."—Detroit Free Press.

YOUTHFUL MONITOR AT WORK.

Little Sister's Error Corrected by Six-Year-Old Authority.

Six-year-old Marjorie and four-year-old Josephine were making their first transcontinental trip from New York to San Francisco—and, of course, encountered new marvels at almost every turn of the trip. But the crescendo of their ecstatic outpourings was reached when they saw their first Indian families—braves, squaws and papooses.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Josephine, gazing wild-eyed at the moccasined, gaudily blanketed squaws, "ain't those squashes just splendid, though!"

Marjorie's equally deep admiration was momentarily quenched in her feeling of responsibility as elder-sister monitor, and she eyed Josephine severely as she admonished:

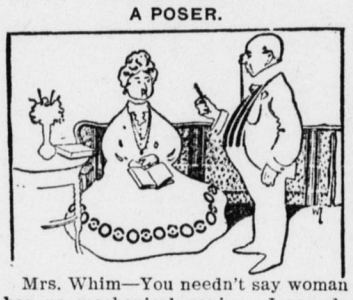
"They ain't squashes, Josephine; they're squabs."

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

A POSER.



Mrs. Whim—You needn't say woman has no mechanical genius. I can do anything on earth with only a hairpin.

Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead-pencil with it.

An Experienced Walker.

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said.

"Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, mark me, he will win."

"Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Hayes laughed.

"No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an $80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."

"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

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In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. $.50 and $1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

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Some hospital physicians are urging that horseflesh be more freely used as being not only cheaper than beef, but more tender and digestible. If dried and reduced to a powder it becomes almost tasteless.

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If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Good harvests make men prodigal, but bad ones provident.—W. Penn.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

A HIGH WIND.

Giles—They have very high winds in Ameriky.

Brown—Yes, they do.

Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children yau spend your whole time hunting 'possum!"

The old negro hung his head.

"Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttinly does!"

"And your children?"

"Yas, suh!"

"And you love them both better—"

"Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in.

"—better than a thousand 'possums?"

"Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—Bohemian Magazine.

Powder Proof.

Mlle. Genee, the dancer, at a ladies' luncheon in her honor in New York, said:

"I am glad to see that American women are not using powder in the ridiculous manner that prevails abroad. Over there the powder is, really, laid on quite too thick.

"They say a London man remarked the other day to a friend:

"'But if it was was pitch dark, and she said nothing, how can you be sure that you kissed your wife's cousin by mistake?'

"'It was,' the other answered, 'a different brand of powder.'"

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme hocus-pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate, firmly.

"Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzz-saw, close your eyes and repeat after me—"

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, 30 miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, 69 miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

The Color Line Again.

That the criterion of beauty is very dissimilar among different races is not often more strikingly exemplified than in the following anecdote of a Virginia negro. At his request the "young master's" baby son had been fetched out for Tim's inspection. He looked earnestly for some moments, then electrified the bystanders with this unqualified praise: "Marse Garrett, dat's de pretties' white chile I ever seed!"—Lippincott.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notified of Mail Delivery.

For use on rural delivery routes a letter box has an electric attachment which gives the alarm in the house some distance away when mail matter has been deposited within by the carrier.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.

It Cures While You Walk

Allen's Foot-Ease for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty callous aching feet. 25c all Druggists.

Sometimes a woman is known by the company she avoids.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.

CALLER LEFT IN A HUFF.

Innocent Thought of Business Man That Gave Serious Offense.

Two business men had been talking good naturedly the other day. Their conversation had reviewed a number of things, and a remark made by the proprietor as his caller was leaving brought up the subject of prosperity in a rather awkward way.

"Business with me has been a little dull of late. I've had only a few callers," he remarked.

The friend smilingly rejoined:

"You'll have enough of them in a short time—prosperity's coming right along. Why," he added, emphatically, "the next time I drop around, instead of being able to chat with you for half an hour, there'll be so many people ahead of me that it'll take me two hours to get to you—maybe I can't see you at all."

"I hope so," rejoined the proprietor, cheering up over the prospects of renewed business activity.

His caller literally "stormed" out of the office, leaving his erstwhile host in a state of bewilderment as to what had happened.

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.

Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Weary Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

Home Joys for Johnnie.

"Johnnie," said my husband the other evening upon his return from work, to our three-year-old, "have you been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, father," came the prompt reply.

"Very well," said his fond parent. "You may go upstairs and bring down my slippers."

When Johnnie had delightedly performed this act of devotion, his father said: "Now, if you will promise to be good to-morrow, you may carry my shoes upstairs and put them away."—Harper's Bazar.

The Mistral.

The mistral is a cold northwest wind which does much damage at certain seasons in France and Italy. From the close of autumn to the beginning of spring, it is especially violent. It dries up the soil and causes dangerous storms on the Mediterranean sea.

A Lost Chance.

Dashaway—How much money has Miss Spilter got?

Cleverton—I don't know. I've never been enough in love with her to find out.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES.
NUMBER 375 "Guaranteed"

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Raw Furs Wanted

We pay express charges and guarantee satisfactory and prompt returns. Send us trial shipment. Will hold shipments separate if requested.

MILTON SCHREIBER & CO., Raw Furs,

28-30 East 12th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

PISO'S

Stop Coughing!

Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE.

Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fine for children.

At all druggists', 25 cts.

25 cts. 25 cts.

CURE

9 00 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Alx Senna -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda -
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

5¢

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

CHEW AND SMOKE MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

STANDARD FOR OVER 30 YEARS

green with Miss Grosvenor. The black men muttered something, rolled their eyes in a manner that would have given Evangeline hysterics and dogged the couple all the way back to our place.

That started a rumor of attempted murder, which set the village in an uproar, and there was some danger of an attack on the strangers until P. C. Banks gave his personal assurance that Mr. Grosvenor himself had said the negroes were perfectly harmless. Altogether Boxing day was lively. I began to think of old times in South America, when we had a revolution every twenty-four hours and I used to ask the baker each morning, "Who is president today?"

But the night passed without any special incident. I had a few words with the mongoose after dinner because I chanced to call him "Mickey" instead of "Rikki," and Dan and Tib had a spar about some cutlet bones. Such breezes, however, are not uncommon in the best families, and, in distinct contrast with us, harmony reigned in the drawing room, where Schwartz made himself agreeable to all parties, even to Minkie.

Picture to yourself, then, the terrific excitement which sprang up next day at luncheon time when Minkie was missing! I first heard of it from Dan, who rushed in and yelped:

"Have you seen Minkie anywhere?"

"Yes," said I breathlessly.

"Where?"

"Here."

"When?"

"At breakfast."

"Goose!" he hissed and ran out again.

Of course I was only taking a rise out of him. I had no not that his search was serious until I heard Mam weeping when the G nor came back after driving all round the village and calling at ev house he could think of.

"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, crying as if her heart would break, any harm has befallen our darling I shall not survive it."

"Why do you take such a gloomy view of a trivial absence fr home?" he asked, though his voice did not bear out the carelessn his words. "You know well enough what an extraordinary cl Millicent is. We can never tell what queer thing she may doing."

Mam was not to be comforted in that way.

"Millicent has always asked permission if she wished to be away at mealtime, and Dandy is not with her. I would not be so frightened if the dog had gone too. Tom, what shall we do if she is not home before it is dark? I shall go mad."

Dorothy was weeping also, and I heard Evangeline snivel something about "them there black villains as was up to no good," she was sure. That was the worst thing she could have said. Mam simply refused to remain in the house when the light failed. She was going to ask Captain Stanhope's help, she declared. He knew a good deal about these negroes, and she was certain he would move heaven and earth to discover Minkie's whereabouts because he loved the child as if she were his own sister.

The Guv'nor saw that Mam was not fit to venture out, so he persuaded her to let him go to the manor and see Jack. Schwartz, who was really beside himself with anxiety, tried hard to console Mam and Dorothy during the Guv'nor's absence, though he personally was in a fine pickle, which they knew nothing of.

He was afraid Minkie had been attacked either on account of the ju-ju or the money he had given her, but he simply dared not say anything about his suspicions. At last, after an hour that had a thousand minutes, the Guv'nor returned. Mam saw by her first glance at his face that he brought bad news. She gave a deep sigh and fainted clean away.

I heard Bob telling Dan something outside, but I was forced to listen to what the Guv'nor was saying to Schwartz while Dorothy and Evangeline and Cookie were trying to revive Mam.

"It's a bad business, I fear," he whispered, holding on to the back of a chair like a man who thinks he may fall. "I met Stanhope and his uncle at the manor, and even the older Stanhope was aghast when I told him my errand. It was the first they had heard of Minkie's disappearance, and Jack is now procuring the arrest of every negro in Dale End."

"'I would like to burn them alive," broke in Schwartz, and he meant it, too, for he was on the rack.

"But that is not all," went on the Old Man hoarsely. "My poor little girl was seen talking to one of these devils last evening at dusk at the farther end of the green. And today the moment the bank was open she changed a fifty pound note. There can be no doubt about it. The manager himself told me. Of course he thought the money was mine. God in heaven! What does it all mean, and what has become of her?"

Schwartz sat down and bent his head. He gave it up. He didn't know what to do. Neither did I. I was acquainted with Minkie's plan, but, so far as I could see, it had nothing in it which was likely to keep her away from home.

No wonder people in Dale End called that a black Christmas. It was nearly being a fiery one also, because others in the village shared Schwartz's idea, and it was actually proposed that the police station should be burned down and the negroes roasted inside it. Isn't there a proverb about scratching a Russian and finding a Tartar? Well, to my thinking, you will not find such a world of difference between Surrey and Alabama when a black man is suspected of doing away with a white girl.

And our Minkie too! Oh, look here; I'm off into the Latin tongues. I can't express my feelings in pure Anglo-Saxon. Give me a torch and a bucket of tar. I'll find the feathers! Saperlotte! What was it Giovanni used to say?

Continued next week

SCHWALMER BOYS AND GIRLS

Their Quaint Costumes and Their Odd Christmas Dance.

Over in Hesse-Nassau, a district in Germany, there is a section of the Hessian people who present an interesting study, particularly in regard to their quaint Christmas customs.

These people live in the valley of the river Schwalm. The Schwalmer boys wear a peculiar round hat or cap without brim or visor. It resembles in shape a small cheese box. They wear a sort of coat with skirt reaching below the knees, something on the order of the highlander's kilt, and white socks with black bows.

SCHWALMER BOY AND GIRL.

The Schwalmer girls also wear white stockings with the black bows. Their skirts reach scarcely below the knees. It is the fashion to wear several stiff skirts, which stand out from the person much in the manner of the hoop skirts of our own grandmothers. On their heads the girls wear a funny little pill box sort of hat, to which are attached broad bands tied under the chin, completely concealing the ears.

The boys and girls have an outdoor dance at Christmas when the weather favors. Each village has a favorite dancing ground where the young people gather for the fun. The boys stand in a semicircle, while the girls line up to await their partners. Everybody maintains a dignified silence. Finally one boy steps forward to the maiden of his choice, lifts his arm and bows profoundly. Each of the boys in his turn then goes through the same ceremony of choosing his partner, who is his for the day. Then begins the dance, which is vigorous and hearty.

Dolly's Piece
The peach and apple, plum and pear
Are nice as they can be;
But just give me the fruit that grows
On the good old Chris'mas tree!

A SURPRISING WEDDING.

It Gave a Shock to the Lady Who Was So Anxious to See It.

An elderly American authoress asked me to conduct her to a place where she could see a workman's wedding, as she required it for a new novel, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Gentlewoman. To oblige the lady I took her to the Lac Saint-Fargeau, an establishment at the top of the steep Rue de Belleville.

It was still early when we reached the place, and no brides or bridegrooms were visible as yet. At last two char-a-bancs drove up to the door, and a noisy company alighted, all smoking cigarettes, including the bride, which shocked my friend exceedingly.

The company then sat down to luncheon, and we watched them from a distance, while a photographer took up his position near us. The meal did not last very long and ended in the bride performing a jig on the table, while the guests danced around her. They then started games, hide and seek, etc., and while the bridegroom had his back turned the bride threw her arms round the neck of a red haired youth.

This led to a fight between the two. The melee became general, the bride pulling off her wreath and throwing it at her father-in-law's head. My friend looked on in breathless excitement, while the guests jumped over the tables and chairs, but when the bride turned a somersault, alighting on the bridegroom's shoulders, the good lady's indignation rose to a high pitch, and it was only then that I told her what I —and the reader no doubt, too—guessed long before, that they were a party of acrobats rehearsing a scene for a cinematograph company.

Consistency is a jewel, but obstinacy is a counterfeit.—Illinois State Register.

STERLING RUN.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Genesee, visited their cousin Mrs. Laura A. Smith recently.

Gladys Bunce returned home Monday from Olean, where she has been staying with her sister Mrs. Tom Marks.

John Schwab and wife, of Cameron, visited town Sunday.

Joseph Furlong is spending his vacation at home.

Emporium visitors this week were D. E. Spangler and wife, Mrs. Martha Smith and daughter Gladys, Mrs. H. F. Foster, Mrs. Ed. Whiting, Mrs. J. E. Smith, Thomas Eddy and wife, Mrs. A. L. Barr, Kathryn May.

L. C. Summerson was very sick Wednesday.

Mrs. J. P. McNarney and son Wilford visited in town Friday.

Kathryn Orr had a Christmas tree Friday at the Tannery school house for her school. Quite a few from town attended the exercises.

Miss Bud Hogan, of Emporium, was the guest of Mrs. D. E. Spangler, Sunday.

Charles Howlett, Mike Parker and Charles McCaffery killed a large bear at Wilber the past week.

G. H. Howlett had a valuable cow killed on the railroad Friday.

Mrs. J. R. Strawbridge accompanied by Wm. Buck and wife, of Renovo, left Wednesday for Philadelphia.

John Wade, of Meadvile, is the guest of his parents Owen Wade and wife.

Mrs. Orlow Smith and daughter Ruth, of Curwensville, visited relatives in town this week.

Harry Wylie visited in St. Marys Monday.

Vida Housler is home for the Holidays.

Mrs. William Strawbridge was called to Montgomery the past week on account of the death of a relative. She returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. Carrie Meredth was the guest of Rev. Ebersole and family recently.

Carlton Smith is spending vacation at home.

Morgan Foster, of Rathbun, spent Wednesday in town the guest of his brother H. F. Foster.

BLUE BELL.

Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are antiseptic and soothe pain quickly. Insist upon DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Regular size 50c. Sold here by R. C. Dodson.

For Rent.

A very desirable front room for rent with use of bath, on Allegany Ave. Apply to Mrs. E. S. Coppersmith.
44-3t.

SECOND TO NONE

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
396-408 Main Street
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Before Inventory Sales

After Christmas comes the great clean-up of Holiday Goods and the re-adjustment of stocks before inventory. Sacrifices will be made which will interest every one who has a mind to econo m.

Stong values will be offered in

Suits Coats
Furs Waists
Gloves Shoes
Blankets Hosiery
Flannels Silks
Umbrellas Linens
Dress Goods
Housefurnisings
Etc. Etc.

We Refund Yonr Fares.

In connection with the Chamber of Commerce. All surburban trolley lines arrive and depart from Main and Court streets within 100 feet of our doors. Packages may be zent to the waiting room and be called for after the theatres are over.

ADAM, MELDRUM, ANDERSON CO.
American Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BATTLE OF the CENTURY

Continued from 1st page

Pennsylvania did their whole duty and, in their heroism, were excelled by none. To understand truly and to estimate properly the fighting qualities of the men and the organizations of those armies, one must take the cold figures of the percentage of losses in killed and wounded and compare them with similar results in other wars and by troops of other nations.

GETTYSBURG BEATS WORLD.

When reading the following, let us not fail to remember the record of the bravest troops in Europe. The Third Westphalian, at Mars la Tour, lost 49.4 per cent. killed and wounded; the Garde-Shutzen, at Metz, lost 46.1 per cent.; the Light Brigade, at Balaklava, lost 37.6 per cent. This is a story of brave men and splendid organization, and tells of the greatest loss on record in single engagements in European wars. Not one of them lost 50 per cent, in killed and wounded, in single engagements. At Gettysburg there were at least seven regiments from this State that lost 50 per cent. and some of them more than that.

Let us recall the story of these commands. About 11 o'clock on the first day the head of Roy Stone's brigade—all Pennsylvanians—arrived on the field, and was placed by General Doubleday on the left of the Chambersburg pike, the left of the line resting near the right of the Iron Brigade. Shells were flying as the Pennsylvanians moved into position, and it was a hot place to form. Stripping for the fray and unslinging knapsacks, the men called out, "We have come to stay!"

When evening came fully 50 per cent. of the gallant brigade remained on the fatal ridge. Stone's brigade held the key to the first day's fight and every man seemed to realize the importance of holding out to the last. Although some two hours elapsed from the time the brigade arrived until the first serious attack of the Confederate infantry. It was anything but an interval of peace. Exposed and in full view of the enemy, the line was pounded by batteries from the distant hills, both north and west, and many were the casualities.

JOHN BURNS, THE HERO.

Then the whole valley of Willoughby Run and the country beyond was in clear view, and every man saw for himself what was coming—the Confederates, in a continuous double line of deployed battallions en masse in reserve. To meet this tremendous onslaught stood one thin line, and not a man in reserve. It required courage of a high order to quietly await the attack, but Stone's men were equal to the occasion.

As Colonel Huidekoper and Major Chamberlain were chatting, while awaiting the attack, a unique, antique and most picturesque figure approached. It was citizen John Burns, of Gettysburg. Tall, and bony of frame, with deliberate step, he came to the front, carrying in his right hand a rifle at a "trail." He wore a blue swallow-tail coat, with brass buttons, dark trousers and a high hat, from which the nap had long since disappeared.

Although three-score years and ten, and bent with age, he said, "Can I fight with your regiment?" Just then Colonel Wister came up and in his bluff manner asked: "Well, old man, what do you want?" "I want a chance to fight with your regiment." "You do? "Well, where is your ammunition?" "Right here, said the old hero, slapping his trousers pocket, which was bulging out with cartridges. "Good," replied Wister, "I wish there were more like you," advising the old man to go into the woods and fight where he would be more sheltered.

But John Burns was not the kind that looked for shelter, and he fought during the day not only in the open, but in the very front. When evening fell he was still there, but badly wounded. At 1:30 o'clock the whole line of the enemy was seen advancing, and for more than two hours the devoted brigade of Roy Stone— 143d, 149th and 150th Pennsylvania Regiments—met and checked the exulting foe.

ONE THIN LINE.

Never in the history of wars did men stand up under like conditions and make such a defence. There they were, one thin line, without a man in reserve, meeting charge after charge, and seeing beyond as far as the eye could reach, other lines of fresh troops, ready to take the place of those repulsed.

Every field officer in the brigade, save one, was shot, and many of them several times. In the 143d 36 per cent. were killed and wounded and 91 were missing, many of these being numbered among the dead; the 159th lost 50 per cent. killed and wounded and 111 missing; the 150th lost 50 per cent killed and wounded and 77 missing, 25 of whom were afterward found to be dead or wounded.

Glorious Brigade of the Keystone State! When will your glory fade? Officers and men alike will live in story. Can we ever forget Roy Stone falling away out in front of his line, or Langhorne Wister clinging to his command with his mouth so full of blood that speech was an impossibility; or Huidekoper remaining in command of his regiment with shattered arm and a ball through his leg; or Color Sargeant Benjamin H. Crippen, of the 142d, lingering, as his regiment walked to the rear, to shake his fist at the advancing foe, until he was shot dead; or Color Sergeant Phifer, of the 150th, advancing with colors and flaunting them in the face of the victorious foe until he fell dead, with all the color guard dead or wounded about him?

Surely it was a great Brigade and a noble fight, but more yet was demanded, for, on the evening of the second day, the 149th and the 150th charged upon the Confederate lines and recaptured two guns that had been lost that afternoon. Likewise, on the third day of the battle, the three regiments were again under fire, being in line to meet the charge of Pickett's men and to meet the storm of the artillery fire that for two long hours preceded the attack.

THE GREAT MONUMENT.

Pennsylvania has nearly 1000 dead sleeping in the cemetery, men who died gloriousley on the soil of their own State. While each organization has a monument on the field, our State, to commerate all her sons who participated in the great battle, is about to erect a stupendous memorial on the field, at a cost of $150,000—a double arch towering more than 100 feet in heigth, splendid in the beauty of its proportions, and crowned by a heroic stature of Victory.

In front of the arch will be statues of Lincoln and Curtin, and around the base will be 90 bronze tablets containing the names, not only of the organizations, records of numbers present, the killed and wounded, but also the name of every man from Penna., who partcipated in the battle. So the man brhind gun; he who carried the musket will be remembered, as well as the officer who commanded and led them. The structure will be of granite, the statute of Victory and those of Lincoln and Curtin will be of bronze.

Four immense bas-reliefs in granite, 9 by 18, over the keystone of the arch, will show four scenes of the battle, and will represent the four arms of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery and signal corps.

The commissioners who have charge of the memorial are St. Clair A. Mulholland, John P. Taylor, Geo. P. Morgan, Charles F. McKenna, J. C. Stineman, H. H. Cummings, Chas. E. Quail, E. L. Whittlesey and H. S. Huidekoper.

They expect to have the memorial finished and dedicated July 3, 1910, the forty-seventh anniversary of the battle.

GOOD NEWS.

Many Emporium Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast," and the thousands of bad back sufferers in Emporium are glad to learn that prompt relief is within their reach. Many a lame weak and aching back is bad no more thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands upon thousands of people are telling the good news of their experience with the Old Quaker Remedy. Here is an example worth reading:

Mrs. Mary M. Finkler, 212 Monterey St., Ridgway, Pa., says: "For years, in fact since childhood I was subject to attacks of backache and nothing seemed to help me. As time went by the trouble became more severe and often pains in my back extended to the top of my head. I also suffered from other distressing symptoms of kidney complaint and when I arose in the morning I would feel miserable and languid. At last I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to be the remedy I required. The kidneys were restored to their normal condition and the distressing symptoms of my trouble disappeared. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills on several occasions since and the results have been highly satisfactory."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Girl Wanted.

A competent girl to do general house work. Good wages to right party. Apply to
41-tf. MRS. FRANK SHIVES.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following named persons have filed their petitions for Liquor Licenses, in my office, according to law, for the term of January Court, 1909:

HOTEL LICENSES.

Grove Township.

Geo. P. Shafer,.....Sinnemahoning House
George Foultz.....The Mountain House

Gibson Township.

J. H. Welton,.....Evergreen Hotel

Driftwood.

Thos. J. Riley,.....Commercial Hotel
Sophia McVicker,.....Lafayette Hotel
A. M. McDonald,.....Curtin House
W. H. Mitchell,.....Mitchell House

Lumber Township.

Mary A. Furlong,.....Alpine House
Edward McFadden.....Cameron House
Robert Graham.....The Valley House

Emporium, East Ward, Hotel Licenses.

Joseph Gainey and Herman Malin.....St. Charles Hotel
Charles F. Farley.....American House
Samuel D. McDonald,.....Central House

Emporium, Middle Ward, Hotel Licenses.

D. W. Donovan,.....Emporium House
Michael J. Dolan.....City Hotel
William Schutte.....New Warner House
William Bente,.....Cottage Hotel
Frederick Levecke.....Commercial House

RESTAURANT LICENSES.

EMPORIUM, MIDDLE WARD.

Henry Shade.....Novelty Restaurant

WHOLESALE LICENSES.

F. X. Blumle,.....Shippen Township
A. A. McDonald,.....Emporium

WILLIAM J. LEAVITT, Clerk Q. S.

In the Country's Greatest Business, Handling Five Times the World's Gold Output, the Worker Reaps the Lion's Share

CHICAGO.—The biggest business in the country is railroading.

If all the railroads in the country (there are 2,500 of them) could hoard from day to day the money they gather in for moving passengers and freight, at the end of a year there wouldn't be a dollar left anywhere else in the country. Every piece of metal and paper currency in the country would be in the railroad treasuries.

The railroads earn in a year five times the whole world's output of gold, thirty times this country's gold output; they take in four times as much money as the Steel corporation, five times as much money as the government itself—more money than is represented in all our trade overseas.

It's a big business that takes in $2,600,000,000 in a year; this is $7,000,000 a day—seven million dollars a day!

And $3,500,000 of this money, every day of the year, goes into the pay envelopes of the workers. For half the money gathered in by the railroads—half of this $2,600,000,000 a year—is the workers' share of this biggest of American businesses. So in two years the railroad workers receive in their pay envelopes as much money as there is in circulation in the whole country.

Big figures these! There is the humble trackman, usually an alien from the slums of Europe, who doggedly obeys the orders of the track foreman. Out of every $100 gathered in by the railroads, six dollars goes to him—five times as much as goes to the railroad officials. The figures are big, you see, whether you start from the bottom or the top.

Let us see what becomes of every $100 received by the railroads in their two-and-a-half-billion-dollar business.

Workers on railroads (1,700,000 men)	$ 40
Dealers in railroad materials (chiefly the steel and coal trades)	25
The state (taxes)	3
Creditors (hundreds of thousands of bondholders)	13
The owners (500,000 investors)	12
For the surplus (improving the property)	7
Total	$100

Workers actually get $50 out of every $100, for from the $25 paid for materials (rails, cars, engines, buildings, etc.) $10 goes to workers in these industries. Every time you spend a dollar at a railroad ticket office or freight office, you are paying 50 cents for wages.

A Billion-Dollar Pay Roll.

Now let's see just how the $40 out of every $100 of railroad revenue is distributed among the railroad workers:

		Total wages.
Shopmen	$ 8	$ 210,000,000
Trackmen	6	150,000,000
Trainmen	11	92,000,000
Enginemen	11	85,000,000
Conductors	11	55,000,000
Firemen	11	52,000,000
Station men	4	100,000,000
Miscellaneous	5	120,000,000
Clerks	1.60	45,000,000
Watchmen, etc.	1.20	30,000,000
Officers	1.20	32,000,000
Telegraphers	1	28,000,000
Total wages		$1,000,000,000

When you look over this billion-dollar pay roll you get an idea of the bigness of railroading. Take the smallest item on the list—$28,000,000 paid in wages to telegraphers and dispatchers, an army of 40,000 men "at the key." This is more money than all the telegraph companies in the country spend in wages.

And then the item at the top of the list—$210,000,000 in wages to shopmen. You know, perhaps, that railroads have shops, where they mend broken wheels and put new paint on cars. But did you ever know that the railroad shops of the country employ an army of 350,000 men earning $200,000,000 a year in wages? This repair end of the railroad business is bigger than the business of the Steel corporation itself—more men and more wages.

The army of shopmen has a big job. In the shops of the big railroads locomotives and cars are built as well as repaired. The smaller roads buy their equipment from the independent builders, but there is no road so small but that it has its shops for repairing equipment. The railroads own 2,200,000 cars—of which 50,000 are passenger cars. Made up into one train these cars would stretch around the earth, and to every fortieth car there would be a locomotive, for the railroads have 55,000 in service. You could carry every man, woman and child in America in this train, allowing only 40 passengers to a car. It's the business of the third of a million shopmen to keep these two and a quarter million cars and locomotives in running order.

A bigger army still is that on the track—430,000 men, made up of 45,000 section foremen—the bosses—and 385,000 humble workers, the lowest paid men in the service, averaging eight dollars a week. But they take six dollars out of every $100 of railroad revenue, or $150,000,000 a year, and no small part of this money finds its way back to "the old country." Many a good American citizen of to-day earned his first money in this country as a member of a track gang.

Third Largest Railroad Army.

The train crews, with 320,000 enginemen, firemen, conductors and trainmen, make up the third largest railroad army, but they head the wage list with $285,000,000 a year. They get more than a dollar out of every ten received by the railroads.

Here is shown the make-up of the railroad army:

Trackmen	420,000
Shopmen	350,000
Trainmen	135,000
Firemen	70,000
Enginemen	65,000
Conductors	50,000
Total of crews	(320,000)
Station men	192,000
Miscellaneous	240,000
Clerks	60,000
Watchmen, etc.	55,000
Telegraphers	40,000
Officers	13,000
Total	1,700,000

Or they may be divided into three great armies in this way:

Officers and staffs	65,000
Army of the trains	725,000
Army of the tracks	550,000
Army of the shops	360,000
Total forces	1,700,000

The wages of these workers vary from a dollar a day paid southern trackmen to the five-figure yearly salaries paid the heads of transcontinental roads. The average daily earnings of the officers and men of the railroad forces is here shown:

General officers	$11.80
Other officers	5.80
Clerks	2.25
Station agents	1.95
Other station men	1.70
Enginemen	4.10
Firemen	2.40
Conductors	3.50
Trainmen	2.35
Machinists	2.70
Carpenters	2.25
Other shopmen	1.90
Section foremen	1.80
Other trackmen	1.35
Watchmen, etc.	1.80
Telegraphers	2.15
Miscellaneous	1.80

The average yearly earnings of railroad workers is a little more than $600. A ten per cent. wage advance means only $60 for each man, but it adds $100,000,000 to the billion-dollar pay roll—a sum equal to a third of all the profits distributed to the half million owners of the railroads in the most prosperous year in their history. Similarly, a ten per cent. advance in freight rates, such as is now proposed, would add $180,000,000 to the revenue of the roads, or more than two per cent. on all the outstanding $8,000,000,000 railroad stock. The business is so big that fractional changes in receipts or expenditures, if spread over the country, produce results of astounding proportions.

Dividends to Shareholders.

Having taken a look at the railroad business from the viewpoint of the 1,700,000 workers, let us see how it looks to the 50,000 owners. The railroads earned last year, gross, $2,600,000,000. The small end of the railroad business is the passenger traffic. The receipts from 900,000,000 passengers were $570,000,000. The average rate paid was a trifle over two cents a mile. The figures show that the average American made ten railroad trips in the year of an average length of 32 miles, paying $6.50 for the service—so, 320 miles appears to be the average yearly travel of the American on the railroads. The railroads also received more than $100,000,000 carrying mail and express matter, mostly on passenger trains.

But the 2,000,000 freight cars are the big earners. They brought in $1,800,000,000 last year, 30 times as much money as all the gold mines of the country produced, 4½ times as much money as all the gold mines of the world produced. Great is the American freight car, even if it does go banging along on a flat wheel! It earned this huge amount of money by sheer work, for it charged only three-quarters of a cent for carrying a ton of freight a mile. But even three-quarters of a cent a ton runs into money pretty fast in the big way we run our railroads. A 50-ton car, at this average rate, earns 37½ cents a mile; this is $18.75 a mile for a 50-car train—and in the 3,000-mile journey across the country this runs up to $56,000. Big cars and long hauls make possible the low American freight rates.

Where Freight Comes From.

A word as to where all the freight comes from. More than half of all the tonnage carried on the railroads is the product of the mines—a third is coal and coke. The soft coal tonnage is enormous—a quarter of all the traffic—because this is the great fuel in industrial plants from coast to coast. Hard coal—the householders' fuel—is a big item in freight, but not nearly so big as soft coal. Manufactures stand next to mine products in importance, with about a seventh of the total tonnage, and in this class the steel industry takes the lead. Lumber and other products of the forest rank third; agricultural products fourth, with merchandise and miscellaneous freight last. A 1,000-ton train, loaded with freight in the proportions in which the country's freight tonnage is divided, would carry:

	Tons.
Mine products	531
Manufactures	148
Forest products	112
Farm and ranch products	109
Merchandise	40
Miscellaneous freight	60
Total	1,000

So much for how the railroads earn $2,600,000,000. Now let's see what is done with all the money. Two-thirds of all the money received by the railroads has to be spent to run them. The railroads spent on operation last year:

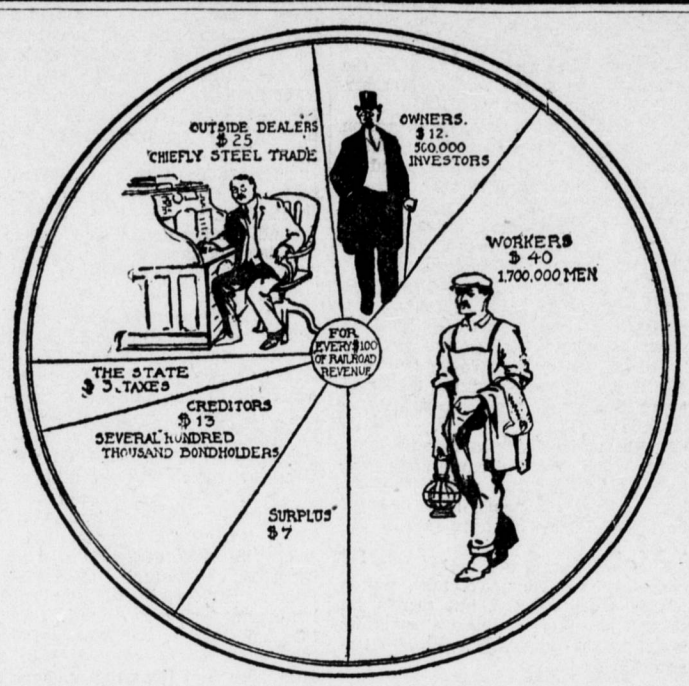
Running trains	$ 970,000,000
Maintaining equipment	370,000,000
Maintaining roadbed, etc.	350,000,000
General expenses	60,000,000
Total operating expenses	$1,750,000,000

Included in this billion and three-quarters is the billion-dollar pay roll. The other three-quarters is spent on various materials, coal and steel being the principal items. The coal bill for the locomotives is the biggest single item—$185,000,000. Besides the coal bill, there is spent for locomotives $10,000,000 on water, $6,000,000 on oil, tallow and waste, and $4,000,000 on other supplies—more than $200,000,000 in all. The tie bill is big—$40,000,000, bigger than the rail bill—$25,000,000. Stationery and printing costs $14,000,000, advertising $7,000,000, wrecks and other damage $22,000,000, clearing away wrecks $5,000,000, killing and injuring people $18,000,000, insurance $7,500,000—and so on through a score of items all in the millions.

Share of the Owners.

A glance at the table at the beginning of this article shows that after the railroads pay out of their revenues 40 per cent. for wages, 25 per cent. for materials, etc., and three per cent. for taxes, there is still left 32 per cent. of the revenues. The creditors—that is, the bondholders, spread all over the face of the earth—owning $9,000,000,000 of American railroad obligations, get 13 per cent. of the revenues. This nets them 3.7 per cent. on the par value of their bonds. There is still 19 per cent. left. Of this 12 per cent. goes to the shareholders—the half million owners. They receive $300,000,000 a year out of the $2,600,000,000 earnings, which nets them only 3.6 per cent. on their $8,000,000,000 of stock. The other seven per cent. of the earnings goes into surplus.

Such, in brief, is the story of the country's biggest business, the operation of 230,000 miles of railroads.



MISSIONARY'S LITTLE JOKE.

He Lengthened the Day by Several Hours for a Korean Village.

The Koreans in the vicinity of Seoul, the capital city, and around the treaty ports are fast losing their early guilelessness in trying to follow the march of western civilization. In the mountains of the interior, however, conditions are much the same as in the days when Korea could justly be termed the "Hermit nation" and the inhabitants knew little and cared less about Occidental progress.

Among the American missionaries who were in the habit of making protracted trips in the interior of the country there was one who, in addition to being a zealous worker, was also a good deal of a wag.

On the occasion of one of his inland journeys he found himself at nightfall in a small village, where he was to spend the night in the straw thatched dwelling of one of the native converts. The sleeping chamber was the usual tiny room, heated by a system of flues beneath the mud floor and rendered nearly airtight by closely fitting oil paper windows and doors.

It was fearfully hot, and about midnight the American could stand it no longer; so he strolled out in the open for a breath of air. The village was wrapped in slumber, so just for a joke and with no ulterior motive the missionary let out a lusty imitation of a rooster's crow. This was immediately taken up by a wakeful bird in a courtyard near by, and in a few minutes every fowl was adding his morning salute to the general chorus.

Now, watches and alarm clocks were an unknown luxury in the village, and the people were accustomed to time their rising hour by the roosters. In a few moments, therefore, the sleepy Koreans came straggling out of their little huts, and after starting the fires on which to boil the morning rice lighted their long bamboo pipes and squatted round in little groups to wait for sunrise.

Their amazement can be imagined when the hours went by and still there were no signs of light in the east.

"Irun chame," said one to another, as with open mouth he pondered over the phenomenon.

Years have passed since then, but in at least one village in Korea all events still date back to "the night when the morning didn't come."—Youth's Companion.

Price of Food Increased.

Increase in the price of grain and foodstuffs throughout India has become a serious matter on account of the poverty of the masses and the low wages paid for labor, according to a report made by Consul-General William B. Michael to the bureau of manufactures. He says that foodstuffs have advanced 40 per cent. during the last two years in India; rents from 50 to 60 per cent

CHRISTMAS IN A GREAT CITY

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

IN the metropolis Christmas treads upon the heels of Thanksgiving, eager to exploit its wares.

The windows of the great stores, that have been fringed with Autumn leaves, now present the entire gamut of holiday goods. Images of Santa Claus appear in bas reliefs, backed with reindeer and sledges, capacious chimneys and snug fire-places. Toys and sweetmeats run riot upon the counters, and the Christmas shopper appears mincingly in the long aisles of the great department stores. There are yet many days for making Christmas choices and the shopper has about her none of that mad, scrambling air so noticeable during the last few days of the runaway season.

In the streets Santa works at every corner, asking alms for the needy and the sick, that their Christmas, too, may be brightened and of good cheer. With the giving, the faces of the crowd take on a happier smile; the heart is answering to the message of "good will on earth." Inch by inch we are drawn into the merry-making, the bustle and the spirit of the time. In our minds we are turning over and over the problem of what for this dear one and what for that—and in our list we include those who are less apt to be joyous on this day than we are—and now comes the real joy of Christmas: the doing of good that makes our hearts sing with happiness!

There is the little girl we met away up in the pine woods last summer who will be delighted with a pretty book, the lame boy who sells papers at the corner of Hit and Miss streets, the widow who takes in washing out in the suburb where we live, the jolly boy friend of a business associate who has so many things one cannot just decide on his present, the elevator man who has met us morning and night with a cheery good morning and a respectful good night—and then there are the closer ones: the mother, father, wife and babies!

What a galaxy of needy folk—for all are needy on Christmas day! Those who do not need food, or clothing, or money, need something that will prove our love, prove that we have not forgotten them and that on this, the day commemorating the coming of the King of Bethlehem, our heart is attuned to theirs in gladness and rejoicing.

And now the holly and the mistletoe appear upon the street corners and rushing business men stop on their hurried way homeward to buy wreaths of the green and the red to hang in the windows of their homes and from the chandeliers of their living rooms.

On and on surges the spirit of Christmas!

Like a mighty enveloping shaft of sunshine, it breaks through the clouds of every-day mediocrity and racing across the world sends its glowing glory into every home! Garlands hang everywhere, bells chime and merry laughter echoes through the halls of time. And with the ringing of the crystal spheres, peace spreads her mantle like a cloak and plenty sits enthroned among the merrymaking and the praise!

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

WE hear of Christmas early in the country! No sooner have the days faded into twilight at six o'clock, than mother begins her needle work. When the supper dishes are put away, she takes her place in the sitting room where father is reading his newspaper, draws her work-basket toward her and begins to fashion things which only mother can make beautiful and useful.

"Christmas will be here before we know it," she smiles as father questions with his eyes.

"My, how time flies!" he comments, as he turns his paper.

Night after night she sews and knits and crochets—and no sooner are the children out of the house and her housework finished, than she goes quietly to some deep corner and brings out uncompleted presents for them. Mittens for Willie, laces for Nell, slippers for Dad. Guardedly she works, her ear sensitive to the least intrusion, the slightest danger of a surprise.

And when the children come home after school, she hurries the work into a friendly drawer and turns her deft hands to the regular routine!

At the church the children hear of the Christmas tree and of the presents for everyone! The Sunday School takes on added numbers and the young men meet the young ladies to string popcorn and fashion decorations.

Delightful occupation! How, in the days now gone, all men have strung their hearts upon the threads and passed them awkwardly to rosy-cheeked maids with hair braided down their backs, with ruby lips and eyes that sparkled with the first love glances!

And the Christmas parties, the sleighrides, the renewing of friendships with those who have been away at school and have returned for the season of gayety and good cheer!

And the stockings that are hung on Christmas eve in the country! In every home they reap their harvest year by year on Christmas morning. Reap their harvest as the "Merry Christmas!" salutation rings throughout the house.

And it is mother, usually, that steals in upon the sleeping ones and wishes them a glad and happy Christmas!

And always on Christmas morning she will do this! Though she be in the land of bliss beyond, or in the flesh of the present, she will speak to us of the Christmas morning, speak to us from her loving heart and wish us happiness. Nor time, nor death, nor changes, nor wars, nor misfortunes ever can take from a man this Christmas wish of mother's:

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

From the endless aeons of the turquoise sky she speaks to me on Christmas morning—and she speaks to you, too—but, mayhap, nearer by, for Christmas in the country is indissolubly associated with her. And for that reason, Christmas in the country is doubly dear to me—and doubly sacred.

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve."

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The Sugar Bowl

OPPOSITE HEILMAN'S HARDWARE STORE, EMPORIUM, PA.

The Best place in Cameron County to purchase

HOME-MADE CANDIES.
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, Etc.

Fruits of all kinds for Christmas.
Bananas, Navel Oranges,
Florida Oranges, Lemons,
Malaga Grapes,
Tangerines, Grape Fruit.

New Dates 3 lbs for 25c
New Figs, 15c a lb

Special Sale Until New Year's Day Only

Commencing Dec. 19.

NOTE THE PRICES—Best Peanut Brittle, Coco Brittle, all varities of Taffy, 3 lbs for 25c; Fresh Xmas Candies fresh and pure daily. We have a fine line of nuts of every variety.

New Mixed Nuts, Walnuts per lb 15c and 20c
Fresh Roasted and Saited Peannts 8c lb

LOOSE HOLLY; HOLLY WREATHS

We deliver goods to any part of town
Phone 61K.

The Sugar Bowl

Price Never Changed.

The Rev. Simon Turpie was an eloquent speaker, but he seemed to have a list of sermons which, when he once began, he went right through to the end and then started at the first sermon again, and so on.

A young man in the congregation was about to leave for South Africa, but the Sunday before he departed he attended the church service.

In the course of his lecture the minister used an illustration in which were the words, "A man can easily purchase two sparrows for threepence."

The young man, after being absent for about three years, returned and again on the first opportunity attended divine service. Strange to say, he heard the same narrative by the same minister, the phrase striking him most being about the "two sparrows for threepence."

At the close of the service the minister, in his courtesy, came and shook hands with the youth and, welcoming him back to his home, asked him if he noticed any changes about the place.

The young man, evidently quite unconcerned, replied, "Aye, man, there's two or three changes, but there's yin thing I can see—the price o' sparrows is aye at the same auld figger."—Glasgow News.

New Use For Wheelbarrows.

Mrs. Zella Nuttall, the archaeologist, was making some excavations in Mexico. The Indians were removing the earth some distance from the point of excavation in the customary manner—that is, on a piece of coarse cloth tied between two poles, stretcher fashion, carried by two Indians. This method seemed rather laborious to Mrs. Nuttall, so she ordered several iron wheelbarrows from the city. When they arrived she turned them over to the foreman after explaining to him what they were for and how to use them.

Next day when she visited the work the Indians had discarded their primitive parihuelas and were using the bright new wheelbarrows. As each barrow was filled with earth it was picked up by two Indians, one using the handles and the other the wheel, and carried to the place where the earth was to be deposited. All efforts to get the Indians to use the wheelbarrows properly failed, and they kept on carrying them until the work was finished.

Alphabet of the Playhouse.

"We keep learning things all the time," said an infrequent theater goer. "I stopped in front of a theater the other day to buy a ticket of a speculator, and I asked him if he had a good single near the front.

"'Here's one in O,' he said, 'thirteenth row, third seat from the aisle.'

"Now, you know, I don't carry the relative positions of the letters of the alphabet in my mind all the time. I have to work for a living and have other things to think of. But it struck me that O must be farther down the line than thirteen, and so I just counted up the letters on my finger tips, and I made O come fifteenth, and I said so to the ticket man, but that didn't worry him any.

"'There's no A in this theater,' he said, 'and there's no I in any orchestra in town.'

"And, having my finger tip figuring thus handily knocked out, I bought the ticket."—Washington Post.

The Surprise of Slivnitsa.

"I have never quite made out," says a writer in "Near East," "why the plain of Slivnitsa has come to be regarded as the scene of one of the great decisive battles of the world's history. It did not even decide the Servo-Bulgarian war in 1885. That was decided by Austria intervention. The battle of Slivnitsa is really only remarkable for the comical fact that both sides thought they were defeated, and while Milan of Servia was hurrying home in confusion Alexander of Bulgaria galloped all the way back to his capital before he learned that the tide had turned. Nowadays the village looks sleepy enough, poor and dirty, like most Bulgarian villages, but almost gay when the sun shines upon its red roofs."

Harsh Music.

The politician caught with the goods was counseled by his friends to stay and face the music.

For an instant he listened to the clamor of denunciation.

"Great Scott," he exclaimed impatiently, "do you call that music?"

A moment later he was out of hearing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How Rows Begin.

"Hubby, I dreamed last night that you didn't love me."

"How foolish you are!"

"Foolish, am I? As if I could help what I dream about!"

And the fracas was on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What Kept Him.

"Why couldn't you have come home at a reasonable hour?" remarked an angry wife to her spouse.

"Could, m'dear, jes easy as not, but I—hic—was waitin' fer you t' go t' shleep!" replied the delinquent.

Soon Gets Over It.

"What is the honeymoon, pa?"

"Well, the honeymoon is the only period in a man's life during which he considers it funny to come home and find that his dear little wife hasn't dinner ready in time."

A Complete New Stock

At R. H. HIRSCH'S Jewelry Store.

We have recently returned from the city where we purchased a complete new line of goods for nor store, consisting of

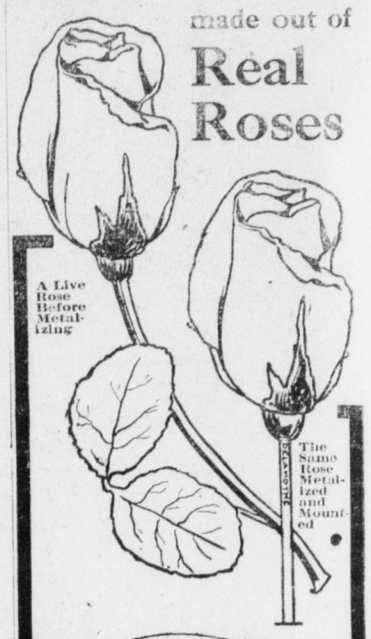
SILVERWARE, JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHAINS, LOCKETS.

AND MANY USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We Have the Goods and Defy Competition.

Our Lady Customers are especially invited to examine the most beautiful and popular HAT PINS made out of Real Roses. Come in and see them at the same time see what bargains we are offering.

Hat Pins made out of Real Roses



Real Rose Hat Pins

It does not seem possible, yet it is true, that these Hat Pins are made out of real live roses, changed entirely into metal by a secret process, preserving every detail of the rose from which each pin is made. They can not break, and will last forever. This discovery is without doubt one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. They are the most beautiful of all Hat Pins. No two are alike. Finished in five colors, to conform to the prevailing fashions in millinery. Made in six sizes, from the smallest rose bud to the full blown flower. These pins are made by the genuine "DELAMOTHE" secret process, the only process by which an open rose can be perfectly metalized. Don't buy an inferior imitation. All genuine "DELAMOTHE Metalized Real Rose Hat Pins" have the name stamped on the pin.

We have the exclusive sale of "DELAMOTHE" products for this city. See the exhibit in our window of this wonderful discovery.

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TO THE PUBLIC

WE desire to announce to the general public that while we have not made any special preparations for Christmas, we can furnish you anything in the GENERAL MERCHANDISE LINE, conscientiously marked down to a close margin and would be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock

Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

The Great Store will Serve you Right

We have many bargains in every department that will meet the demands of all classes, as well as the capacity of their pocket books.

Come in and look around and see what excellent values we are offering.

Thanking our patrons for their very liberal patronage during the past year and soliciting a continuance of the same, we wish all a

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES

Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.

Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

Directions with each Vial in Five Languages.

English, German, Spanish, Portuguese and French

No.	FOR	Price
1.	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, or Worm Disease	25
3.	Colic, Crying and Wakefulness of Infants	25
4.	Diarrhea, of Children and Adults	25
5.	Dysentery, Gripings, Bilious Colic	25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	25
8.	Toothache, Faceache, Neuralgia	25
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10.	Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach	25
13.	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Erysipelas	25
15.	Rheumatism, or Rheumatic Pains	25
16.	Fever and Ague, Malaria	25
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding, External, Internal	25
18.	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	25
19.	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head	25
20.	Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Cough	25
21.	Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	25
27.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Calculi	25
28.	Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness	1.00
29.	Sore Mouth, Fever Sores or Canker	25
30.	Urinary Incontinence, Wetting Bed	25
34.	Sore Throat, Quinsy and Diphtheria	25
35.	Chronic Congestions, Headaches	25
77.	Grippe, Hay Fever and Summer Colds	25

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Medical Book sent free.

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BEAUTYSKIN

It Makes New Blood, Improves the Health, Removes Skin Imperfections.

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Beneficial results guaranteed or money refunded. Send stamp for Free Sample, Particulars and Testimonials. Mention this paper.

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A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

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MRS.

M. F. Conway

Has removed from Broad Street and is now locate on Fourth Street, opposite the Odd Fellows Block. where she will continue to serve her customers with

Home-made Bread Cookies and any thing in the Baking line made to Order.

Mrs. M. F. Conway,

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Telephone, 19-2.

THE DOLL CONTEST.

For the Most Popular Little Miss in Emporium at the Theatorium

Contest Opens Dec. 9th and Closes December 24th, 1908.

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST.

FIRST—Any Girl under 12 years of age and a resident of Emporium is eligible.

SECOND—All girls wishing to enter contest will hand their namesneatly written on a card with age to W. G. Bair at your earliest possible date.

THIRD—The little Miss receiving the largest number of votes will receive Doll No. 1; in Theatorium Window, the next will receive Doll No. 2; the third will receive Doll No. 3.

FOURTH—Each day the votes will be counted and placed in Theatorium window so you will see standing of each contestant.

FIFTH—Each five cent ticket entitles the holder to a vote for any of the little contestants. Each ten cent ticket (Double Show) entitles each holder to two votes.

SIXTH—No contestant will be allowed to ask people to vote for the min or around Theatorium. Violations of this rule will disqualify the contestant.

The Little Store Around the Corner

In a quiet manner is supplying hundreds of people weekly with

Choice Groceries and Provisions and all Fruits in Season.

"THE POOR MAN'S STORE,"

EQUAL JUSTICE TO ALL.

JOSEPH KINSLER.

CHAPTER THREE

The White Man's Way.

Told by Tibbie, the Cat.

AS this record of events at Dale End now enters on a phase demanding intelligence of a somewhat high order for its recital, I take up the tale at a point where Dan becomes incoherent. I admit I was greatly interested myself when Minkie, without waiting for Evangeline to do up her blouse, glissaded down the stair rail and rushed the cage into the morning room. I had heard of mongooses from Tommy Willoughby, who lives in our road, as he had come across them when the Colonel commanded the Galway Blazers at Alexandria. He says they eat crocodiles' eggs and are therefore held in high regard by the Egyptians, and the Egyptians, judged by their treatment of cats, are evidently a sensible race. Yet there are no crocodiles' eggs at Dale End—fresh ones, that is—so I pity this poor stranger if Jim or Mole catches him dining in the henhouse.

Dan, of course, tore after Minkie with his mouth open and his stump of a tail pointing north. I crept in noiselessly and watched proceedings from beneath a wide and deep leather chair. I could see a thing like a big red rat behind some wooden bars which ran down one side of a soap box. The animal had a sharp muzzle, small pats with fairly useful claws and a tail that was almost the size of the remainder of its body.

"A mongoose can fight," I reasoned, "and its huge tail shows that it can turn quickly." Dan naturally took no stock of these essentials. He was nearly beside himself with excitement, and Minkie had to grab him with one hand while she held Captain Stanhope's letter in the other.

"Do be quiet, Dan!" she cried, shaking him. "Tibbie, where are you?"

"Here," I meowed.

"Then listen, the pair of you. Jack writes:

"Dear Minkie—I send the mongoose. He is very tame, quite a lovable little chap. You can let him run about the house at once if all the doors are closed. After a day or two he can go out into the garden safely, as he will always come back to his box if you leave it open. He is accustomed to my dogs, and there are terriers among them, so make Dan understand that the mongoose wants to play with him when he stands up as if he were going to box with his fore paws. You may have more trouble with Tib, but she will soon learn to treat him as one of the family. For that matter, Rikki (that is his name) can keep either of them in order if he is not taken by surprise by reason of his friendliness with all my live stock. He will eat most things they eat. When the frost goes and he can hunt in the garden, he will keep himself. Yours,

"JACK.

"So there! Just try to behave decently when I introduce Rikki."

It was all I could do to keep from smiling when I saw Minkie open the cage and take the mongoose out, gripping Dan tightly lest his feelings should overcome him. Will you believe it? That queer looking beast seemed quite pleased to see Dan! It jumped up and licked his whiskers and tickled his ears with its little hands, while all poor Dan could say was "Gnar-r!" and roll his eyes wildly to see what it was doing, Minkie's fingers being liko bits of steel. At last grief and curiosity conquered him. He sniffed, and Minkie let go. The parrot, from the dining room, guessed what was happening and shouted: "Hark to him, Boxer! Back to him, Bendigo! At him, boy! At him!" But it was no use. May I never have another night out if Dan and Rikki were not having a friendly wrestle on the hearth rug in half a minute.

The mongoose had quick eyes. When it rolled over in the game it saw me. I must say it had some sense too. It seemed to know that I was not given to any dog foolery, and it squared itself for battle. Dan, thinking to show off, charged full tilt for my chair, so I determined to take a rise out of him. I began to pur, walked straight up to him, with my tail well aloft and the tip twiddling, and began to rub myself against his ribs.

You never saw a dog so taken aback. I'm sure he thought I was crazy, and even Minkie said softly:

"Well, I never! Is the ju-ju beginning to work already?"

Odd, isn't it? She attributed my little joke to that chunk of ivory in her pocket. Anyhow, the mongoose took no liberties with me. When all is said and done, Dan and I are in one camp and every sort of rat in the other, but I am surprised at Dan.

Now, parcels turn up so continuously at Christmas time that no one else was aware of Rikki's arrival until he sat up and begged from Mr. Schwartz while our visitor was drinking his soup. The parrot was watching and made a horrid noise at the right moment, just as Schwartz looked down and saw a pair of fierce red eyes glaring at him. The mongoose put on his best grin, which made matters worse. Schwartz nearly overturned the dinner table. I would never have credited six feet of man with being in such a funk. Everybody was glad he expressed his emotions in German—he himself more than the others when he calmed down. Minkie nearly came in for a scolding, but the Guv'nor, who is a real sport, was soon taken by Rikki's antics and rather chaffed Schwartz about his alarm.

"That is all very well, Grosvenor," said Schwartz, "but you have not lived where poisonous spiders, centipeds, scorpions and all sorts of snakes come prowling into the house. I have jumped for my life far too often to be ashamed of a momentary forgetfulness that I was in England. Moreover I was not aware that Millicent was forming a menagerie."

"I hope to have a monkey soon," observed Minkie.

"I'll take jolly good care you don't," said her father. "Monkeys are most mischievous brutes, and they disagree with every other animal near them. By the way, has Dan seen your new pet?"

"Yes. They had quite a romp in the morning room. You see, I

"Still at the Old Stand."

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[Successor to Balcom and Lloyd.]

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Henry Jaeger.

HOW EUROPEAN CHILDREN CELEBRATE CHRIST'S BIRTH

BY DELIA AUSTRIAN.

ENGLAND

HOLLAND

CHRISTMAS is near. Its approach is heralded by the thousand and one symbols that from babyhood we have learned to love and associate with the festival of the nativity of Christ. This festival is joyously celebrated in every country on the globe where the enlightening rays of Christianity and civilization have penetrated.

Children tell us that Christmas is in the air—that it does not require a glance at the almanac hanging upon the wall to apprise them of the near approach of a season which to them is synonymous with feasting, merry-making, the exchanging of little gifts with loved ones, and last but not least the annual visit of fat and jolly old Kris Kringle and his reindeer sled. And the children are right. For, after all, is it not a festival that we grown-ups participate in with the enthusiasm of the little folks?

RUSSIA

PILGRIMS CROSSING THE VALLEY OF HINNOM

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM

SWITZERLAND

Long since the shops have been stocked to their capacity with toys and the myriad of gewgaws that go to attract the attention of the millions of shoppers who throng the streets, all bent upon one common mission—the making ready for Christmas. A visit to the large cities, small towns, as well as to the little country stores, all bespeak the ease with which preparations for Christmas can be accomplished nowadays, as compared with those of 50 years ago.

It might be well to pause awhile in this money-mad age of commercialism, when the pursuit of the dollar is paramount to all else, and go back half a century or so and recall Christmas as it was celebrated in the fair Southland before the war. To those who knew the south before its broad green fields were crimsoned with the life blood of invader and defender, a Christmas then was a festival long to be remembered; the climax of patient and arduous preparation, the culmination of months of painstaking care, yet withal a labor of love. Those were days of never-ceasing joy, which fairly breathed the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

"Christmas giff, mistiss! Christmas giff, marster!" as the wards of the slave-holding planters gathered about the "great house" front porch on Christmas morning, was a greeting none could forget who beheld the upturned and eager black faces of the plantation help as they came forward to receive the traditional gift.

Good old days, we say? Days that are gone, but the memories of which are as green and fresh in our hearts to-day as the holly and mistletoe we are engaged in twining into wreaths for the Christmas of to-day.

"Christmas Before the War" had the same significance for the children of the south as it has for those of to-day, but how much more it meant to the mistresses of those plantations where a hundred or more slaves had to be remembered than it does to the grand dames of to-day, who have but to enter their carriages, visit the nearest shop and there purchase whatever their fancy might dictate. To-day it is little else than one of many shopping tours, so dear to the hearts of all womankind. Then it meant endless work; for months the needles flashed in the busy housewives' hands, as a gift then was almost invariably handmade.

Preparations for Christmas in antebellum days generally began early in September, when milady paid her semi-annual visit to the nearest city or town and there laid in her supplies. Groceries were purchased by the wholesale, staples for the field hands, and all the delicacies the market afforded for the "great house" and the horde of guests who were to invade it.

A visit to the dry goods stores resulted in the purchase of cloths, cottons, flannels and silks by the bolts. Of course, materials for fancy work were purchased in large quantities, for every southern-born woman spent her spare moments at work of this sort. Arriving home the fall campaign was mapped out. Every plantation boasted of half a dozen or more women and girls among the slaves, who designated themselves by the proud titles of "seamsters." Each day the "seamsters" would come to the room set apart in the manor house for sewing and, under the watchful eye of the mistress of the house, sew up the seams of the garments she herself had cut out. Dresses for the smallest baby on the plantation, as well as those for the little pickaninnies, half-grown girls, young and old women alike, were made and laid away for Christmas. Bright prints, gayly checkered calicoes and domestics were the materials generally employed, as the negro ever had an eye for color. Garments for the women complete, those for men and boys were next taken up, so that on Christmas morning each negro who came to the house could be assured of returning to his quarter with arms laden with good warm clothing, including everything from a pair of shoes that "cried" to his heart's delight to a warm new cap, or hat, as his fancy elected. This sewing circle generally extended its operations over a period of two months, but the work was invariably gotten out of the way before December 1, for the three weeks just prior to Christmas were busy ones and had to do with the mysteries of the well-stocked pantry.

The succeeding days were ones of never ceasing delight to the housewife and her corps of well-trained cooks and helpers. Cakes by the dozen were mixed, baked and set away; cakes the recipes for which are priceless to-day; pastry of every description, and invariably these were made in sufficient quantities to carry the family and their score of guests through the holiday season, for Christmas always extended over the New Year's day. With preparations for Christmas complete, the house is set in order for its influx of guests. The choicest linen, spiced and snowy in its cleanliness, is brought forth from the great linen presses, and all the spare beds in the house made up. Then follows the decoration. In each room, living-rooms as well as bed chambers, blazing logs crackle upon the hearth; windows are festooned with ropes of Christmas greens, and everywhere the Christmas spirit prevails. In the great open halls, some so heroic in proportion as to permit of a four-in-hand being therein turned, is set the huge Christmas tree, fairly groaning beneath its burden of presents, for here displayed are gifts for each member of the household, guests and house servants alike. The trees of those days, however, were illuminated by myriads of vari-colored tallow dips, since electric lights were as far in the dim, dim future as many of the other predictions of that wonderful old prophetess, Mother Shipton.

Promptly at six o'clock on Christmas eve the peace and quiet of the great hall was disturbed by the men servants of the house as they staggered in beneath the burden of the yule log, in reality the massive trunk of a well-seasoned hickory. This was set upon the carefully polished andirons and served as a "back log" for the cheerful fire of Christmas eve and Christmas day. Supper over, members of the household gathered around. Chestnuts and popcorn were brought forth; the evening was spent in roasting chestnuts, popping corn and spinning Christmas yarns for the little folks, who hovered near. As the grandfather clock chimed out the hour of nine a hush would fall upon the family group and every ear was strained to catch the plaintive melody that floated in from without. The Christmas serenaders had arrived. The servants of the plantation, grouped about the front porch, to the accompaniment of a banjo, would sing the old plantation melodies until invited into the kitchen, where liberal potations of "a little drap to warm them up" was served, and each was asked to drink to the health of ole mistiss, ole mars, the little folks and the household guests. This closed the ceremonies for Christmas eve. Candles were passed around and warm beds sought, there to dream of Santa Claus and the morrow and what was to be found in the score of stockings left hanging about the great open fireplace.

Christmas morning breaks clear and cold. The household bestirs itself early, awakened by the entrance of the house servants, who rush from room to room calling "Christmas giff!" to all within as they bear to each the family loving cup containing the morning grog, a sip from which each is supposed to take. Gathering in a great dining-room, a huge punch bowl, filled to the brim with the snow-capped Christmas egg-nog, greets them. This is the beginning of the day's good cheer. Breakfast over, the gift-giving begins among the servants, for those within the house had all descended in the wee sma' hours to scan the contents of their stockings, there to find that which was most ardently desired. When the army of slaves arrived on the front lawn gifts over which the mistress and her helpers had labored so arduously were brought forth and bestowed, while groceries, extra allowances of provisions, sweetmeats and flasks of egg-nog or spirits were passed around. Then the household made ready for church, which was followed by the midday Christmas feast, capped by the blazing plum pudding, prepared months ago.

And what feasts they were, to be sure! Roasted turkeys, roasted geese, roasted capons, huge sirloins of beef, home-cured hams and a myriad of good things that only a housewife of long ago could conceive, were heaped upon the snowy table, while at the end, in front of the master's plate, was placed the piece de resistance, a suckling pig, roasted whole, a glowing red apple gripped tightly between its glistening teeth. In the center of the table burned the stately candles, surrounded by a bank of holly, gleaming with its scarlet berries. On the side tables stood the bowl of wassail, the big pitchers of port and cider, plates of nuts and fruits and sweets and platters of Christmas cakes of every description; not forgetting the yule dough, those plain but well spiced, thin cookies, made as were the ancient cakes in the form of a human body, with slits for the nose and mouth and currants for the eyes. Other evidences that the feasting was to be continued throughout the day were contained in the two large baskets on either side of the open fireplace, one filled with chestnuts, the other with apples, these to be roasted at will on the glowing coals, while in the corner were the irons with which to mull the port and cider.

A custom of beauty was one rarely revived nowadays. While the afternoon festivities were at their height and as the hot-mulled beverages were passed around, toasts were freely given. The guest of honor, with glass aloft, would open the front hall door and from the shelter of the piazza he toasted the fields and orchards, that the host might be assured of a successful summer and a rich harvest. Returning to the hall, a well-pitched voice would burst forth into that delightful old carol:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day.

This carol usually closed the afternoon's diversions. Chambers were sought and siestas snatched that eyes might be bright for the crowning event of the day, the Christmas ball!

The huge hallway was cleared of its furniture and the glistening floor waxed until its surface shone like a mirror. The fiddlers took up their position in the corner of the room as carriages began to drive up laden with the young folk from the countryside for miles around.

Round dances and square dances, reels and quadrilles followed in quick order until the faint streaks of dawn lined the horizon; then came the Virginia reel, in which old and young participated, and the Christmas day had faded into the past. A round of gayeties are crowded into the week, each a replica of the one that went before. Feasting and merry-making goes on unabated until New Year's day has been ushered in; then guests depart and once more the household takes up its routine.

Where there is a general observance of the Christmas holiday, there you are sure to find Christmas spirit and as a consequence general good-fellowship. For while the day has developed into purely an occasion for the delivery of gifts of more or less cost, good feeling prevails because of these gifts and as a consequence enemies are often made friends.

Not only is this true in America, but it is true in every country where celebrations of the sort are held. Even police annals point to that fact, for then crimes are at a minimum.

SNOW had been falling in the mountains many days before Christmas. Down in the sunbright valley mother and little Nina gazed up at the shining peaks and were homesick. They would gladly have forgotten snow, but father was in a mountain cabin all alone.

"Will he hang his stockings by the stone fireplace?" asked Nina, "and don't you s'pose he'll be 'vited somewhere to dinner?"

"I wish we had stayed with him," said mother. "If he can live through the winter in the mountains, so could we."

"But he told us 'no,' don't you remember? He said he brought us to southern California on purpose so we could live always in a summer land."

Mother sighed. The little family had been west only a few weeks when father was offered a position as bookkeeper for a lumber company away up in the Sierras. Living in the mountains had been delightful through the summer, but at the first hint of cold weather the tent home was packed, father bought a cabin and sent mother and the little daughter to the valley.

Father was an artist and he declared that he should like nothing better than to paint pictures of snowy peaks with no one to interrupt him and nothing else to do but to guard the company's property.

"It is a wonderful chance," he had insisted.

Mother and Nina had tried to believe he was right; but the little bungalow which they rented already furnished, seemed but a poor excuse for a house.

"I wish I could see him hang up his stocking," continued Nina. "Oh, I wish I could put this penwiper I'm making in the very toe of it!"

Mother made no reply. She wished so much that she, too, might help fill that lonely stocking in the mountain cabin.

"Oh, mother, mother!" exclaimed Nina, dropping her spool and scissors and springing to her feet. "I have a be-autiful idea! You always have to keep your Christmas presents, don't you? You never can send them back, can you?"

"Surely not," was the answer.

"But, mother, s'pose you wish your Christmas present hadn't come. Would it be very polite to tell the ones that gave it to you that you were getting along nicely without their Christmas present and that you really didn't want it?"

"Why, of course not, Nina. We must think of the loving thought behind the gift, even if Uncle John should send no skates this very winter!"

Two arms flew swiftly around mother's neck.

"Oh, I have such a be-autiful idea," repeated Nina. "We'll ride on the stage with the Christmas box and give ourselves to father for a Christmas present. He wouldn't return his Christmas present, now, would he?"

"Would you be contented, Nina, to live up there all winter?" asked mother. "You must remember that we will be four miles from Fredalba. You will have no little girls to play with, no school, no Sunday school, no—"

"But, mother, can't we have a school with you for the teacher, and a Sunday school? Can't I have a whole row of snow men to play with? And, mother! we'll have a real Christmas!"

Thus it happened that two passengers went up the trail on the last stage of the old year.

"Anybody going to meet you in Fredalba?" asked the stage driver. "The weather is pretty severe up here a few thousand feet higher. Had lots of rain in the valley and that means snow storms in the mountains."

"No one will meet us," said mother, "but we know the trail from Fredalba and our burros are there, although we didn't expect to see them again until next summer."

"You can telephone from Fredalba," suggested the stage driver. "They tell me your husband has a telephone out at camp."

"But we're Christmas presents," explained Nina; "so we must surprise him. Don't you know that to-night will be Christmas eve?"

"If the wind dosen't come up, you'll be all right," the man replied, but unless I'm mistaken, there's a heavy snow falling in the mountains this minute."

At Fredalba every one advised mother and Nina not to attempt the trail until morning. This time it was mother who would push on. "We know the trail so well," said she, "and the burros know it better. In two hours we can reach camp."

"It seems to me," said the stage driver as he watched the two disappear around the curve, "it seems to me that some folks haven't any sense," and shutting his lips in a determined fashion he went to the telephone and called for Nina's father. "I'll tell him his folks are coming and to go out to meet them," he explained to the men standing near. "Otherwise the poor fellow may have a surprise he won't like on Christmas day."

To the stage driver's dismay there was no answer to his call. Father's cabin in the Sierras was evidently deserted.

"See here," said he to a friend, "you call Brown up in half an hour and tell him that his wife and daughter are on the trail."

"The wires are down," declared a big man who came in at that moment from outside. "No use trying to telephone."

With fear for the safety of his passengers, the stage driver drove down the trail to the valley.

In the meantime the two plodded along on the sure footed burros, calling merrily to each other as they passed the well-known landmarks.

On and on, up and up they toiled, the snow falling faster and faster, the wind more furious every minute. One mile, two miles By that time the snow blinded them and but for the faithful burros they could not have kept the trail. It grew colder and colder, and the short afternoon was ended. That meant sudden darkness among those solemn, snow-clad peaks. It meant too, that mother and Nina

But for the Faithful Burros They Could Not Have Kept the Trail.

were thoroughly frightened. They couldn't talk except to urge the burros on. The wind took their breath.

"We won't be Christmas presents, I'm afraid," sobbed Nina, through chattering teeth.

"Say your prayers," suggested mother, "it is all we can do now."

They had long since dropped the reins and trusted the burros to choose their own way. Mother recalled story after story of men who had perished on those mountain trails and she blamed herself for ever attempting such a journey. Suddenly a welcome sight appeared before the struggling travelers.

"The lights of Mr. Dean's cabin!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, mother! We have reached Mr. Dean's ranch and we're still alive! To-morrow we'll see father!"

A funny thing then happened. Both burros began to bray. Mother and Nina laughed and cried at the sound. Instantly the signal was answered. Robert Dean flung open the cabin door and in a flood of light beheld his visitors.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Who told you that we're having a Christmas dinner here this evening, turkey and all? Why, Miss Nina, your father is or was at the table!"

The next thing Nina knew she was in her father's arms and mother was removing her wraps.

"Are we frozen or anything, mother?" asked the child.

"No we're all right and so are the burros," was the reply.

"Oh, how glad everybody is!" the little girl exclaimed. "And I'm hungry —and—and father, we're your Christmas presents!"

Father, for some reason couldn't say "thank you," but didn't speak of returning the precious gifts and it is doubtful if anywhere in the valley below there was such happiness as filled the mountain cabin that Christmas eve.

Why She Stood There.

"Don't you think," suggested a young man to his partner at a dance, "that we should move farther up the room out of the draught?"

"Oh, well, if you like!" replied the girl, snappishly.

It was only when they moved away that the youth noticed that they had been beneath a large bunch of mistletoe.

A Useless Present.

Aunt—Yes, Johnny, Santa Claus brought you a baby brother

Johnny—Great Scot! Another present that ain't any use!

Yuletide Musings

The joyous time is drawing nigh, the time of turkey, pudding, pie; nor do we dream of after ills, of squills, and pills, and Christmas bills.

A girl begins to hang up the mistletoe at about the age when she stops hanging up her stocking.

A pessimist is a fellow who wouldn't hang up his stocking for fear old Santa Claus might swipe it.

Christmas cigars are not always puffed up with pride.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Miss and the mistletoe.

Don't make it too strong. Many a man has been knocked out by one good, stiff punch.

Ask a truthful woman what she enjoys most about Christmas, and she will tell you the bargain sales afterward.

To sing a rhyme of Christmas time (that line is but the first of it), here's hoping you may not feel blue because you get the worst of it.

When a child writes a letter of thanks to Santa Claus, it should be cherished like a rare plant. That kid isn't long for this world.

No Christmas present is so useless that you can't pass it on to some one else next year.

Remember that it is better to give than to receive—the things you don't want.

Take off the tags. Many a friendship has been severed by the price mark on a Christmas present.

I have often wondered wherein consisted the wisdom of Solomon when he had a thousand wives. I am now convinced that it must have been in living in the days before Christmas was celebrated.

It's all right to pity the poor at this peace-on-earth season, but it is also well to remember that sympathy doesn't fill an empty stomach.

RULES FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Give willingly.
Give tactfully.
Put thought into your giving.
Don't consider return gifts.
Never give to others what you wouldn't want yourself.
The unexpected gift insures a special appreciation.
To give ostentatiously is the height of bad taste.
Give to the sick and the sorrowful if you would know the true joy of giving.
Never give more than you can afford. Your friends know your circumstances as well as you do yourself and the pleasure of both giving and receiving is lost.

A Question in Finance.

"Are you good at arithmetic, my dear?" asked Mr. Perkasie of his wife.

"I was accounted the very best arithmetician at school," replied Mrs. Perkasie, with a touch of pride in her voice.

"I have a problem for you."

"State it."

"How can I buy $50 worth of Christmas presents with $10 in cash and no credit?"

MR. STAYBOLT AS SANTA CLAUS

Some Things He Would Like to Give If He Could.

"Do you know the Christmas present I'd like to make if I could?" said Mr. Staybolt. "I'd like to give cheerfulness to the downhearted; courage to the timid, and strength to the weak; the power of self-denial to those who yield too easily, and a desire to work to the lazy.

"I have often thought what a pity it is that you can't buy all these things, these helpful qualities, already put up and at such a price as to put them within the reach of all; canned cheerfulness, bottled hopefulness, courage in tablets, and strength, say, in the form of a powder, and so on; or you might, I suppose, put 'em all up canned, for that matter.

"But in the absence of such market preparations and our consequent inability to buy such things and send them as gifts to those whom they might most benefit perhaps you will permit me to offer to each a word of suggestion.

"To the dispirited take a cheerful view. To the downhearted, don't dwell on the doleful side. To the timid, don't be afraid. To the weak, or those who fancy themselves so, try your strength. You'll be surprised to find how much you've got.

To those who yield too easily, deny yourself once, and again, and feel the joy and strength that will come back to you. To the lazy, get a job with a shovel, in a gang of laborers, under a driving boss; and if you are not glad to get back to your present job to do the best you know how at it, I miss my guess.

"I can't send you these things in cans or bottles; but if anyone of you will take my advice and stick to it, you'll think that Mr. Staybolt was a very kind Santa Claus."

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

The love-light in the eyes of the precious ones of the household is the most brilliant of Christmas illuminations.

The soft Christmas light is not the least welcome where the shadows of bereavement have fallen during the year. The Christmas angels hover over such dwellings of sorrow in ministrits of divine love.

It was the Christ who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Again, he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

At the Manger.

When first, her Christmas watch to keep,
Came down the silent Angel, Sleep,
With snowy sandals shod,
Beholding what his mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling-bands
She swathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night,
With tender visions of delight
She wreathed his resting-place,
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show,
He saw his mother's face.

—John B. Tabb, in Atlantic.

The Christmas Spirit

★★★

Christmas is the season of kindness. For Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in homely channels of friendliness and good will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a child, the wonderful Giver who gave Himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and hope of the blessed Christmas festival of love, bearing ever ringing above the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding in the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

Lo, now is come our joyfull'st time,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with Ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with Holly.
Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if for cold he hap to die,
We'll bury him in a Christmas Pye,
And evermore be merry.

ALL of the evergreen plants have long been considered symbolic of immortality, of rebirth. Hence they, and they alone, are appropriate decorations for the Christmas season, which was originally a celebration under the disguise of various national religious forms, of the turning of the sun at the winter solstice, and the consequent renewal of life on the earth.

When Constantine was converted, he seized upon every underlying likeness, however remote, between the old faith and the new. Every familiar symbol that might be stretched to fit the strange faith; every old custom that would help to reconcile his lately, and sometimes forcibly, converted people to their unaccustomed belief, was adopted and re-explained. And the return of the sun, bringing life and light to the winter-bound earth, became the prototype of the coming of the Son of Man, bringing life and light to the soul of the sin-bound world. So that at first all the heathen observances were retained as far as possible, and merely given a new meaning.

At the Christmas festival, the ivy and holly still made a summer screen of the stone walls, as in ancient Germany they had turned the huge halls at mid-winter, to bowers of greenery, wherein the sylvan sprites, who dwelt in summer among the forest trees, might pass the frozen months without too much discomfort. An echo from Scandinavia is still heard in the saying current among the peasants of the old world that if any bit of holiday decoration is left in the house after Candlemas day (February 2), a troop of little devils will enter and sit, one on each withered leaf, every one bringing its own small curse upon the house. These little devils are merely the old forest sprites, detained against their will by their undestroyed winter refuge and fretting to return to the awakening woods of spring.

The churches were still green with Christmas garlands in those early days, and ablaze with candles, as the temples of Saturn had always been during the corresponding Roman festival of the Saturnalia. But, as Polydore Vergil remarks, "Trymmyng the temples with hangyngs, floures, boughes and garlandes, was taken of the heathen people, which decked their idols and houses in suche array." And as time went on, and it became no more necessary to make concessions that would help reconcile the people to their changed faith, these "heathen" customs became distasteful to the church. One of the early councils forbids men longer "to deck up their houses with lawrell, yvie, and greene boughes, as we used to doe at the Christmasse season."

This command was observed in the temples, but in the baronial halls the old customs lived on; lived down their questionable past; won again the toleration of the priests who had sternly banished them, and to-day all the evergreens again are admitted to the strictest church, so that we again can say at Christmas,

"Now with bright Holly all the temples strow
With Ivy green, and sacred Mistletoe."

The "Early Calendar of English Flowers," an old poem wherein each month is recognized by its appropriate plant symbol, ends with these lines:

Soon the evergreene Laurel alone is greene,
When Catherine crowns all learned menne.
The Ivie and Hollie berries are seene,
And Yule log and Wassaile come round agen.

The laurel is used not at all, and the ivy but little, in American decorations at Christmas, since both plants are exceedingly rare here. But in England the use of the ivy at least is universal, and the references to it in Christmas song and story alone would fill a small volume.

Besides its claim to appropriateness for the Christmas season which it holds in common with other evergreens, it has two especially strong recommendations of its own. On account of its habit of clinging strongly to its supporting tree or wall, it is a popular symbol of friendship and fidelity, and as such, an excellent decoration for the season of good will and universal brotherhood. And it was, in Roman days, sacred to Bacchus, who, when a baby, was hidden by his aunt, Ino, among its leaves, to save him from Juno's destructive wrath. Prynne says:

At Christmas men do always Ivy get,
And in each corner of the house it set;
But why do they then use that Bacchus weed?
Because they mean then Bacchus-like to feed.

This satirical explanation was but too true in the earlier days, when Christmas lasted for weeks, and was given over to a revelry almost wholly heathen in character.

To-day, in America, the Christmas decorations almost exclusively are of holly, which, for all its popularity, is less consecrated by legend than any other holiday greenery. To be sure we make a sparing use of the mistletoe, which, from the ancient Druidical meaning of purity given to its waxwhite berries, and from its use by them in the marriage rite, has come to give a charter for kissing as "broad as the wind." And we have added the bitter-sweet, which has no traditional signification whatever, is not an evergreen, and is to be tolerated merely for its beauty's sake, and for the slight suggestion it gives of the holly berry.

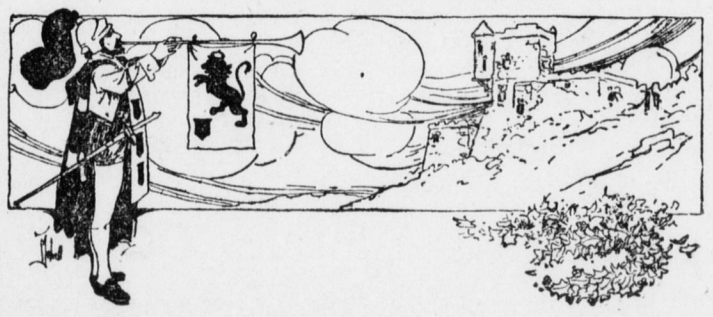
Our American holly is said to be less beautiful than the European plant, having leaves of a duller green. But, making all allowances for possible disadvantages, it still is a remarkably beautiful tree. And as a symbol of the immortality which it is the season's special mission to teach, it surely has no rival. The leaves remain on the branches for three years, losing their hold only when they are pushed off at last by the growing buds of spring.

Throughout England, so little is its supremacy disputed, that it is popularly known as "Christmas," just as the hawthorn is called "The May."

Its name has been a matter of considerable interest. Theophrastus and other Greek authors named the plant Agria; that is, wild, or of the fields. The Romans formed from this the word Agrifolium and called it also Aquifolium, from actum, sharp, and folium, a leaf. Bauhin and Loureiro first named it Ilex, from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the Quercus Ilex, a species of oak which was the true Ilex of Virgil. Linnaeus adopted the name Ilex for the genus, and preserved the name Aquifolium for the most anciently known species.

Our popular name, holly, probably is a corruption of the word holy, as Turner in his herbal calls it holy, and holy tree. The thorny foliage, and the berries like drops of bright blood, could scarcely fail to remind a Christian of the crown of thorns, and this, together with the universal use of the plant in the churches at Christmas easily would account for the name.

In Germany it is known as Christdorn. The Danish name is Christorn and the Swedish Christtorn. The same name, Christ's thorn, is found in some parts of England. But as no legend connects the holly with the crown of thorns, this name, universal among the Germanic peoples, must be merely the result of its appearance and of its Christmas popularity, as before suggested.



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Yours truly

C. B. HOWARD & CO

and my uncle disagree—he became very excited and appealed to me for assistance. The villagers spotted him and began to gather, so I took him to the manor, unfortunately."

"Why unfortunately?" demanded Minkie.

"Because some of the servants told my uncle he was there, and the old boy made me bring him upstairs."

"Well?"

"I nearly lost my temper with both of them. It seems that Schwartz, who was a low down trader on the Niger, stole some sort of ju-ju or small fetich belonging to the Kwantu bushmen, the most powerful tribe in the hinterland. That was three years ago. Since then he has become enormously wealthy, and the niggers say it is because he holds this ju-ju, which is the luckiest thing in Africa. They, at least, have had all sorts of plagues since they lost it—tsetse fly, smallpox, bad rubber years, and I don't know what besides. At any rate, they are on the verge of rebellion. Their ju-ju men, or wizards, are preaching wholesale murder of the whites. Some German traders have supplied them with Mannlicher rifles and ammunition, and there is real danger of a terrific mutiny. Now, I am a British officer, and I have some experience of superstitious natives, if not of negroes, so I can quite realize what may happen out there if the cause of disaffection is not removed. You can hardly grasp the serious nature of the business, Minkie, but Dorothy, being older"—

"Can appreciate it much better, of course," said Minkie. "Yet I am beginning to see things. Did Prince John say what would happen if the ju-ju were restored?"

"That is a very sensible question for a kid," observed Jack approvingly. "He vows that the whole affair will end the instant the Kwantu ju-ju men receive back their fetich. He and a few leading bushmen, some of whom have been educated in England, remember, have restrained the mutiny by a solemn undertaking to bring the god home before the spring rains begin. They have offered Schwartz all the money they can scrape together if he will only give it up, but he laughs at them and defies them."

"He didn't seem to laugh last night," put in Minkie.

"Do you believe he has really lost it?"

"Oh, yes. I am quite sure of that?" and she felt in her pocket absentmindedly.

"Well, I am at my wits' end to decide how to act. Prince John is equally certain that Schwartz has recovered it. When Dan brought him down, a small bag in which he had placed the ju-ju was knocked out of his hand, and it must, therefore, be in Holly Lodge somewhere. The negro is a determined man, and there is a look in his eyes which I have seen in a Pathan's when— Well, no matter. If your father will not meet me, he will at least read a letter. Now, Minkie, it will soon be too dark to find anything among the bushes"—

"Rats!" cried Minkie so sharply that I jumped, thinking she meant it. "You've got six months' furlough, so you'll meet Dot often enough. Please go on. What does Prince John intend to do next?"

"He may endeavor to burgle your house. He will kill Schwartz if need be. He will certainly kill Dan."

Oh, indeed! I pricked up my ears at this. What between the nigger and the mongoose I'm in for a lively time. Nobody is going to be happy until I am cold meat.

"But they will put him in jail if he tries burglary," said Minkie, who was unmoved by the prospect of my early death.

"He says that Schwartz dare not face him in a court of law."

"It is our house, you know."

Captain Stanhope sighed perplexedly. He was a man, discussing hard things with two girls. Minkie gave me a look as much as to say, "Don't miss a word of this," and went on:

"Of course one can't credit the absurd idea that a piece of wood or brass, or whatever it is, can bring good luck to any one."

"Our ebony acquaintance holds so strongly to the absurdity that he will stop short of nothing in the effort to secure it. And my old fool of an—I beg your pardon, I mean my respected—uncle is actually plotting with him as to ways and means. He is in favor of informing the government, but the Kwantu gentleman says the colonial office will scoff at the notion. He is right there. The officials in Whitehall always do scoff until a certain number of white men and women are murdered and an army corps has to be sent to exact vengeance."

"It seems to me that the killing will begin here, probably with a white dog—r-r-rip!" observed Minkie, stooping to dig me in the ribs.

"Mongoose!" I yelled, but she didn't appear to take any notice.

"I wouldn't write to Dad if I were you," she continued. "He would simply take sides with Schwartz. But you can write to me, if you like, only you must not wink nor send post cards."

"What do you mean?"

"Dorothy will tell you. Come on, Dan; let's have a look at the warren."

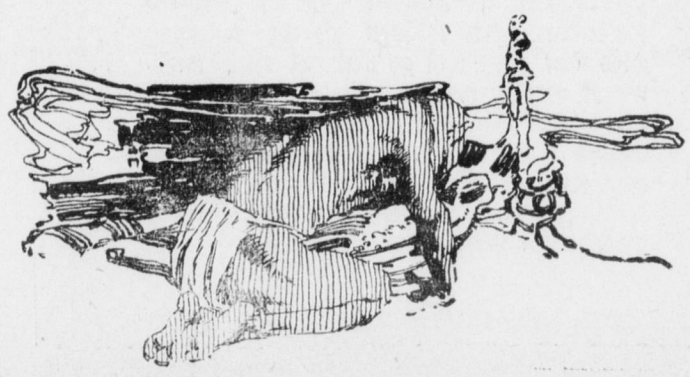
When we were quite by ourselves Minkie took the ivory doll from her pocket and surveyed it seriously.

"Ju-ju," she said, "I hope you can really accomplish these wonders, because I'm going to do things, and there will be a fearful row if I don't succeed."

I nearly killed twice in ten minutes, but a warren is the deuce and all if some of the holes are not stopped and you have no ferret. When we rejoined the others any dog could see that Dorothy had been crying. Yet she didn't exactly look miserable, as Jim's wife looked when her first baby died. Women are queer. Sometimes you can't tell whether they are glad or sorry, because they weep just the same.

The girls were dressing for dinner when a man in livery came with a wooden box and a note for "Miss Millicent Grosvenor."

Oh, wow and wag exerlasting—it's the mongoose!



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE STEEL COACH---A TRAVEL SAFEGUARD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad now has in operation on its lines east of Pittsburgh over two hundred passenger coaches, dining cars, baggage cars, and mail cars of the new all-steel type.

The solid steel framework of these cars, designed to resist shock and minimize the dangers of collision, is further strengthened by the steel sheathing enclosing the body of the car. In fact, everything about the coach is steel, save the window frames, the cushions of the seats and the flooring. Such little woodwork as enters into the make-up of the coach, the plush with which the car seats are covered and the hair with which they are stuffed is treated to a fireproofing process, whilst the floors are cement, thus rendering the coach at once practically indestructible and thoroughly fireproof. It is built like a battleship.

The new coach is longer than the standard car generally in use on the railroads of this country, and has a comfortable seating capacity of sixty to ninety people according to the style of the coach.

The unusual weight of the coaches gives to them a solidity that greatly increases the comfort of the passenger.

The seats are adjusted to a more convenient space and angle, the coaches are all lighted with electricity and amply ventilated in winter as well as summer by new and thoroughly tested methods.

The interior finish of the coach is plain though pleasing to the eye. The absence of ornamentation enhances the idea of strength and at the same time assures absolute cleanliness and thorough sanitation.

Steel cars are now in use on the principal trains between New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and on the Main Line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The number of cars is constantly being increased as the finished product comes from the shops.

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short and said he had no time for riddles, as he had been dreaming of niggers all night.

I heard afterward that if affairs were lively at Holly Lodge it was not all peace and good will to men at the parish church. Grampus had an attack of gout—a day earlier than usual—so Jack went to Christmas service alone. He winked twice at Minkie, but she gazed at him steadily with the only eye he could see. Dolly was entirely taken up with her prayer book, so Jack took careful stock of the red haired man with her. But a captain of hussars who has won the D. S. O. has no reason to be ashamed of being alive, so when our people came through the lich gate there was Captain Stanhope, with his hat off, smiling quite pleasantly and wishing them the compliments of the season.

Of course Mam and the Guv'nor, being gentlefolk, had to respond. Schwartz made to walk on with Dolly, but she stopped, too, and Minkie shook hands with Jack first of anybody.

The old man was hardly comfortable. He nudged Mam's arm, and they would have joined Schwartz if Jack hadn't said:

"By the way, Mr. Grosvenor, I want to have a chat with you on a matter of some importance. Can you spare me a few minutes now, or shall I call later in the day?"

Dolly blushed, and her father saw it. He stiffened a bit, just as I do when my hair rises.

"I am sorry, Captain Stanhope, but I fear that any exchange of confidences between us will not only be useless, but open to misinterpretation," he said coldly.

"Let me explain that I am running dead against my uncle's wishes in seeking this interview," protested Jack. "Believe me, I am actuated by the best of good feeling toward you and your family, sir."

"I do credit that, but any discussion of the point must inflict unnecessary pain."

"This is really a serious matter."

"So is everything where your uncle and I are concerned. Come on, my dear. We cannot keep Mr. Schwartz waiting."

The Guv'nor lifted his hat and marched away. Mam said nothing, Dolly didn't care tuppence how her skirt draped, Minkie said that if the frost continued there would soon be thick ice, and Schwartz grinned. Dolly thought she would like to slap Schwartz, so she joined Minkie on the high path above the road, where the hens have to fly when I get after them.

"I think it's too bad of father to snub Jack in that way," she said, half sobbing.

"Dad is making a mistake," agreed Minkie. "If you take my advice, you will come with me this afternoon and find out what it is Jack wants to say."

"How can I? Where can I see him? We can't go to the manor house."

"I have arranged to meet Jack at half past 2 near the Four Lanes."

"You have arranged?"

"Yes. While you were squinting up to find out if your hat was at the right tilt I was watching Jack drawing a cross and 2:30 on the gravel with his stick. I nodded, so that is all right. Are you coming?"

Dolly was flurried. "I dunno," she murmured. "You don't understand things, Minkie. Dad is desperately anxious that we should not offend Mr. Schwartz, who can be either a very good friend or a dangerous enemy. Oh, sis, what a happy world it would be if we had all the money we want!"

"P'raps. Schwartz is rich, and he looked happy last night, didn't he? Jack's uncle is rolling in coin, and today he is nursing a foot the size of an elephant's."

"I am not thinking of myself, Minkie."

"I know that. You are trying to help Dad, and he is fretting because he has to pay a lot of money on the 10th of January."

Dolly opened her eyes widely.

"Who told you?" she cried.

"Sh-s-s-h! There's Mam calling. She wants us to look in at nurse's cottage. What about Jack—quick?"

"I'll see," whispered Dolly.

People who play poker are a bit doubtful when they say that. If you add the recognized fact that the woman who hesitates is lost, you will understand at once that when Minkie and I climbed over the orchard fence at 2:15 Miss Dorothy came running after us.

"Mam has gone upstairs, and Mr. Schwartz and father are in the library, so I will join you in your stroll," she said, trying to keep up a pretense.

"Step out, then," said Minkie. "Jack will be waiting."

He was. He saw us coming long before we reached the cross-roads, and his first words meant war.

"Who is this fellow Schwartz?" he demanded.

"A friend of—father's," said Dorothy.

"Well, he is a rogue," said Jack. "I wanted to warn Mr. Grosvenor about him this morning, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"Oh, was that it?" and Dorothy's nose went up in the air.

"Partly—not all. I say, Minkie, if you take Dan into the warren you will find a heap of rabbits. The keepers are a mile away. I told them you were coming."

"Then Dan can go by himself. I am far more interested in Schwartz than Dot is. Do you know anything about ju-jus?"

"By Jove, Minkie, you do come to the point. Why, that blessed nigger prince is at the manor now plotting mischief with my uncle."

"How did he get there? I suppose you met him last night?"

"Yes. I was passing along the road when I heard Jim turn him out of the gate and order him not to show his black mug inside the grounds again. I wondered what on earth a darky was doing at Dale End. Thinking he was a Hindoo, one of the natives who come to England to read up law, I spoke to him, but as soon as we reached a lamp I saw he was a negro. He was in awful trouble, and appeared to have been badly handled. As soon as he discovered that I was a friend of yours—which I mean to remain, no matter how your father

Continued on Next Page and on all following Pages.

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J. B. MEISEL.

How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While, of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by L. Taggart.

The Best on Earth.

Protection against Accidents and Sickness is an absolute necessity. It costs but $5.00 a year for $15.00 weekly benefits, and $2,000 death claim. The only policy paying such liberal benefits. This Company also writes policies for $10.00 and $25.00 per year. Liberal commissions to agents, by the German Commercial Accident Co., Phil'a, Pa. W. R. Sizer, Gen'l Agent, Sizerville, Pa. R. R. McQuay of Emporium, is a representative of the Company. Drop him a postal—He will do the balance. In case of sudden injury this Company provides temporary relief to the amount of $25.00. if notified by wire of an accident. 17-ly.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } SS:
COUNTY OF CAMERON, }

NOTICE is hereby given that Mrs. Ella A. Parsons, Executrix of the estate of Orrel F. Ellwell, late of Emporium, Cameron County, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, has filed her first and final account of her administration of said estate and the same will be presented at the next term of Court for confirmation *ni si*.

W. J. LEAVITT, Register.
Register's Office, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1908. —4t.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1908.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 12, 1909, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } SS:
CAMERON COUNTY, }

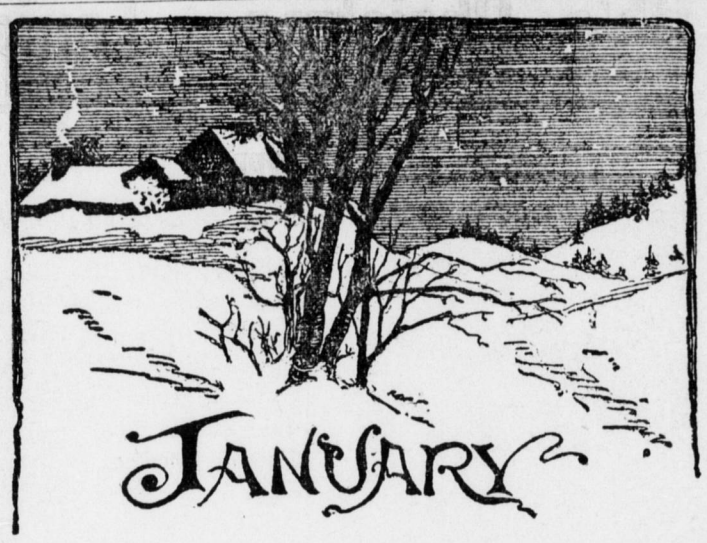
NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Leavitt, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Sanford, late of Shippen Township, Cameron County and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, has filed his first and final account of his administration of said estate, and the same will be presented at next term of Court for confirmation *ni si*.

WM. J. LEAVITT, Register.
Register's Office, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 8th, 1908. n-4-4.

Warning

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Manager at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st, 1903 24-tf.



When skies are cold with wintry stars, and hills
Are white with yester-even's snow, and lie
In ghostly state beneath the ghostly sky;
When many a gusty blast the darkness fills
With ever lonely, homeless sound, and chills
The window panes with frost; when crackling fly
The sparks about the hearth, and glow and die,
While in the pause his note the cricket trills;
Oh, then how dear is home! and what a sense
Of ruddy warmth and peace beguiles the mind!
And what a charm in listening while the wind
Blows fierce outside, through winter's starry tents,
And dies away around the window-pane,
And ever rises loud, and dies again!

—Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.

The Newness of the Year

HAPPY New Year!" The glad greeting rings out on every hand. A new twelve month has been ushered in with all its mystery of "the things which are to be."

We need then for ourselves and for others to put the emphasis upon the word "new" rather than upon the term "year." That another year has come is relatively unimportant. The stress is to be laid not on the quantity but on the quality of one's life. All that an earnest soul can do is to live each day of the new year by itself, as it comes in its turn, trying, if so it may be, to put a month's effort in one day, and a day's victory into a single hour. The time is short, and it remaineth that all who know Christ and partake of his gift of new life should be diligent always, watch unto prayer and boast not themselves of the morrow. Sufficient unto each day is the burden and blessing thereof.

The newness of the new year is essentially a newness of spirit. A new man will always enjoy the new year. When another January arrives it is distinctively the time to slough off the old and to put on the new. There is an old nature to be discarded, and a new spiritual manhood to be assumed. The trouble with many people, however, is that they try to remake and to reform themselves, forgetting that a few good resolutions, more or less loosely kept, can at best only touch the outside and possess no interior efficacy in the recesses of the spirit. The new man who is really worthy of the name is the new man in Christ Jesus. Where Jesus is there is always newness of experience, renovation of the moral nature, freshness of hope and a resiliency of elastic joy. It is not necessary to wait until the first of January in any approaching year to win the wisdom of such a heavenly faith or to experience the benefits of such a spiritual quickening. The promise of God is now, to every one that believeth. Each morning may be a resurrection day, each evening a time of golden promise fair, yet not as fading, as the sunset. The New Year joy is for all of life, all the time.

It is stimulating and encouraging to feel that a brand new year is offered for happy employment, and that the old records with their motley pages, some still vacant and other marred, and, perhaps, here and there blotted with tears, may be put away, and fresh, unstained pages substituted in their place. It is helpful to remind oneself that those broken resolutions of 1908 may be renewed in 1909, and, what is better, reinforced by more of that prayer and divine grace for want of which the idealizing resolves of the past year were soon forgotten or went so sadly unfulfilled. The new year means, accordingly, a new hope, a new song, a new endeavor, a new outlook, a new inspiration, a new determination and a new grace—every new thing that is good appears to be possible in its gift. A hope like this makes any doubter optimistic, and gives to existence the character of a life worth living.

A wide chasm seems to intervene between the old and the new. Into its depths should be cast every regret, every halting doubt, and every hampering fear which belongs to the past period of our experience and which would burden and hinder our worthy efforts and spiritual progress in the new year. Let us take up our new duties and meet our fresh opportunities in free, gladsome and hopeful spirit, knowing that God, who has purposed them for our uplift, will give us grace to carry us safely through.

Happy New Year! The message is sent far and near. Let the glad greeting be heard on all sides. There is a prophecy and a promise in the New Year. Even to those who are bent with grief, or lonely by reason of bitter bereavement it is possible and timely to say, though with lowered tone and softened accent: "Happy New Year!" Every year will be a happy, or, at least, a peaceful, one in which the presence of the Lord is realized—which is spent under the protection of his wings, while its duties are discharged in his fear and its responsibilities are borne with the assistance of his grace. For the Christian every year should be an improvement on the past, and offer its additional opportunities for growing in grace and Christlikeness. The Christian is a convinced and convincing optimist for, having a heavenly hope which the world can never give or take away, he can in every condition of life find a basis for an assured happiness expressing itself in the oft-quoted dictum: "The best of all is, 'God is with us!'"

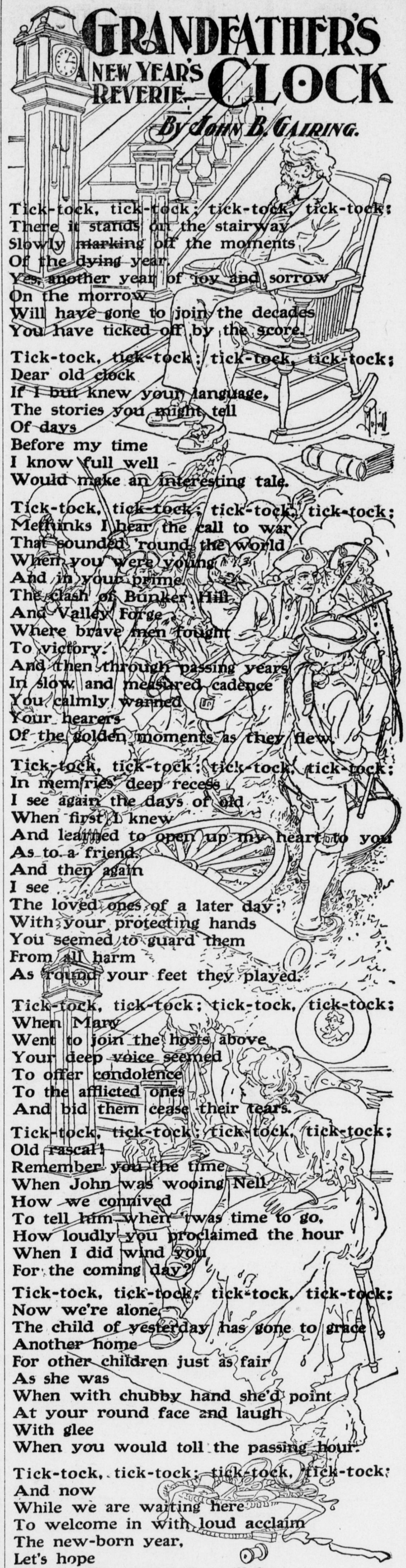
A Prayer for the New Year

ALMIGHTY God, the unfailing source of light and mercy, who hast brought us to the beginning of this year, and art sparing us to love Thee and to keep Thy commandments, prepare us, we beseech Thee, for the coming days. Let Thy grace enlighten our darkness and strengthen our weakness. Help us to forget the sins and sorrows of the past, cherishing only the wisdom and the humility they may have taught us. Inspire us with new purposes and new hopes. Deepen within our hearts the love of truth and goodness. Renew in us the life of that which alone makes life worth living. Enable us to discern the solemn meaning of these earthly days, and the high and sacred purpose for which they are given. Suffer us not to be unfaithful to Thee. Thou hast richly blessed us hitherto; still lead us by Thy hand; still admonish and guide us by Thy spirit, and leave us not to ourselves, Thou Good Shepherd of the sheep. Let not the sorrow and weariness of life rob us of our faith in Thee. Whatever light may shine or shadow fall, keep us in the fellowship and in the service of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

By John B. Gairing.



Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
There it stands on the stairway
Slowly marking off the moments
Of the dying year.
Yes, another year of joy and sorrow
On the morrow
Will have gone to join the decades
You have ticked off by the score.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Dear old clock
If I but knew your language,
The stories you might tell
Of days
Before my time
I know full well
Would make an interesting tale.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Methinks I hear the call to war
That sounded 'round the world
When you were young
And in your prime
The clash of Bunker Hill
And Valley Forge,
Where brave men fought
To victory.
And then through passing years
In slow and measured cadence
You calmly warned
Your hearers
Of the golden moments as they flew.

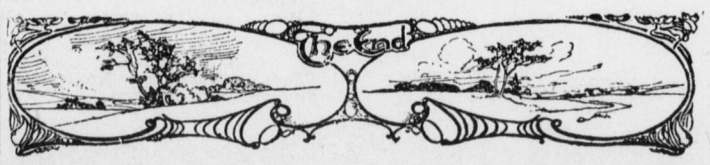
Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
In memories deep recess
I see again the days of old
When first I knew
And learned to open up my heart to you
As to a friend.
And then again
I see
The loved ones of a later day;
With your protecting hands
You seemed to guard them
From all harm
As 'round your feet they played.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
When Mary
Went to join the hosts above
Your deep voice seemed
To offer condolence
To the afflicted ones
And bid them cease their tears.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Old rascal!
Remember you the time
When John was wooing Nell
How we connived
To tell him when 'twas time to go,
How loudly you proclaimed the hour
When I did wind you
For the coming day?

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Now we're alone.
The child of yesterday has gone to grace
Another home
For other children just as fair
As she was
When with chubby hand she'd point
At your round face and laugh
With glee
When you would toll the passing hour.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
And now
While we are waiting here
To welcome in with loud acclaim
The new-born year,
Let's hope
That in His mercy He will be
A shield and guide
To both of us
As in the days agone.



NEW YEAR'S AROUND THE GLOBE

EVER since man knew enough about astronomy to divide time into years which more or less agreed with the earth's annual revolution around the sun, he has in various characteristic ways regarded the first day of the new year as a day of rejoicing and well-wishing.

It was the great day for exchanging gifts until, in some Christian countries, Christmas day was substituted. While in America New Year's day is generally observed as a holiday and as an occasion for paying ceremonial social calls, in France, even now, New Year's presents have not entirely disappeared.

New Year's day is not observed on January 1 in every country, although most nations nowadays use the Gregorian calendar, and consequently begin their new year on that day. In Russia the Julian calendar is still in use, and as a quarter of a day in each year is lost by that system, there is now an accumulated loss of 13 days. January 1 in Russia, then, corresponds to January 14 of our calendar. The Mohammedan New Year, the Jewish New Year and the Chinese New Year, owing to the peculiar systems of keeping time by those people, are very elusive dates, or seem so to persons familiar only with the Gregorian calendar.

AS TO THE CALENDARS.

The Jewish year is solar-lunar, and may consist of as few as 353 days and as many as 385. New Year's day usually falls in September. The Mohammedan years usually consist of 354 days, being purely lunar, and the leap years, which occur in certain twelve-months of a cycle of 30 lunar years, contain 355 days. The first day of Muharrem—New Year's day—may in course of time make a whole revolution of the seasons. An instance of this may be given. The first of Muharrem, 1906, fell on February 25, while the Mohammedan New Year last year began on March 7. Inasmuch as it is purely lunar, the Mohammedan year is almost unique in the calendars of the world. While the Chinese year conforms to the eastern idea, being founded upon lunar months, a month is added to every 30, to make time conform with the solar year. Consequently, the Chinese New Year may begin any time between January 21 and February 28.

REVOLVING NEW YEAR.

The ancient Egyptians had a year more or less conforming to the Julian style, inasmuch as it contained 365 days. In course of centuries this made New Year's make a complete revolution of the seasons. This fact, only recently properly appreciated by Prof. Petrie, the Egyptologist, led to many misconceptions and retarded the solution of mysterious feasts and rites which now are perfectly well understood by archaeologists.

Anciently, in Rome, the new year began in March, in the neighborhood of the vernal equinox, which would seem to be a reasonable, if not logical time to begin the annual cycle. March 25 was, until the latter part of the sixteenth century, the day when the new year began in most Christian countries. Numa is said to have made the Roman year begin on January 1, the day held by pagan Rome sacred in honor of Janus, who was thus supposed to turn at once back upon the old year and forward into the new, and subsequently New Year's day was, at various times and in different Christian countries, celebrated on the present Christmas, March 1, March 25 (the Feast of the Annunciation), and Easter day.

CUSTOM OF GIFTS.

Almost everywhere the custom of making presents on the first day of the new year has been observed. When it originated, or where, it would be extremely difficult, if not actually impossible, to say. It is sufficient to know that the observance has the sanction of remote antiquity. In the eighth century B. C. Tatius, king of the Sabines, according to traditions, began the custom among the Romans. At first the gifts were merely emblematic and of little price, being branches cut from the wood consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength. These were presented to the king as an omen of good fortune. The gifts became more pretentious as time went on, and in later centuries some of the Roman emperors demanded New Year's presents of great value from the "magnates" of those days. As the Roman rulers were gentlemen who were not to be trifled with, the presents usually appeared on time after notice to the wealthy was given.

It was in Rome, too, that the habit of masquerading at New Year's appears to have originated. The custom still observed in Italy now is confined to the celebrations at the Epiphany and at the carnival time.

FESTIVITIES OF THE DAY

In some countries, notably in Great Britain and in some cities in Canada and the United States, the new year is welcomed in by festivities on the eve of the day. In Scotland, for instance, it is customary to celebrate New Year's eve with some festivity, which is prolonged until past midnight. At the stroke of 12 every one present wishes each other a "Happy New Year." The custom is also common in many parts of Germany, where the salutation is "Prosit Neu Jehr."

Similar to this custom are the religious "watch meetings" held in some of the churches in this country on New Year's eve. In England on New Year's eve, in some houses, a curious custom, or superstition, is observed. At the stroke of 12, which ushers in the new year, the party, already waiting on the stairs, begin to ascend the stairway backward, taking a step at each stroke. Every step successfully mounted means a happy month, every stumble a reverse. Of course, it is one of those playful superstitions which are not taken seriously.

Glucose Fondant for Christmas.

Two cups sugar, one cup water, and two tablespoons glucose. Boil all until a little dropped in cold water will form a soft ball. Remove from fire and heat till creamy.

Seven ways to use the fondant:

Make into balls and dip in melted chocolate.

Roll them in cocoanut.

Roll them in chopped nuts.

Fill figs with fondant and slice thin.

Fill dates with fondant, or put the fondant around the stoned date.

Make into squares and place a nut on top.

Roll nuts in the fondant and then in sugar.

Tie Racks for Men.

A present that will be greatly appreciated by a man is a tie rack. This may be mounted embroidered linen, burnt wood, decorated leather or painted cardboard. The only thing to be guarded against is not to make them too elaborate. The more simple the pattern is the more sure to please.

Room for Lots of Presents.

"I wish I could be a laundress," said little Dorothy.

"You would have to work very, very hard, my child," observed her mother.

"But just think, mamma, of all the stockings I could hang up."

Greeting.

Now while the surging, deep-toned bells lament
The past year, e'er fickle, they shall change
Their solemn burden for a round of joy,
Chiming the praises of the year new-crowned.

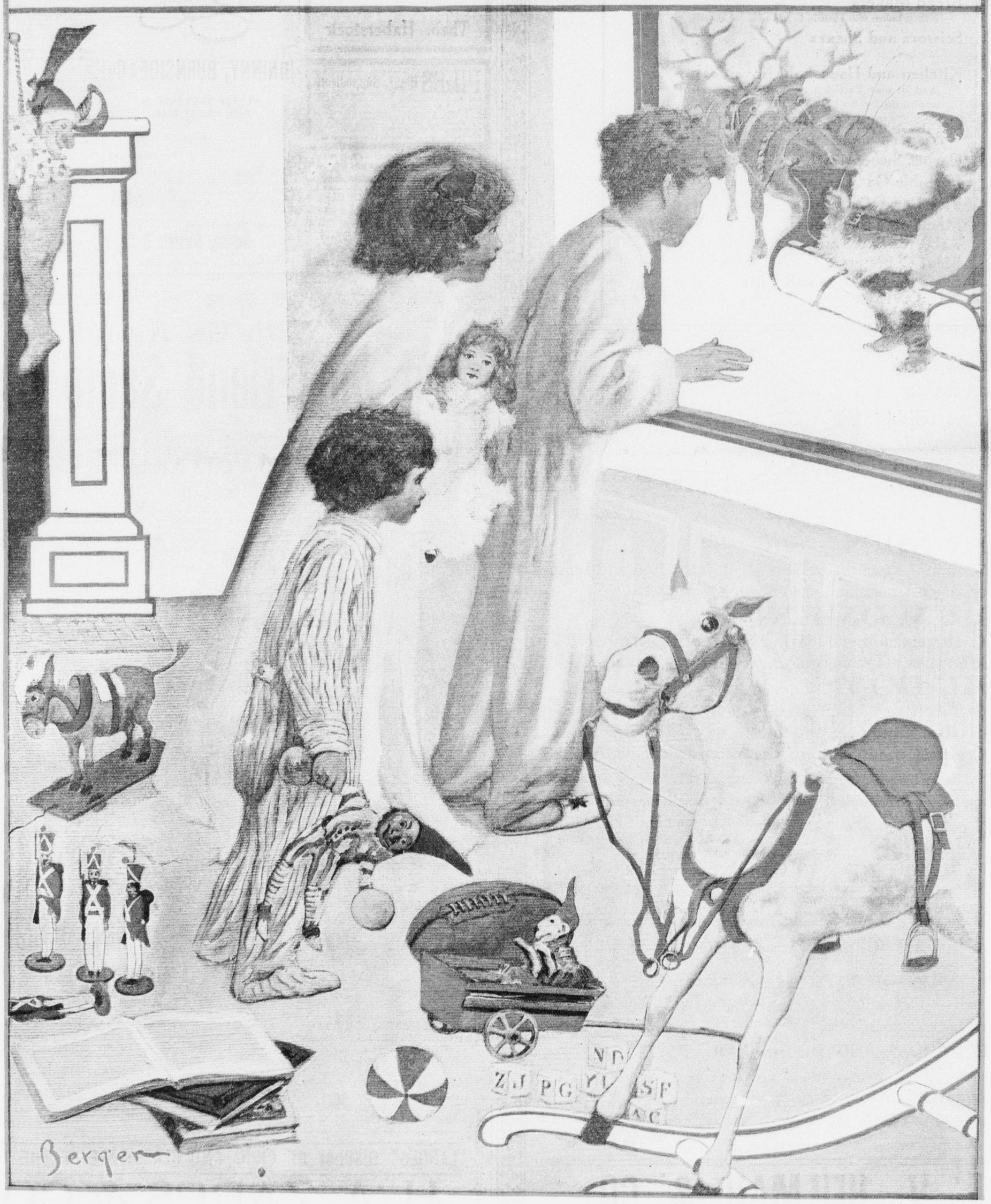
—Edith Thomas.

New Year's Greetings

J S Spicer 6aug1908 State Laboratory

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

CHRISTMAS, 1908.



HELPFUL HINTS FOR

Christmas Shoppers

If you want help in selecting Christmas gifts for your friends you can get it by looking over our advertisement and selecting one of the many useful articles mentioned.

Safety Razors
We carry the best. Any man can use one of them and save hours of waiting in a barber shop.

Carving Sets
Some very good ones at reasonable prices.

Bread Makers
Every house wife should have one.

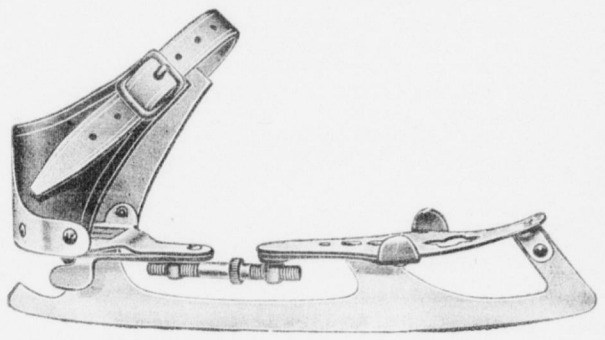
Scissors and Shears
We have an excellent line.

Kitchen and Household Novelties
And all useful articles for cooking purposes, in tinware and in the famous Lisk enameled ware.

Copper, Nickle Plated, Tea and Coffee Pots
and Tea Kettles.

Carpet Sweepers
Portable Gas Lamps
Fine Large Oil Lamps
Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons
Asbestos Sad Irons
Meat Choppers
Sleds for the Boys and Girls
Tools of all kinds for the Mechanics. Tool Chests full of tools for the young mechanic.

Skates bought at Heilman & Co's are always reliable Your purchase is backed by Emporium's best Hardware store.



FOR MEN
Well made Skates of best steel, hardened and tempered. Either plain steel or nickle plated.

FOR WOMEN
Cast steel runners, leather heel and toe straps. The kind that stays on and stays sharp.

FOR BOYS
Self-locking lever and adjustable toe and heel clamps. Buy only the best. Buy Winslow Skates the best made, ranging in price from 60c to $1.25

All Kinds of Knives at all Prices
We can almost see the look of disappointment on the face of the boy who does not receive a gift of a knife for Christmas. We know what boys like and for this reason have put in a larger stock ranging in price from 10c to $2.00.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.

What would be more useful or appropriate for wife or mother than a nice cook stove or heater. We have some very good lines of COOK STOVES, **RED CROSS AND PININSULAR,** and many other good makes—all excellent bakers. For HEATERS we have them for Gas only, for Wood and Coal only, and for Gas, Wood or Coal combined.

F. V. HEILMAN & CO.,
EMPORIUM, PA.

Merchant Tailoring

Distinction in Men's Garments is only possible when each garment is made to Fit the Man, instead of trying to make the man fit the garment. No two men are exactly alike. That's why the particular dresser should have his clothes made by an expert tailor. The care with which we are making our clothes will give you perfect satisfaction and a good fit as well as the best goods.

Workmanship Guaranteed

Yours for Business,

Theo. Haberstock

PILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository

D. Matt. Thompson, Sup't Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. DeForce, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson
CALL FOR FREE SAMPLE

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. UNION MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.

For That Dull Feeling After Eating.

I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at L. Taggart's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

HARDWARE GAS — PLUMBING AND STEAM WORK

NEW FIRM

DININNY, BURNSIDE & Co

WE STOP THE LEAKS IN YOUR POCKET BOOK

New Line, Low Prices'

Practical Men

Gas stoves with cast burners and mixers $1.60 Asbestos front stoves $3 25 Large enough to heat any room in your house. A general line of hardware.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

Dininny, Burnside & Co.,

Broad St, Emporium, Pa.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

"Mr. S. S. Ball of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.

Bottles only. Relieves indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas, etc.

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Business Cards.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. MCNARNEY, F. A. JOHNSON.
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

B. W. GREEN, JAY P. FELT
GREEN & FELT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Corner Fourth and Broad streets,
Emporium, Pa.
All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-1y.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.
FREDERICK LEVECKE, Prop'r.
Centrally located. Every convenience for the traveling public. Rates reasonable. A share of the public patronage solicited. 44ly

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY.
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my room in this place.

With Us Again!

Our Old Friend Santa Claus

Drove to town last week and all the Boys and Girls were glad to see him, and a are invited ta call at

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S Popular Fair Store.

A VERITABLE FAIRYLAND—We have thousands upon housands of all the popular Holiday Goods, embracing everything that the heart can wish for. Our Ladies Department is resplendent with all the popular makes in LADIES COATS, SUITS, SKIRTS, WRAPS, FURS, ETC. We have the largest line in this county and will sell right. We defy competition.

A full line of Fascinators, Shawls, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and Small Gold Novelties. Fine line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardineres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas all styles, from 48c to $12.

LARGEST DISPLAY OF CHINA AND GLASSWARE IN THE COUNTY.

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S

THE POPULAR FAIR STORE,
EMPORIUM, PA.

had to read Jack's letter to both Tibbie and Dan before I introduced Rikki."

"I wish you wouldn't allude to Captain Stanhope as 'Jack.' It argues a familiarity which does not exist."

"If you are speaking of the young gentleman who hailed you after church today, I should say you were justified in that remark," put in Schwartz.

That showed the man's bad taste, but it told me something more. Since the morning his manner toward the Guv'nor had altered. People say I am cruel when I play with a mouse, forgetting that I must practice every tricky twist and sidelong spring or I shall not be able to kill mice at all. However that may be, I can recognize the trait when I see it in others, and Schwartz looked and talked like a man who has another man under his thumb. Although her father may speak sharply to Minkie at times, he very strongly resents such a liberty being taken by an outsider. Perhaps he thought Schwartz regarded the allusion to a monkey as a personal matter. At any rate, when the parrot told Evangeline to go and boil her head there was a laugh, and the incident passed.

Of course I knew Minkie far too well to believe that she meant to let Schwartz say what he liked, but I did not expect her to drop such a bombshell on the table as she produced after the pudding appeared.

"Talking of monkeys, Mr. Schwartz," she said when there was a pause in the conversation, "are there many in West Africa?"

"Swarms," he replied, rather snappy, because he noticed that Minkie gave his name the German sound, which is funnier than our English way of saying it.

"Do they worship them?"

"No; they eat them."

"Then why should they make one of their most powerful ju-jus like a monkey?"

I imagine that for a moment Schwartz really forgot where he was. His eyes bulged forward, his face grew red, and big veins stood out on his forehead.

"What—do you—know about it?" he gasped, glaring at her as though he wanted to run round the table and wring her neck.

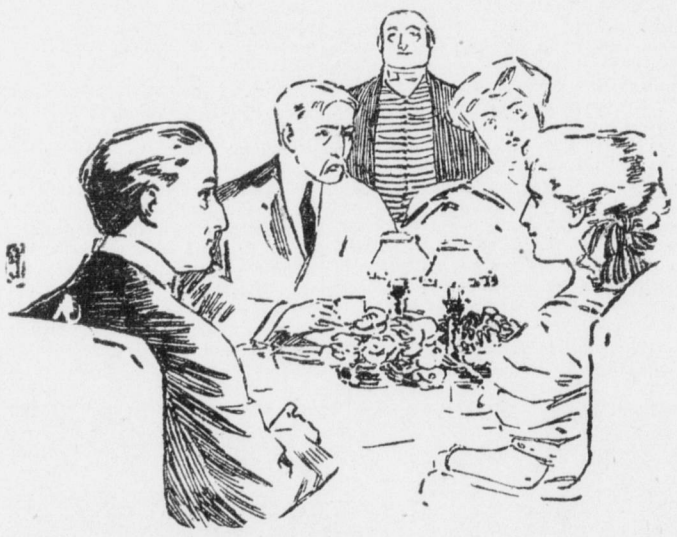
"Nothing," she answered meekly. "That is why I am asking you."

"But you have some motive. Such a question is impossible coming from a child. Who told you anything of a ju-ju resembling a monkey?" Schwartz was almost shouting now, and the Old Man gave Mam an imploring glance. Mam tried to press Minkie's toes under the table, but Minkie just tucked her legs beneath her chair out of harm's way, and not a soul could catch her eye, because she and Schwartz were looking straight at each other.

"After the affair last night I read about ju-jus and fetichism in the encyclopedia," she said. "That was very interesting, but I really had in my mind what Jack—I mean Captain Stanhope—told me today. Prince John assures him that if the ju-ju you took from his people is not sent back before the spring rains there will be a rebellion in that country. So I felt certain it must be a monkey headed one made of ivory, with a little beaded skirt, as that is the most powerful ju-ju known among the Kwantus."

I wonder Schwartz did not leap at her there and then. His eyes positively glittered. He exercised all his powers to regain his self control, but his hands shook, and there was a curious tremor in his voice.

"This information is indeed valuable to me," he said, dropping his tone to the ordinary level again. "No, I beg of you, Grosvenor, let



Millicent continue. Do I gather that Captain Stanhope is in league with the negro thief who made his way to my room last night?"

"Did I say that?" inquired Minkie, smiling at Schwartz in a way that those who knew her dreaded.

"You implied it. Evidently your military friend enjoys Prince John's confidence."

"Oh, if you put it that way, you are right. Prince John is staying at the manor house, and Captain Stanhope is using his influence to keep him quiet."

"He told you that."

"And I believe him."

"Did he actually describe the ju-ju to you?"

"No."

"Then how are you able to hit off its appearance so exactly?"

"Because I'm a good guesser. Isn't that so, father, dear?"

The Guv'nor didn't seem to realize that Minkie had deliberately pulled him into the conversation. He was dreadfully upset, and he tried to cover his confusion by tackling her on the question of disobedience.

"I told you to have nothing further to do with the manor house people," he said, and his voice was very harsh and stern, "yet it is evident you met and talked with young Stanhope today without my cognizance."

"Yes. I met him near the Four Lanes. You said, father, dear, that we were not to exchange post cards and winks, and that was all."

"You knew quite well that I meant you to cut the acquaintance entirely. Millicent, what has come to you that you should disregard my wishes in this way?"

"I am very sorry, Dad. I did not think I was doing wrong. I promise now that I shall not speak to Captain Stanhope again until you give me permission. If I had really meant to disobey you I would hardly have told you so openly at table. My idea was that you would like to know all about this ju-ju which Mr. Schwartz has lost and the queer effect it may have in causing a West African war."

Poor Mam was nearly crying, and Dorothy's face was a study. She was terrified lest Minkie should blurt out the fact that she, too, was at the Four Lanes. As it happened, Minkie could not have mentioned a worse locality. It was the Four Lanes warren which first led to the quarrel between old Mr. Stanhope and the Guv'nor. There was a lawsuit about the shooting rights, which ought to have gone with our estate, but Mr. Stanhope's lawyers made out a flaw in a copyhold, whatever that may mean, and we lost. I wonder why men invented law. If they followed our example and fought in the good old way, our Old Man would now own that warren.

There might have beeen more unpleasant things said had not Polly yelled suddenly:

"Fire! Murder! Per-lice! 'E dunno where 'e are!"

The mongoose had just discovered that it was the parrot who was growling nasty remarks at Evangeline because she took the nuts from the sideboard without giving him any. Naturally, being a newcomer, Rikki was surprised, so he jumped on to the window sill to have a look at this queer bird. Minkie was told to put the mongoose in his box, as Evangeline declared she wouldn't touch "such an awful objec'," not for a million pounds.

While Minkie was out of the room the Guv'nor tried to recover his good humor.

"You must not pay heed to my little girl's way of expressing herself, Schwartz," he said. "We have rather encouraged her to be outspoken, and she has always been remarkably intelligent. Try that port. You will find it good, a '74, the last bottle, worse luck."

"Here's to Holly Lodge and its owner, his wife and his charming daughters. May we all be sitting here this time next year!" cried Schwartz, lifting his glass and glancing at Dolly.

It was a pleasant enough toast in its way, but again I had that feeling under the fur that the words meant a lot more than they expressed. Dan naturally said he saw nothing particular in them, but you will find I was right. I noticed, too, that Schwartz drank two glasses of the wine in quick succession, though he had declined a liqueur the previous evening. I mentioned this to Dan, but he only growled:

"You see a sparrow behind every bush. Schwartz is a rotter, but he is behaving himself. Why, I have known Jim shift a quart of beer after he had said he wasn't thirsty, just because Mam told him to get some lemonade."

Mam and Dorothy went to the drawing room, but Schwartz, who was listening intently, heard Minkie go into the morning room, whither I had followed her to study the mongoose at leisure. After a minute or two he made the excuse that he wanted to show the Guv'nor a letter which he had left upstairs, and he came out, though I heard Poll warbling "Kiss me and call me your darling."

He closed the door, walked across the hall to the foot of the stairs and tiptoed back to the morning room. Minkie looked at me, and I looked at Minkie.

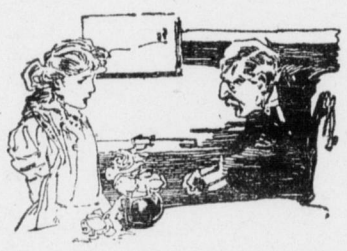
"Now for it!" she whispered.

Schwartz entered. He had the glint in his eyes which I feel when I have a young thrush within range of a spring. He never turned his head, but kept glaring at Minkie while he fumbled with the lock till the door was shut. Then he crept rather than walked toward her.

"Now, you young devil," he hissed, "give it to me or I'll strangle you!"

That was the right opening. I began to feel nervous, and when I say "nervous" I don't mean "frightened." Had Dan been in the room during the next few minutes he would have alarmed the house by his stupid barking, because any one could see that Schwartz meant mischief. Certainly Dan would have bitten him first, whereas I hid under the leather chair. But the species of nervousness I experienced was shared by Minkie. It was a kind of spiritual exaltation, a bracing of the muscles, a tuning of the heartstrings which carries one through a desperate crisis.

For Schwartz was primed with wine and maddened by the knowledge that he had been tricked by a girl, a girl who was able to survey his mean soul and appraise its miserable insufficiency. He thought to frighten her by letting the beast in him peep forth at her. Even if she screamed for protection he counted on either securing the ju-ju or learning its whereabouts before her father could come to her rescue. Then he would explain that he was joking, while Minkie would receive scant sympathy when it became known that she had kept mum as to her possession of an article which he prized so greatly. Of course he was sure she had the ju-ju, and Minkie did not commit the error of pretending she did not understand him.



"Even if you were able to strangle me I could not give you what I have not got," said she very quietly, standing straight, with her hands behind her back. I noticed that the fingers of her right hand were lightly resting in those of her left, with thumbs crossed, and that showed she was not going to struggle. I was somewhat surprised, because with those wiry hands of hers I have seen her bend a stout poker across her knee, and she could vault astride Bob's back from the ground by taking a twist of his mane in them.

Minkie could have landed on Schwartz's shoulders and tapped the bald spot on his head with one of the fire irons at one and the same instant if she had meant to fight.

Her attitude seemed to me to be rather foolhardy. No matter what you may say about the triumph of mind over matter, I believe in having the brute force side of the thesis ready for action if necessary. Schwartz, however, thought she was afraid, which proves conclusively that he was a man of limited ideas, even if he were rich as Croesus. He did not believe her, though a gentleman should always pretend to believe a lady, even though he knows she is telling a fib. His mouth opened, and he held his tongue between his teeth. He came nearer, carrying his hands up like a hawk's talons. This was partly pantomime and partly real. The pantomime was essential in Dale End. Had Minkie been in the Kwantu bush she might have seen more of the reality; but, then, under the latter conditions she would have shown Schwartz a savate kick which I taught her, and he must have bitten off the end of his tongue in learning it. One acquires a lot of capital dodges, I assure you, when defending the top of a wall on a dark night.

But she stood there quite motionless, a slight, elegant figure in white surah silk, with black stockings and nice shiny shoes, on which were a pair of her Grandmother Faulkner's paste buckles which Mam had just given her as a Christmas present. Her flaxen hair was tied with a ribbon of almost the same tint, and she wore a strip of the ribbon as a waist belt. I wish somebody could have drawn her as she faced Schwartz, who was well dressed, of course, but whose leering face was like the satyr's in our garden. And he had called her a devil! Well, tastes differ, as I have remarked previously. Being only a cat, I don't know much about these things, but my money goes on Schwartz if there is a prize competition for a model of old Hoof and Horns.

I have taken my time over this part of the story to enable you to realize the suspense, the wolfish aspect, the stealthy threatening of Schwartz's advance toward Minkie. Obviously the mere clock ticking was short enough.

"You lie!" he breathed again, so close that his wine laden breath was offensive to her. Then he grasped her arms and began to pass his coarse hands down her body. I am telling you the simple truth. He actually searched her clothes, pressing them to her limbs to make sure that his precious ju-ju was not secreted somewhere about her. I held my breath, and I really had it in my mind to jump up at his staring eyes, when I chanced to catch Minkie's contemptuous smile. Then I knew that she had fooled Schwartz again—had, in fact, expected him to adopt some such futile dodge and had put the fetich in a secure hiding place.

Disappointment nearly drove the man off his balance. He was so enraged that he shook her violently.

"You must give it up," he said hoarsely. "I am determined to have it, now, this instant."

Minkie remained quite passive.

"If I call my father he will horsewhip you," she said coolly.

"Give me that ju-ju," he almost whimpered, such was his fury.

"You have satisfied yourself that I have not got it," she answered. "Take your hands off me or it will be bad for you. If you ever dare to touch me again, you will never see it. If you try to behave as decently as you know how, I may perhaps discuss terms."

It was ludicrous to watch his change of attitude. From a bully lion he became a cringing jackal. He almost wept with relief at the mention of the word "terms."

"Anything you like," he cried eagerly. "What do you want—money, diamonds, anything? But I must have it now!"

The man was crazy, talking that way to a girl just turned fourteen. Had she been ten years older she might have listened; twenty, and she might have closed the deal straight off. But Minkie was young enough to be chivalrous, and she meant to make Schwartz eat mud.

"You cannot obtain it now," she said, speaking as calmly as she does to Mole when she wants the tennis net fixed. "You had better cool down rapidly, because you will not see your ju-ju until New Year's day."

"What!" he yelled, forgetting himself and trying to grab her again. This time Minkie adopted tactics which I fully approved of. She sprang back and sideways, placing my chair between Schwartz and herself. Then she seized a heavy glass ink well.

"One inch nearer, and you receive this in the face," she said. "And I never miss," she added, seeing that Schwartz halted.

Of course I had to move quickly too. As I passed Rikki's box I saw him gazing out with such a puzzled expression. It did not occur to me previously that he understands Hindoostanee better than English, which is a pity, as we never before have had any real excitement like this at Holly Lodge. It was as good as a play to see Schwartz glowering at Minkie and estimating the effect of a two pound ink pot if applied to his nose with a velocity of ten miles per second. Talk about motor traps and policemen's stop watches—he made a lightning calculation I can assure you, and it was dead against any forward movement.

"Suppose we abandon hostilities and discuss matters reasonably," he said, with another violent effort at self control. "To begin with, I can compel you to hand over my property."

"It is not your property. You stole it. It belongs to the Kwantu tribe. If I were to act with strict honesty I would hand it to Prince John."

Schwartz fell into the net like the silliest bunny that ever ran for a hedge. He assumed instantly that Minkie could be bribed.

"You are too young to judge of such matters," he sneered. "Moreover, I have only to appeal to your father"—

"You will find him in the dining room."

Poor Schwartz! I was beginning to pity him. Even the mongoose saw the joke and grinned, because we hunting animals know all about bluff. We meet with lots of it down our way. He determined that it was advisable to deal with Minkie herself, which was precisely what she wanted. You see, these rich men think money will buy anything.

"Why New Year's day?" he asked anxiously, while I noticed that his collar was limp with perspiration. "Why not tonight? I have plenty of money in notes. And if more is needed I would never dream of stopping a check once it is written."

"I cannot give you the ju-ju before this day week," said Minkie. "I have my reasons, and I decline to state them. Nor can I tell you my terms until two or three days have passed. But I want £50 now for expenses. If you have not that sum with you I can wait until tomorrow or the day after."

Schwartz gazed at her with amazement. He was burning to ask

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

'SPOSE
'Spose our deeds were written in books,
And stood in a row on a shelf,
And one sweet lady wrote them all
Wrote them all by herself:
And 'spose she was sad
When they were bad,
But smiled with delight
When they were all right:
What good deeds we'd do
Every hour of the day!
Let's pretend it is true
And be good anyway.

Entering the New Year

Take up the ark of the covenant and pass over.—Joshua, 3:6.

The long journey in the wilderness is over. The endless stretches of sand will haunt the tired eyes of the pilgrims no longer. Beyond the swiftly-gliding river lies Canaan, the Land of Promise.

Joshua is a born leader of men and as such knows what they will do, if appealed to in the right way. The River Jordan flows between the Promised Land and his followers. It must be crossed. With the same feeling that afterward animated Douglas to take from his breast the jeweled heart of the dead Bruce and fling it over the heads of the advancing foe, shouting: "Fight, my men, for the heart of Bruce!" so Joshua, with the deep religious consciousness of a Jew, gives the order to carry forward the Ark of the Covenant. No one of his followers will dream of lagging behind when he sees that sacred symbol in front. And so, following in the footsteps of the priests, the people, old and young, cross the Jordan and enter upon a new phase of their national life.

The parallel between our case, as we stand on the threshold of a new year, and the Jews on the eve of their entering Canaan is so apparent that it can be seen at once. As the tired wanderers from Egypt stood facing the Promised Land, so do you and I stand facing 1909.

How are we going to commence our journey in the new year? Joshua, though he lived long, long ago, and though he was but a leader of a mob of liberated slaves, can show us the way. The captain of the Jewish host sent forward the Ark of the Covenant. We, who are the children of the larger hope, can do nothing better than to send forward into the new year the Cross of Christ. Why? Because only by the power of the Cross can we hope to pass successfully through the trials and temptations and to overcome the kings of passion and selfishness which so surely lie waiting for us in the next 12 months.

It must appeal to nearly every one this ending of an old year and the beginning of a new one. A man must be dull indeed if it awakens no thoughts of a larger life, a more consecrated manhood, a more devoted discipleship. The past, let us remember, is dead; the future is always alive. It holds aloft in its strong right hand the morning star of hope and whispers to each child of man: "It is never too late to mend."

Let us face the new year with brave hearts and better determinations, placing before us as we advance the Cross of Christ, believing that in proportion as we are loyal to this symbol shall we have strength given us to endure hardness as good soldiers of the Master, patience to suffer without giving way to despair, sorrow and misfortune, and spiritual courage, so that we can come through every temptation triumphant and unafraid.

New Year's in Manila

To occidental eyes New Year's day in Manila is a strange olla podrida of Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July, says the New York Press. The day is ushered in with early mass, celebrated in the cathedral, which is attended by all the women attired in old clothes, and the poorer class barefooted and the wealthy in somber black, with black mantillas or shawls, shrouding their heads. But immediately after breakfast everybody begins to prink and preen for callers. Raven locks are plastered into elaborate coiffures with cocoanut oil and crowned with red or yellow blossoms, or in the case of a maiden who expects her lover to pay his respects to her on the New Year with the sweet starry flowers of the jessamine, which are called throughout the island the "flowers of San Paquita," who is the patron saint of lovers. Stiff, trailing skirts of gay brocade and antebellum cut are donned, wide flowing sleeves of embroidered pina gauze and ample neckerchiefs of the same filmy material are adjusted and there is a tinkling of many bangle bracelets as the fair ones seat themselves to wait the arrival of the first caller.

His entrance is the signal for the jam pot to be brought in. This takes the place of the steaming punch bowl of other lands, and is passed from hand to hand, each one taking a spoonful, no more, and everybody using the same spoon. It would be considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to refuse to partake. The jam is followed by coffee, which is served very black and strong, and is half sugar. Strong, black cigars are next produced, and everybody lights up, including the hostess. It is a shock to the occidental mind to see young girls of 15 or 16 puffing away at long cigars, but every one smokes in the Philippines. The Spanish women usually confine themselves to cigarettes.

Many of the callers bring their guitars or mandolins, and there is always a little music. Some of the convent-bred girls are really excellent performers on the harp or piano, but pianos are always out of tune, owing to the damp climate. Impromptu concerts are organized, and occasionally there is skirt dancing, in which the Filipino women excel, many elderly dames who are "heavy-weights" executing the difficult native dances with a grace, agility and ease which would turn a New York or London music hall artist green with envy.

Real Purpose of Life

St. James asks: "What is thy life?" and his own answer to the question is: "For ye are a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The brevity of life has been the subject of deep thought and of anxious solicitude in all ages of the world. The poet tells us: "Our birth is nothing but our death begun." It is likened to a dream, a shadow, a vapor, a swift flying cloud, or the autumn leaf. Such is life! this life we are living away; this life that will so soon be over; this life on whose transient breath hangs everlasting destiny.

But we fail to appreciate life's meaning if we spend our time in sighing over its brevity. Life is not merely a vapor that presently vanisheth, it is a journey to a fixed destination. We are not only going, but we are going somewhere; not into the depths of a mystic solitude to be extinguished and forgotten. Our destiny is not annihilation and nothingness. To go forward aimlessly is the most inexcusable folly. To have around him all the evidences of God—and never to see them—to look upon a thousand church spires that point to an eternal life, and miss all their meanings, to be in a land of Bibles that reveals God's purposes for man's eternal destiny and be ignorant of his own end is indeed a negligence which it is difficult to comprehend. It is not death but life that is before us, not earthly life alone, but life a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity. Life is given us to be used with a view to its eternal destiny. To use it so as to give the soul room for its unfolding capacities, to use it to promote the highest good, to use it so as to make the most of it, that is to have before us a high and true ideal and the greatest hope for any event that can possibly follow. If we but work out our destiny according to the divine purpose it cannot fail to be eternal glory.

WITHIN a few days our ears will be filled with the deafening crash of people breaking their New Year's resolutions. Three million sets of iron-clad non-combustible American "never-again's" crushed to earth will remain there until dug up again the night of December 31, 1909.

What has the New Year in store for you, joy or sorrow? Few to-day realize what or where they will be before the end of 1909, and attempts to prognosticate probably would be vain. As far as destiny is concerned the world literally lives "from hand to mouth." We can only guess at what the next year will bring.

For William Jennings Bryan 1909 means more lectures at so much per night. For William Howard Taft, 1909 is a year of glad rejoicing, for on March 4 he assumes the presidential chair vacated by Theodore Roosevelt. Four years ago when an attempt was made to relegate Mr. Taft to the bench of the supreme court of the United States he little suspected that he was material to fill the chair at the head of the nation.

Joy is mingled with sadness in President Roosevelt's case and his cup is one of bitter-sweet, for while he lifts the cares of the presidential office from his head and applies his strenuosity tests upon the habitues of the East African jungle he has shot his bolt as far as the U. S. A. is concerned, there being nothing left to conquer.

But for the commonplace citizen of these United States 1909 carries only conjecture, as a rule. Lots of men and women start the year planning to carry out some cherished ideas, whether they will succeed being a matter that only Father Time himself can solve.

There are approximately 83,000,000 souls in this country. Of that number statistics say 3,000,000 have drawn up sets of resolutions, which if carried out would cut a swath in the nation's liquor and tobacco traffic.

From every state in the union the cry "never again" arises, and just a few days after the debut of the new year the phrase gives way to a murmur of "just one more" with the eventual result that 15 days or three weeks finds conditions once more at a normal state.

There is a saying that a man is never great until he dies. Therefore it is generally not until the demise of the righteous that we learn of the man or woman who made and kept a New Year's resolution. Then the press lets us know about it and as a rule the alleged New Year's resolution which was kept may be laid at the door of the bright young reporter who covered the death and who was anxious to inoculate a feature into his story.

There are thousands of ways of applying the "never again." Here are a few of the more or less popular ways:

I promise never again, after January 1 to—

Drink Intoxicants,
Smoke Tobacco,
Swear,
Be Mean to My Wife,
Keep Late Hours,
Waste Money,
Eat Heavy Meals,
Vote the —— Ticket,
Grow a Mustache,
Spurn the Alarm Clock's Call,
Read Novels,
Quit My Job,
Believe Fish Tales,
Play Cards,
Gamble,
Celebrate July 4,
Dance Overtime,
Ask for More Pay,
Tell Lies,
Wear Loud Socks,
Flirt,
Part My Hair in the Middle,
Shirk Work,
Watch Salome Dances,
Marry,
Be Conceited,
Wear Merry Widow Hats.
Etc.

Other purely local faults are subjects of New Year's resolutions and usually the signed and sworn document is tucked away in a corner, neglected and its contents forgotten. Then the party to the "swearing off," who for three days has been telling his friends or her friends how invigorating it feels to be once more spiritually pure, drops down a step or two and when resolutions are mentioned has a merry laugh and tells about how last New Year's he or she had sworn off this and that and had had more fun "with the folks over it."

At midnight each December 31, Father Time loads up the water wagon with thousands of eximbibers who now are firm believers in the health-giving properties of aqua pura. About 12:01 a. m., January 1, the one who is less able to stand the gaff of total abstinence slides off to the ground and proceeds to celebrate. For fear that he may be lonesome two or three others follow him and pretty soon most of them are sliding back to Mother Earth and alleged happiness. Occasionally a man or two is found who keeps a resolution or two and then there is a place reserved for him in the hall of fame, but there are lots of empty niches there.

New Year's parties, attended by young people, are the breeding places for resolutions. Inventors of games who profit thereby, have gone so far as to concoct resolution games for parties of that sort and in some of the contests the loser is compelled to keep his promise to "swear off" this or that, if he would adhere to his or her affidavit.

A story is told of a young lady and a young man, engaged to each other, who attended a New Year's party. The couple were extremely fond of each other and the bride-to-be had only one objection to her intended spouse, viz., that he drank intoxicants. He was not aware that she knew it. Consequently before the little social function she "fixed" the resolution contest, so he would lose. She playfully told him that he must keep his resolution and he, rather fearfully promised, little suspecting the plot.

Well, he lost and said he would keep the promise, though he lied and said he never touched a "drop in his life."

"I know you don't drink," she breathed into his ear from the depths of a cozy corner, "but I want to be sure that you never will."

Thus the young man's habit met its Waterloo in the New Year's trick of a "stacked deck," promoted by his fiancee, and now, five years following their marriage, his taste for spirits was declared positively extinct by the wife in a recent coroner's inquest at the ladies' sewing circle.

That was one resolution which held and probably will for the rest of the young married man's life, providing he doesn't get into politics. But that was one of a few. When a man or woman makes a resolution with a string attached to it, such as awarding a watching friend a few simoleons in case the promise to abstain from some habit is broken, then the vaccination "takes," but otherwise, it seldom holds good for more than a week. A week is really a long stretch for the life of a set of promises, most of them expiring with dawn of January 1, although having been made only the previous night. This new year will see the breaking of approximately 3,000,000 well-founded resolutions, but who cares? There are lots more New Years coming, say the philosophers.

LOST NEW YEAR'S WAGER

Lady Mary Courtenay

THE FIGHT WAS NOW MORE DESPERATE THAN EVER

ON New Year's eve, 1704, Lord John Langley walked into Derival's inn, on a little street back of The Mall. Some of the young bloods, the guests of Sir James Johnstone, as was their wont, were spending the afternoon in carousal there. Langley had been absent from the town for two years, following a quarrel with Lady Anne Marsten, to whom he was paying court. None in London, or indeed in England, had been able to say with certainty in that time where he could be found, although it was known that he had visited many of the larger cities of the continent. Despite the fact that he wore false mustachios, Sir James and old Derival recognized him, but at his request for secrecy the former introduced him to his guests under an assumed name. Some of them had known him slightly, others not at all. 'Twas, therefore, an easy matter to befool them. The afternoon was spent with cards and wine, Langley partaking somewhat sparingly, though entering into the gambling readily enough, battling with Sir James for fairly high stakes, and in the end losing to him 2,000 guineas. After dinner the party was for resuming the cards and wine. My Lord Langley, however, set their minds upon another matter. He had been talking in low tones with Sir James, when he rose suddenly, and with a curse flung his glass against the wall. For a moment thereafter there was silence, then Langley, not loudly, but quite plainly, said: "An I do not kiss a maid of high degree on her way to my Lady Templeton's ball to-night, you press me for the debt. An I do it, you write me free?"

"You have it right," answered Sir James, dryly.

"The wager's as good as won," Langler returned; "my life on it,"—rising as he spoke.

At the turning of a nearby corner he almost ran into a carriage halted because of a break in the harness, which two lusty fellows were endeavoring to patch. Another stood near them holding a rude torch, giving a sufficient, but not brilliant, light. The glow of it fell athwart the carriage, bringing into view three persons: an elderly man and woman, and a young and dazzling creature, Lady Mary Courtenay.

He bowed. "Lady," he said, softly, "'tis in the matter of a kiss." Again she started. The elderly man in the carriage cried out angrily and attempted to rise, but Langley, springing on the step, shoved him back into the seat. Lady Courtenay screamed, and the fellows who had been mending the harness ran toward her. At this moment there was another diversion. Four or five horsemen came riding swiftly along the roadway. One, an officer, judging by his tone, called out as he neared: "Lady Courtenay!"

She answered with a joyous little cry. His practiced eye at once noted something unusual in the grouping around the carriage. "Whom have we here?" he demanded, sharply, and then to his men: "Draw, but await my further orders."

Langley, still standing by the carriage, looked towards the speaker. "My lord," he said, calmly, "you'll find me at Derival's inn at any time."

The officer leaned forward eagerly and regarded Langley with a puzzled air. "I will be there at once, fellow," he replied, as he drew himself up.

In the room of the carousal Langley and Forest faced each other, the latter's men—like himself, wearing the uniform of the famous Blues—standing some distance behind him and near the door. Forest lacked a few inches of Langley's height and was not so stout in frame. Moreover, his fair hair, blue eyes and fine features gave him an appearance so boyish as to make it almost impossible to believe that he had seen several years of war service. He looked much younger than Langley as they stood eyeing each other for a moment in the light of the many candles placed at various vantage points around the room.

Few words were wasted. As Forest drew Langley passed his arms rapidly behind his ears, the mustachios came off and he threw them on the table.

Not until then did Forest recognize him. "I thought I had not mistaken the voice," he said, with an odd mixture of sternness and sorrow in his tone; "defend yourself, my lord."

Instantly Langley's weapon was out, and at once the two were engaged. Langley's friends had always declared him to be the greatest swordsman in England, and in truth he fought like a veteran in such encounters, as indeed he was. The watchers looked to see him score an easy victory, and wondered whether he would content himself with the mere drawing of blood—for 'twas said he could strike almost where he listed—or whether he was bent upon Forest's death. But presently they began to notice that all his tricks and feints were met by Forest with a quiet, determined coolness. For many minutes Langley pressed, but always he failed to get behind the guard that seemed to be as wide and as high as Forest himself, and to consist of not one, but many bars of tested steel.

A candle fell from its place and, still alight, rolled along the floor until it stopped near Forest's feet. The watchers caught their breath; suppose he should slip upon it or its flame should—but almost quicker than their thoughts he moved one foot and sent the candle rolling to the wall, the impact with which put out its light. And yet he had not for a second moved his eyes from Langley's face, or made one false move in meeting the latter's attacks. The soldiers at the door smiled knowingly. The others regarded Forest with amazement, but no one spoke, only some began to breathe harder even than the two who were fighting.

Presently, at the close of a more determined attack by Langley, which, as the others had done, failed, Forest took a step forward. His arm seemed to move a little more rapidly than before, and, though Langley tried not to do so, he gave ground. Again and again he was compelled to do this. Twice Lord Forest's rapier ripped his coat, once on the left and once on the right shoulder. The onlookers thought at first that this was a rare accident, that no man could use a weapon with such deadly nicety, in the heat of conflict, until Langley's coat was again ripped by that darting tongue of steel, this time under the left arm, and a moment thereafter under the right.

The watchers marveled at the wonderful steadiness of Forest's hand as he held his rapier there, and still more at his sudden lowering of it. Before they could recover from their astonishment he had thrust it into the scabbard.

"Jack, 'twas a shameless thing thou wouldst have done to my affianced wife."

Langley gasped, "What?"

"My wife to be, God bless her," returned Forest.

"And what of Lady Anne Marsten?" Langley asked, with an assumption of roughness his tremulous lips belied.

"She waits for thee; and she'll wait alway, an thou goest not to her; so true she is."

"Jack," Forest went on, gently. "The Lady Anne was the repository of the love secrets of Lady Courtenay and myself when each fancied the other did not love. She brought us together, but all her love is for thee only."

Langley, who was staring at him eagerly, cried out: "How blind I was!"

"Charles," said Langley, presently, and Forest smiled happily at the name. "I deserve death at thy hands. God grant you may never regret the sparing of my life."

"THEY WERE HENCEFORTH AS THEY HAD BEEN IN YOUTH, CLOSER THAN BROTHERS"

BACK TO THE TOWN

COUNTRY LIFE PALLED ON THE SUBURBANITE.

Real Facts of the Case Somewhat Different from the Explanation He Made to His City Friend.

The year around the city resident and the summer suburbanite were carrying on a conversation over their hurried noonday lunch.

"Must be mighty all fired crimpy around the edges out in the country these days," suggested the city man. "Don't believe I'd like living out in the country these days without steam heat and things. You'll be hiking into town pretty quick now, I s'pose."

"O, not for awhile yet," returned the summer suburbanite. "This is really the finest time of the year to be in the country. It is a trifle crisp when you get out of bed in the morning, of course, but then it beats the city at that. Some might exchange the good country air for a few city comforts, but not me. A little cold isn't going to hurt me."

This was a day or two ago. The following morning when the summer suburbanite crawled out from under the covers the thermometer was down around 40.

"Holy jumpin' James M. Jehosaphat, but it's cold in this barracks!" exclaimed the S. S. to his wife. "Talk about your polar expeditions and their hardships. They haven't got much on this! What are we staying out in a place like this for, anyhow? Never saw such a bleak habitation as this, if you'd call it a habitation, in all my troublous life. What's your idea in sticking to a place like this for when we've got a house there in town with a furnace and hot water and bath tub and all such things? That's what I'd like to know! I surely would.

"If I wanted to freeze to death I could do it right in town any good winter day. I wouldn't need to come clear out here to the country to do it. Holy mackerel but that water's cold! Don't even dare wash your face in this Greenlandish place! And I'm serving notice on you right at this juncture that we're going into town to-day, and we're going to stay there until next summer. Us for town. In cold weather a man's supposed to live in town where they've got radiators and such like. That's what towns are for."

Then the other day the suburbanite and his friend met again at lunch.

"So you've moved back to town, have you?" spoke up the year-around-city man. "Thought you'd get enough of that country business in this sort of weather."

"O, yes, I moved in," owned up the late suburbanite. "It was fine out there, but my wife just naturally wouldn't stand for it. Said she couldn't keep warm. And you know how useless it is to argue with a woman. I had to come in. Hated like Sam Hill to do it, though."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clever Work of Beavers.

A peculiar fact was discovered at the reservoir at Saddleback pond recently at Rangeley, when beavers' work in dam construction was found to interfere with the water supply from Saddleback stream. These busy engineers had constructed a tight dam, which had retained considerable of the supply of the mountain reservoir, and workmen each day tore out their work, only to find it rebuilt on the next visit. Good-sized tree sections had been hauled in and placed in the dam by the beavers. After several destructions of the beavers' dams there was again found to be a stoppage in the supply of water through the main pipes. The dam had not been rebuilt, but on close investigation it was found that those cunning engineers, in revenge, apparently, had built a dense screen across the strainer, which had prevented the flow of water through the main pipe.—Kennebec Journal.

Deer Seeks Mail Carrier's Protection.

A deer ran close to the mail wagon of Edward Cassidy when near the home of H. P. Bliss, in Sheffield, recently, and willingly gave itself into the custody of the mail carrier, who drove off the dogs.

The several dogs which followed close upon the trail of the frightened and almost exhausted deer had evidently followed their coveted prey many miles, for the deer, though nearly full grown and very fleet of foot, was almost ready to drop from sheer exhaustion when Uncle Sam's mail distributor happened along.

Since the law protecting deer from hunters at all seasons has been in effect they have been exceptionally numerous throughout southern Berkshire, and have frequently been seen in village streets, as well as with herds of cattle, but this is the first one that has been captured alone in the open.—Berkshire Courier.

Perpetual.

"No, sir, I will not resign," said the officeholder. "Why should I? There are no charges against me."

"But I understand that charges have been formulated."

"Have, eh? Well, you don't expect me to resign under fire, I hope. Never!"

A High-Priced Dinner.

First Cannibal—I think I'll eat that millionaire to-morrow.

Second Cannibal—You always did have expensive tastes.

for a dozen minutes, but Dan came scratching and sniffing at the door, so they might be interrupted any moment. The man dared not forego the opportunity of clinching the bargain, yet his greed kept him back.

"Fifty pounds! Expenses!" he protested. "Why, how much do you expect me to pay for the thing itself?"

"No matter," said Minkie. "I can easily get the money elsewhere."

He knew she meant the manor house, and that frightened him. Dan kept scratching away and saying: "Let me in! What's on? Bones and cleavers, open the door!" Schwartz produced a pocketbook and pulled out a note.

"There!" he cried. "Will that suffice?"

It was £50 all right, but Minkie did not trouble to examine it.

"Yes," she said. "I can change it at the bank if necessary."

"And you promise"—

"You shall have your ju-ju on New Year's day."

"But I insist on learning something further as to its safety. How can you be sure Prince John"—

Just then Mam heard Dan damaging our best paint. She crossed the hall and flung the door wide.

"This wretched dog"— she began, but stopped short on seeing Schwartz and Minkie. Schwartz swallowed something and grinned like a death's head.

"This mongoose is an extraordinary creature," he said. "I have taken quite a fancy to him."

He rejoined the Guv'nor, as he had the letter in his pocketbook all the time. Dolly was playing and singing "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen," so Mam thought she had a good chance of explaining matters to Minkie.

"I hope you will be nice to Mr. Schwartz if he takes an interest in your pets," she said. "You annoyed your father considerably during dinner by your unwarrantable hostility to our guest. I am more than surprised at you."

"Please forgive me, mother, dear. And you might tell Dad that I have cleared away all misunderstandings between Mr. Schwartz and myself."

"Misunderstandings, child! How can you use such a word where a gentleman is concerned of whom you have seen so little?"

"Tell me, mummy, dear. Is Mr. Schwartz going to lend Dad some money?" asked Minkie.

"Who told you that?" cried Mam.

"No one. I just imagined it, and I will tell you why. One day last week I saw that Dad was awfully cut up about something he read in the paper. It was about the Kwantu Mines, limited. I know, because I picked up the paper in order to see what was worrying Dad."

"But you shouldn't," said Mam, though her lips quivered a little. Now, there is not a person alive who can be more affectionate than Minkie with those whom she loves. I like being petted myself, so I know. She put her arms around her mother and whispered:

"I hope Dad and you won't fret. I am sure everything will come right in the end. Don't you think it is a sign of something out of the common going to happen when this black prince comes to our house, a man from the very place which is causing Dad so much trouble?"

While Mam searched for her handkerchief Dan muttered to me:

"A pretty game you've been having here while I was looking after affairs outside. What has Schwartz been up to? And what good is a cat, anyhow?"

That put my back up.

"Let me tell you that if you had been in this room during the past five minutes you would have made a beastly fool of yourself and spoiled the finest bit of sport we've ever had," said I.

He was so tickled with conceit that he sneezed.

"Go away and play, pussy," he sniggered. "You meow while I eat. Why, I've been chasing niggers all over the place."

That startled me. Bad as he is, Dan never lies.

"Chasing niggers!" I cried. "Are there more of 'em?"

"I counted no less than five," he growled, strutting about in great style and rather alarming the mongoose. I assure you his news so upset me that I paid no attention to what Minkie and Mam were saying until I heard Minkie mention Jack's name.

"I wish you could persuade Dad to see Captain Stanhope," she said. "The merest little note would bring him here tomorrow, and there can be no doubt he would give Dad some useful information."

"Ah, my dear, if I had my way things would be different," sighed Mam. Then, feeling that discussion would do no good, she bustled out, bidding Minkie turn the gas low and come to the drawing room.

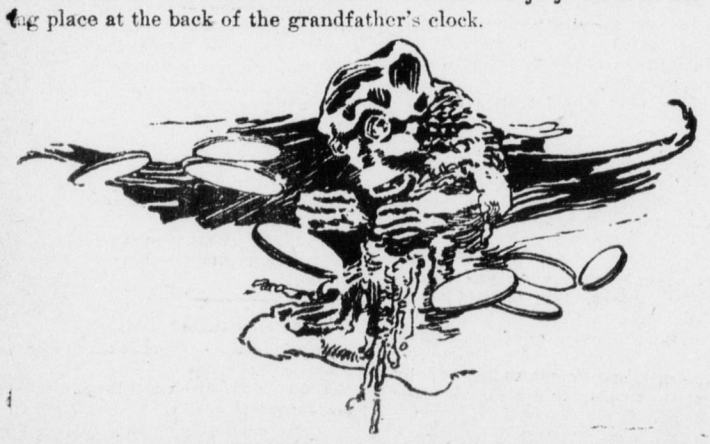
Dan was bursting to get Minkie outside and let her know about the suspicious characters who were prowling round our house, but she wouldn't listen to him.

"Oh, be quiet," she commanded. "I want to do a sum."

First, she took the crisp note out of her pocket and looked to see if it was really £50.

"Let me reckon up," she said then. "I began yesterday with a crooked sixpence. I gave the porter a shilling out of Schwartz's fiver for telling me Jack arrived by the 4:20. So now I have £54 19s. 6d. Good old ju-ju! Keep it going! I am pretty strong in arithmetic, but if you maintain that rate of increase until New Year's day I shall lose count. Anyhow, they'll want a bigger bank at Dale End. Now, Dan, I'm ready. What is it?"

But before she crossed the hall she rescued the ju-ju from its hiding place at the back of the grandfather's clock.



CHAPTER FOUR

The Black Man's Way.

Told by Polly, the Parrot.

YOU will observe that I was left in the dining room with the Guv'nor. Those insignificant quadrupeds Dan and Tib thought that I was out of the fun. They always do think that until they come smirking to me for news. Then they go off and backbite me behind my tail feathers.

I have been keeping an eye on the Guv'nor recently. Between you and me it was he who taught me all the funny bits I know. There is nothing he enjoys more than to hear Mam exclaim: "Dear me! How in the world does the bird learn those vulgar songs?" It's as easy as sitting on a rail. Some Italian ragamuffins come to Dale End occasionally with a Handel piano, and I pick up the tunes. When the Guv'nor hears me whistling them he sings the words, and at the next chance I get I amaze Mam with "My Irish Molly O" or "Why Do They Call Me the Gibson Girl?" The Guv'nor finds out all about these things in London. Once Minkie asked him how he did it, and he told her he learned them from the office boy. I wish I knew that boy.

Now, it's a solemn fact that I have not added a line to my collection during the past month. I know several new airs, and I have whistled them regularly, but the Old Man remains silent. At first I imagined that perhaps the office boy had a swollen face, but soon I felt sure my teacher had lost his spirits. Minkie noticed it, but I found it out long before her. You see, we parrots are very wise birds, quick to observe and able to examine any new notion from all points of view. My habit of looking at Dan upside down riles him far more than the silly things I shout at him.

Minkie, I gathered, guessed that her father was in trouble over some stock exchange business, and the mention of Kwantu by Captain Stanhope brought back to her mind the name of the mining company whose affairs, as discussed in a newspaper, seemed to be the cause of the worry. But it was I, the "giddy acrobat," as Dan calls me, who hit on the real mystery, and I made even stolid Bob wild before I told him all about it next day.

While Schwartz was interviewing Minkie in the morning room the Guv'nor sat and stared at the fire. He was smoking, but he didn't seem to enjoy his cigar, and he had that queer look in his face which men call despair. 'Pon my honor, I would rather be a bird than a man any day. We feathered folk don't sigh and abandon hope when things go wrong. Why, the commonest little sparrow in the garden would chirp his contempt if anybody suggested to him that he should lie down and die just because he couldn't find an insect under the first leaf he turned over. Die, indeed! Not he! He works all the harder and is very likely to be rewarded by a fine fat grub under the next bush.

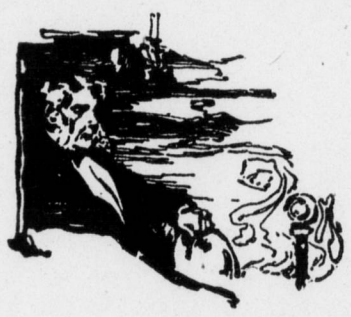
It was quite evident that the Guv'nor had not realized the length of Schwartz's absence when that gentleman appeared. He looked up rather miserably and said:

"I am sorry to have troubled you in the matter, Schwartz. And I fear you are having a poor time of it, what between the recital of my difficulties and the unfortunate incident which took place last night."

"Last night's affair will adjust itself in a day or two," answered Schwartz grimly, thinking, no doubt, of the fifty pound note he had just tossed to Minkie. "The really important item now is this absurd predicament of yours, Grosvenor."

"Don't forget that the suggestion came from you in the first instance."

"I am well aware you asked me to let you know if there was anything good going," said Schwartz rather stiffly. "My friends usually follow my judgment with satisfactory results, and I was quite certain that this Kwantu mine was a swindle, but how was I to ascertain that this special flotation was to be made use of for a squeeze? And you are not the only fish struggling in the net."



"Then the others have my sympathy. Yet it was a piece of lunacy on my part to indulge in a heavy bear speculation in interests of which I was utterly ignorant. I don't mind losing a hundred or two in a fair gamble, and I have usually come out on the right side of the ledger, but it was the worst sort of madness to sell a thousand shares in a West African company. Good heavens! What right has a man who is almost a sleeping partner in a city warehouse to dabble in concerns like that?"

"Let me see," said Schwartz, giving his friend a quick side look as he took a letter from his pocket, "you sold at something over par?"

"Yes," answered the Guv'nor, still gazing at the fire.

"And they are now at 6¼?"

"Yes. Over £5,000 gone already, and the special settlement due on the 10th of next month."

"Can you buy at that price?"

"I suppose so. Unhappily I am a child in these matters. I honestly believe that my little Millicent would have avoided this trap which I blundered into so easily."

"Um-m," said Schwartz.

"But surely your inquiries have not led you to expect the price to go higher?" demanded the Guv'nor, growing almost white with misery.

"My dear fellow," cried the other man blandly, "when you are in the hands of unscrupulous rascals you never know when they will be satisfied. The thing is beautifully simple. You and others have sold a bear. You are called on to deliver your shares, which you cannot do, for the very good reason that the market is controlled by the people who bought all the shares offered. You have fallen among thieves. There is no telling what price they may force things up to before they let go."

"The issue is quite plain," said the Guv'nor, rising, with the air of a man who has no more to say. "It will cripple—indeed, almost ruin—me to raise £5,000. Any material advance on that amount means bankruptcy, with goodness knows what evil results to my wife and daughters. If there is any law in the land it should not be possible for men to crush others in this barefaced way."

"The law cannot help you. But sit down, Grosvenor. Let us hammer this thing out. I have tried to ascertain the identity of the promoters, and I have failed. Here is the letter my brokers wrote me yesterday. You see, they say that the company is registered in Jersey and the nominal directors are mere figureheads. The real manipulators of the stock do not appear on the surface."

"Surely you, who are so well acquainted with West Africa, can make a tolerably accurate guess as to the people behind the scenes."

"If I had the slightest grounds for naming any one I should not only tell you, Grosvenor, but I would gladly lend my personal assistance in arranging matters."

The Old Man read the typewritten letter which Schwartz gave him. Of course I did not know then what was in it, but it seemed to substantiate Schwartz's statements.

"Amazing thing!" he murmured. "And that I should be such a fool! I only wanted to earn an extra hundred or so for the sake of the girls, to give them some little luxuries which diminishing dividends hardly permit of, and this is the result—I find myself on the very brink of ruin. Ah, well! Let me apologize again for"—

"Have you any objection, then, to a full and frank discussion of the matter with me?"

"Great Scott, no! Why do you put such a question?"

"Please sit down, then. The ladies can spare us from the drawing room a little longer. Dorothy is singing, and Millicent is—er—engaged with her new pet, while Mrs. Grosvenor will not object, I am sure, if we smoke another cigar. Now, to come to the point. I have been thinking matters over during the day, and I have a proposition to make which may commend itself to you. It is no secret to you that I admire your elder daughter very much. Were I your prospective son-in-law, Grosvenor, I would be prepared to take your liabilities on to my own shoulders. And let me say at once that I am not bargaining with you for Dorothy's hand. You know that I was anxious to pay her my addresses in Ostend, and this Kwantu business was not in existence at that time. You gave a conditional assent to my suit then. Now I am only asking you to exercise a little judicious parental pressure on a charming girl who hardly knows her own mind. I am sure you will not think the less of me because I endeavor to gain my own ends while coming to your assistance."

I whistled loudly in my surprise. I couldn't help it, but it seemed to annoy Schwartz, who glared at me quite vindictively. The Guv'nor, of course, paid no heed, being accustomed to my interruptions.

"It is awfully good of you," he said slowly, "and I admit the justice of your contention that your wish to marry Dorothy is nothing new. But I have always held it a fixed principle, which my wife shares with me, that parents should neither force their children to marry for money nor withhold their consent to marriages based on love unless the drawbacks are out of all reason. As I understand the position, Dorothy did not exactly refuse you at Ostend, but simply declared that she had no wish to leave her home for some years to come."

"Yes. That is so."

"Then if I go to her now and tell her you stipulate for her hand as a condition for extricating me from"—

"Forgive me," broke in Schwartz, with a certain prompt candor which did him credit as an actor. "I don't ask that. I only want your permission to approach her myself."

"But you had that six months ago."

"Yes, and I am exceedingly grateful to you. What I seek today is your promise to further my request by varying your attitude from passive approval to active support."

He was artful, that Schwartz. The Old Man wriggled a bit, but he hardly knew what to say. He was a thoroughbred, you see, and he hated the idea of bartering one of his girls for £5,000. Yet Schwartz was what ladies who come to tea call "a good catch," and it was quite true that he was after Dorothy months before anybody at Holly Lodge so much as heard the word "Kwantu." And the Guv'nor was a proud man too. It was Schwartz himself who had led him to believe that it would be an easy thing to make money by selling shares in this mine, yet Minkie told me afterward that he seemed to be quite surprised when her father informed him that he had taken the "tip" and sold heavily. That was in November, when the mine was floated, and Schwartz had been absent in Paris until the third week in December. Now, as the German was a millionaire and had landed a friend in a hole by his advice, it was reasonable enough to expect him to lend a helping hand. Yet there could be no doubt he meant to take advantage of the difficulty and compel Dorothy to marry him to save her father.

I saw the bearings of the game far more clearly than the Guv'nor. My own opinion was that Schwartz was a regular scamp, and my experience of scamps is fairly wide, as I hail from South America. You would hardly credit the ups and downs of my life. No wonder I can take a man's measure with fair accuracy.

So it is obvious that I watched Schwartz with my eyes skinned. I sized up the situation this way. Schwartz meant to press the Old Man just a little short of the breaking point and was far more anxious to bring about an agreement than he permitted to be seen. I was aching to give the Guv'nor a pointer, but I couldn't, as my acquaintance with English is peculiar, and he is not able to catch on to my meaning like Minkie. If only he had raised Schwartz before the draw, as they say in poker, his adversary would not have been so sure of his cards. As it was, he tried to evade the final struggle.

"After all," he said, with a brave attempt at a smile, "this is a poor way to spend Christmas night. Suppose we adjourn to the drawing room now and try to forget for awhile that mines may be bottomless pits."

Schwartz was well content to leave it at that.

"May I have my letter?" he said.

The Guv'nor handed it to him, but it was not yet refolded when Minkie burst into the room.

"Please come, Dad!" she cried. "And you, too, Mr. Schwartz! Jim says that the house is simply surrounded by black men."

Of course Schwartz had no grit in him. His type of man never has. He went pale, shook a bit and leaned back against the table, and I noticed that the letter fell from his fingers to the floor. After a breathless question or two from the men as to what Jim meant by his extraordinary statement they all rushed out. I turned a couple of somersaults and was about to sing "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," when I saw a sharp snout thrust inquiringly round the jamb of the door. It was the mongoose.

"What's this I hear about niggers outside? Are they after the fowls?"

"Dan says they want to kidnap Schwartz."

"Look here, young fuzzy-wuzzy, not so free with your 'Dan' and 'Schwartz.' You haven't joined the gang until I pass you. Just try to remember that. Nice thing! You'll be addressing me as 'Poll' next, I suppose? Now, if you want to make yourself useful, pick up that piece of paper on the carpet near the leg of the table and carry it into your cage. Mind you don't eat it. Miss Millicent may want it."

"Is that Minkie?"

"There you go again. 'Minkie,' indeed, and you not two hours in the house!"

"Sorry."

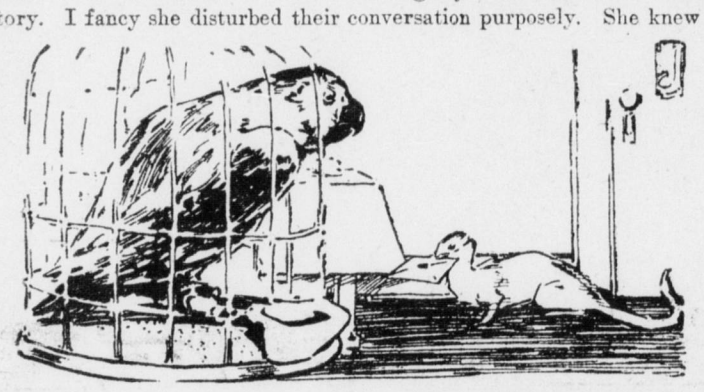
"Well, if you behave yourself properly I'll forgive you this time. Before you go, kindly pass those nuts from the sideboard."

"What kind of nuts are they?" said Rikki thoughtfully.

"Brazil. They're rank poison for mongooses."

"Oh!" He leaped up and gazed at the dish. "Shabash!" he said, cracking one. "They're good eating."

Exactly why Minkie brought the Guv'nor and Schwartz out of the dining room in such a whirl I never discovered. She would have told me in a minute if I had thought of asking her, but things happened at such a rate during the next few days that I had plenty to do to keep track of current events without bothering my head over ancient history. I fancy she disturbed their conversation purposely. She knew



Schwartz was in a desperate mood and would endeavor to force her father to serve his ends. Mam's statement, too, backed up by Dorothy's hints and the plain tale she had read in the newspaper, gave her an all round glimpse of the facts concerning Kwantus, and Dan was quite right when he said that Minkie had invoked the ju-ju's aid in a plan for the undoing of Schwartz. She told us what it was when we all met in the stable on Boxing day; but, of course, you will excuse me for not mentioning it yet. To be candid, I daren't. We renewed the vow of the gang in solemn state, and Rikki was sworn in as a new member at the same time. He was admitted thus promptly on account of his services with regard to that letter, which was a jolly sight more important than it sounded, and I must say he behaved rather handsomely, because he not only gave me full credit for the suggestion that he should nab it, but he told me privately he was sorry about those nuts.

Our vow is a jolly serious affair. We bind ourselves to be loyal to the gang "by hoof and claw, by beak and tooth, in air, on earth and in water." Each member pledges himself or herself to "sink all private feud the instant any other member is threatened by an external enemy, whether with two or four legs." We also promise to be loyal to our leader, Minkie, and to protect and help all inmates of Holly Lodge, and, in token of fealty and allegiance, each of us has to hold up a foot or claw.

I asked if Evangeline were included in the word "inmates," and Minkie said it was a frivolous question. I quite agree with her. Holly Lodge isn't a lunatic asylum.

Yet any outsider might be pardoned the mistake if he heard our light headed housemaid telling Cookie the things she saw when she went to the post, just before she beat me with a cane. I know that post. It is a gatepost, and it has a young man leaning against it.

"Fust one nigger kem past, an' his eyes rolled somethin' 'orrible," she said. "Then two kem from the hopposite direction, an' their eyes rolled wuss nor the others'. 'Tell you wot, Lena,' Bill said to me, 'I don't like this. I'm for 'ome,' and he left me standin' there, with all those orful blacks prowlin' round like lions. Did you ever 'ear of such a thing? I'm finished with Bill. I wouldn't look at him again, not if he had twenty milk walks. I ran for my life an' found Jim. He whistled Dan, an' it did me good to see the way that dorg began to clear the road, but Jim called him orf, 'cause he says a nigger has as much right to live as any other sort of man and those fellows were a-behavin' of themselves. That's as may be. If there's much more of these goin's on 'ere I give my month's notice."

What do you think of that for a school board education? If I couldn't talk better than Evangeline I'd borrow some black lead and set up as a jackdaw.

It seems that the Old Man and Schwartz did not come across any negroes. Probably Dan had frightened them if Prince John had told his friends what sort of a Rugger tackle Dan could put up. But Minkie is sharp, dreadful sharp. The moment I mentioned Jim's remark to Evangeline she fastened on to it instantly. Jim was washing the victoria in the coach house, and she went straight to him.

"When did you last meet Prince John?" she inquired, planting her feet well apart and holding her hands behind her back. She wore her blue serge that morning and had a beaver hat set well clear of her forehead. As the weather was cold, though fine, she had tight fitting brown gaiters over her strong boots, and she looked fit for any game that might present itself.

Ill Health is More Expensive Than any Cure.

This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Nine-tents of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy if famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by L. Taggart.

For Eczema, Tetter and Salt Rheum.

The intense itching, characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by L. Taggart.

Agency Secured.

Mrs. G. S. Allen, wishes to announce that she has secured the Agency for the American Vacuum Cleaner and Sweeper. Call at her residence on West Fourth Street and see it demonstrated. 43-tf

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable. 44-tf

Do You Want a Steady Income each month? Would you invest $50, in a safe established business, if you could make $4. cash profit each month? Write for proofs, and particulars to:
HALLOWELL & NASH,
819, Tribune Building, New York City.

For Sale.

A desirable property, on East Fourth St., Emporium. Lot 60x120; improved by two dwelling houses. Excellent location; next door to Schlecht's Greenhouse. Apply to
MRS. ELLA MCSWANN,
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Flats for Rent.

Four new flats for rent. All conveniences.
34-tf. R. SEGER.

Rheumatic Pains

"My mother is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills is the only remedy that relieves her."
MRS. G. DAVENPORT,
Roycefield, N. J.

The pains of rheumatism are almost invariably relieved with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They also overcome that nervous irritation which prevents sleep because they soothe the nerves. To chronic suffers they are invaluable. When taken as directed, they relieve the distress and save the weakening influence of pain, which so frequently prostrates. Many sufferers use them whenever occasion requires with the greatest satisfaction, why not you? They do not derange the stomach nor create a habit. Why not try them? Get a package from your druggist. Take it according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

Pure Water!

DRINK
SIZERVILLE
MINERAL
WATER

Clean, Pure and Healthy.

We are prepared to furnish the citizens of Emporium this popular Water, either PLAIN OR CARBONATED, in bottles.
Drop a postal card—we will do the rest. The analysis of the celebrated Sizerville Water has made it famous all over the country.
Orders may be left at Geo. F. Balcom's store, or water may be purchased by the case at the same place.
Address,
Magnetic Mineral Water Co.,
SIZERVILLE, PA.

Wishing You a Merry Christmas

WE BEG TO ANNOUNCE
THAT THIS BANK WILL BE
CLOSED ON THAT DAY

Foreword 1909

In entering upon another business year, we desire to thank our depositors and patrons for the loyal confidence imposed in this Bank during the 24 years we have been in bueiness.

It shall be our purpose in the future, as in the past, to place our service at your command—our facilities at your convenience—our strength and security at your disposal.

Directory

The affairs of this bank are directed and managed by men of business and experience. Below appears a list of the Officers and Directors:

Hon. B. W. GREEN, President,
Hon. JOSIAH HOWARD, Vice President.

John E. Smith,	Joseph Kaye,	W. S. Walker,
N. Seger,	W. L. Sykes,	J. Pitt Felt.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Opportunity

The beginning of a new year is a good time to start your business on a systematic basis. We would suggest that you deposit your money with this bank subject to check. By paying all your bills and obligations by check, you will be enabled to keep an absolute record of all your transactions. Bills paid by check stay paid.

Profit

Did you ever think of it in this way? If you save $100, from your earnings during the year, it is the same amount you would receive on a $2,000 investment for one year at 5 per cent.

To save, one must sacrifice. The best things of life are gained in this way. If you want to lay aside a part of your earnings, come to this bank and open an account. A bank account will assist you greatly in the undertaking.

$1.00

We make it easy for you to possess a bank account. You can open an account here with one dollar—you can add to it as often as you wish in any amount you desire. We are anxious to do our part and would urge to avail yourself of the advantages and facilities we place at your disposal.

Retrench

The time to retrench is after the Holiday festivities. The extra expense incident to this season of good cheer thrust upon you the realization that you must spend less—that you ought to save a part of your income.

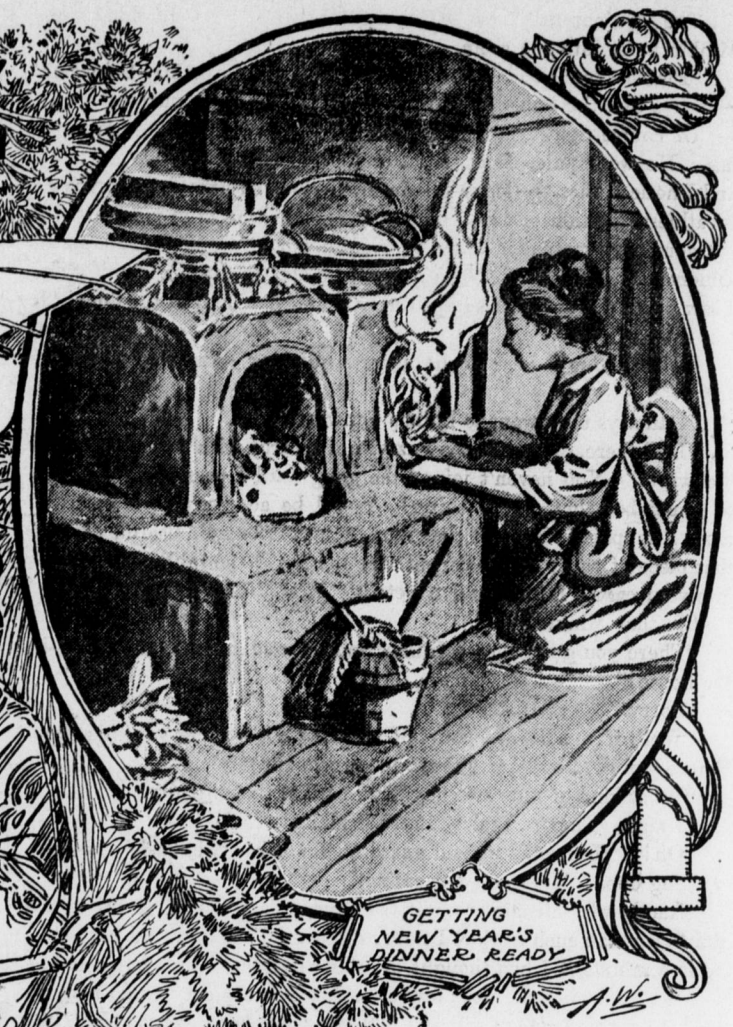
FIRST NATIONAL BANK

EMPORIUM, PA.

JAPAN'S UNIQUE NEW YEAR

BY TOASHI KATO

READY FOR THE FEAST



GETTING NEW YEAR'S DINNER READY

THE SHINTO TEMPLE

A DECORATED WELL

WE deeply pity the superstition of the Japanese. Yet there is something very beautiful in the archaic simplicity of their faith. Lafcadio Hearn found in Shintoism Greek religion transplanted in the midst of this material century. What he read and imagined in ancient literature he really found in this Land of the Rising Sun. For all the modernization of Japan there is one spot where the hand of the dissecting science has done but little damage.

Visitors from civilized and enlightened lands can go deep into the real life of the archaic society in Japan, and in the twinkling of an eye they can come back to the luxury of the twentieth century, and this archaic society is a living one and not an artificial miniature. Sympathy is aroused, as the faith is the only surviving remnant of the time-honored old religion. Political sentiment is touched, as Shintoism peoples woods, mountains, trees, rocks, rivers and seashores with gods and goddesses. Compassion is kindled as it is by a beautiful dawn slowly dissolving before the onslaught of the fierce daylight. No wonder, then, that Shintoism finds many lovers among westerners.

I would like to introduce the reader not indeed to the stately mausoleum and ceremony of Shintoism, but to the humble household of the common folk of Japan.

January in Japan is a month of rest and festival; rest after hard work and harvest; festival as an auspicious beginning of the year.

Before the end of the old year pine branches are set up by the gateways, shrines of gods, hearth, well and other places. These pine branches, signifying constancy, are hung with a straw ring made to imitate a jewel, with rays of light radiating from it, and stuck with a dried sardine, a leaf of evergreen, pieces of paper and a bit of edible seaweed. These rings are also put on almost all representative articles of furniture and kitchen implements, and this is said "to let them take one year." (This suggests that these articles were believed once to have had life and so have felt the advance of age.

The festival of "going over the year," or "Toshikoshi," is sometimes called "Toshitori," or "taking the year," and is a busy time for the housewife. She has to cook many different dishes, all of which have prosperous significance, besides her regular rice and bean soup.

Let me enumerate some. Soup of clam, which opens when cooked, signifies the opening out of the good fortune. Roe of herring, which is called "kazu-noko," or numerous children, forms a dish whose meaning is obvious. Health in Japanese is "mame," so beans must be eaten, as these happen to have the same sounding word for their name. Salt salmon, fish cake, pickled radish and many others must be prepared on this eventful eve, for we are going to add one whole year during the night. The kitchen is full of life, with kettles whistling and pots steaming, plates and trays all spread out. Children and even cats are very apt to be mischievous at such times, but they receive no scolding as the great festival should not be marred by discord and irritation.

When food is ready gods are served first with all these dishes, but only in miniature. Lights are put before them; sake liquor is offered in a pair of small vases, which, by the way, I have often seen used for flowers in America. Before the gods on the shelf they hang highly colored leaflets, each with a lucky meaning. One is the god of fortune under an auspicious gem, with a bagful of gold coins, coral and other precious things. Another has a bundle of edible seaweed, which is called "kobu." The phrase "to rejoice" in Japanese is "yorokobu;" so seaweed (kobu) means rejoicing. The last has under it a lobster. A person doubled up with age reminds one of a lobster with its doubled up waist. So the lobster quite often is picturesquely representative of "the aged of the sea."

When the family have bowed down before the gods they eat the great meal and a few rounds of sake were ceremoniously served in former days. Once you have eaten this feast you have added one year; and a child born in December is said to be two years old right after this meal. I used to be reminded by older people that I should be a better boy from the first of January, as I had added one year during that one night. They say that one night of the 31st of December is worth 50 days of usual days, and those who go to bed early this night will grow old that much in one night.

Polytheists are not troubled by a surplus of gods. The Japanese have already many gods at home and yet on New Year's day they buy printed gods. This paper is hung above the stone stove on which one cooks rice. One represents "year god," with thank offerings of rice, sake liquor, kneaded rice and regular New Year decorations of evergreen trees. The figure is Buddhist; the original Shinto god has long been replaced by a boddisatwa, showing the result of usurpation of Shintoism by Buddhism, effected by a Buddhist priest Kobo, as a means of Buddhist propagation. These offerings were once real ones, but the Japanese learned how to economize labor and expense by printing, and the goddess herself came into the picture.

Another picture is also hung before the shelf. The central figure is Prince Shotoku, the famous patron of Buddhism in its early days in Japan. A Japanese spade, stalks of rice on a tray, thresher, sake liquor and cooked rice are the offerings. A pair of foxes need a little explanation. Originally they belonged to a very popular Shinto god whose place has been usurped through the strategy of Kobo, and this Buddhist prince has been substituted. But religious degeneration has gone on further and these foxes came to be mistaken for the god itself. And Inari worship (for Inari is the name of the god) is seen nowadays in its most degraded form of fox worship.

Others are a pair of salesman's gods. Who they originally were has very little to do with the present worship. Anyhow, as gods of good luck and prosperity they are worshiped in New Year's season, and almost every shop has these idols in stock.

Early on the first of January New Year's callers begin to pour in. What do they say? With heads bowed down and hands on the sill, they mumble: "Congratulations for the opening of the new year, and pray that it will be continued in future." This phrase is so common that both sides speak at the same time, and yet both are well understood. One says: "Won't you come in?" "No," answers the other; "I have more houses to call." "Then come when you are through," and the caller goes. If the caller should come in he is sumptuously feasted with food and drink, and you see more open drunkenness on New Year's day than at other times.

Superstitious people find omens and meanings in dreams, and the Japanese must have good dreams to begin the year. For this purpose they put a piece of paper under the bed. On this paper a Japanese junk is printed, loaded with precious goods, her sails outspread, on her decks men busy with rigging and oars. A Japanese poem is also printed on it:

Na ka ki yo no,
To no ne fu ri no,
Mi na me sa me
Na mi no ri fu ne no,
O to no yo ki ka na.

Translated roughly, this means:

After a sound sleep of long night,
Resting awake in bed,
I hear a cheerful sound
Of a sailing vessel
Gliding over the billows.

The poem in translation loses its power of calling up associations. But one can imagine himself living near an inland sea, with its nooks, bays, and offings, pine groves and plum blossoms hanging over from the hilly shores, the sun as yet below the horizon, and in the mist he can discern a vessel gliding smoothly, leaving merry songs of sailors behind to be carried away by the spring breeze. This is considered an appropriate scenery to think over in the calm of the spring night. But this aesthetic association is little appreciated by the masses. They rather wonder at the clever construction of this poem, that reads just alike from either end. Read from the end and go back to the beginning, syllable by syllable; you have just the same result as if you read from the beginning.

Now, what kind of dreams are the best? First, Fugi mountain; second, eagle; third, eggplant; fourth, funeral; fifth, snakes—these are the five best ones. To dream of the horse is also auspicious. If a Japanese should happen to dream he is quite blue over the matter. These people, however, are not without the means of getting out of this misfortune. They say when they had a bad dream: "To the baku; to the baku." Now they did not know what "baku" was; they only knew that this mysterious animal living in a dreamy land lived on the dreams of man, and bad dreams were cast to the baku. It was a shock to these old fashioned people when their children told them that the teacher of zoology told the children that the baku is a hippopotamus and lived on substantial green leaves, and not on dreams. Such a revelation, though, cannot change the superstition, and people still say: "To the baku," to relieve their minds after a bad dream.

There is a record in history which shows that there was a custom once of selling and buying dreams. Once upon a time there was a prince in a famous house. He was thinking to court a maiden, and she had a strange dream, which she could not make out. She called in the help of her eldest sister. The latter, seeing the good omen of the dream, offered to buy the dream. An old mirror was the price and the bargain was made. Meanwhile the prince changed his mind quite suddenly, as if by magic, and paid his court to the eldest and won her hand. This prince is the famous Yaritomo, who founded the Shogunate, or military regency, in Japan.

Such is the story told and retold when the family get together by the fire box and spend the "long spring night" in merriment. I hope these humble doings of the common folk of Japan may find a warm reception among the readers of America.

Christmas Frolics.

A very effective and practical decoration for the table on Christmas morning is a pyramid of oranges with sprays of holly for a doily, with a scarlet ribbon running to the corners of the table fastened by a big orange at each corner. All the housekeeper's best efforts are usually expended on the dinner table, but it will only take a moment to arrange this. Place holly around the finger bowls. By the way, a dainty way to serve oranges for breakfast is to have the juice squeezed in the kitchen and served in a little glass which stands on a plate.

In the dining room that has to have a screen to conceal the kitchen, there may be a very simple and effective addition made to the Christmas decorations by pinning holly to it, covering the original surface completely. Lace curtains may be treated in this way to make lovely bits of color in the room or form a background for a tree.

PAN-AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS

CHILI TO BE HOST TO LEARNED BODY

HOME OF THE AMERICAN CONSULAR AGENT, PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE.

By invitation of the Chilean government the Pan-American Scientific congress will hold its meeting the last of December, this year, at Santiago, whither delegates from all nations in the Americas are now making preparations to go. The United States has appropriated $35,000 to defray the expenses of its delegates and the choice of men from the United States consists of Prof. Archibald Cary Coolidge of the Harvard historical department; Prof. Hiram Bingham, now of the Yale historical department, but for the last five years curator of South American history and literature at the Cambridge university; Prof. Leo S. Rowe of the University of Pennsylvania, a well-known authority on Latin America; Prof. Paul S. Reinsch of the University of Wisconsin, a delegate to the third Pan-American congress in 1906, and well known for his writings on political science and colonial government; Col. William C. Gorgas of the United States army, chief sanitary officer of the Isthmian canal commission; William H. Holmes, chief of the bureau of American ethnology at the Smithsonian institution, Washington; Prof. Bernard Moses of the historical and political science department of the University of California; George M. Rommel of the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture; Prof. William M. Shepherd of Columbia university, a close student of South American affairs, and Prof. William B. Smith of the philosophical department of Tulane university, Louisiana, who is almost as well known as a mathematician and New Testament critic as a philosopher. Prof. Rowe is chairman and Prof. Reinsch vice-chairman of the delegation.

Though the coming congress is the first scientific gathering to include all the countries of the western hemisphere, it will be the fourth congress of the kind for the Latin-American countries. The first was held at Buenos Ayres in 1898, the second at Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1901, and the third at Rio de Janeiro in 1905. It is owing to the predominant part assumed by the United States in the Pan-American conference of 1906, that this country was invited to send representatives to the more specialized congress.

The purpose of the scientific congress at Santiago is to bring together advanced thinkers in all lines of scientific research for the discussion of the numerous problems confronting modern civilization, and particularly of such as, through their elucidation, will tend to the social betterment and national prosperity of the countries represented.

Each congress has been broader in purpose than its predecessor and has had a larger representation, but it is due to the Chilean committee that planned the coming meeting that the United States was invited to send delegates.

The United States government, through Secretary of State Root, invited 15 universities to send representatives. Only six have responded, but it is expected that the universities of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Texas and Wisconsin and George Washington, Johns Hopkins and Princeton will name delegates.

The United States government accepted the Chilean invitation to send delegates to the first Pan-American congress because it felt such meetings would prove extremely valuable not only in effecting the close relations of the American countries, so much striven for now, but because it was sure the meeting would be of great practical good.

At the Rio congress of 1905, where 14 countries had representatives, 120 papers were read. In the coming congress the topics for discussion are under nine headings: mathematics, physical sciences, natural, anthropological and ethnological sciences, engineering, medical sciences and hygiene, juridical science, social sciences, pedagogy and philosophy, agronomy and zootechnics, which latter may be called the science of agriculture. The discussions under the head of social sciences are expected to be the most important, 40 per cent. of the subjects to be introduced in the congress being grouped under that title.

At Santiago there will be established a general clearing house of American information. The great bulk of the work will come under the social sciences, and 205 subheads under that title have been made. It is certain that a good deal more information concerning the early history and inhabitants of America will become common knowledge after the congress closes. Exchange of ideas on agricultural methods will also be valuable. Among the almost innumerable subjects to be talked over the most important are such as these:

Means which American nations might employ to properly assimilate immigrants to the native element.

The advisability of introducing the referendum. Results following reforms introduced in American countries for the purpose of affording the people a more direct participation in public affairs. Legal and political status of aborigines.

Labor, including co-operative building plans, laws to protect women and children in industrial labor, minimum wages, co-operative loan associations, savings banks, relief societies, labor exchanges, compulsory insurance, industrial schools, social education and labor unions.

Under engineering some subjects are: Plans and gages of intercontinental railways, supply of drinking water, distribution of irrigation water and adoption of a Pan-American standard, reinforced concrete construction, railway car lighting and processes for concentration of ores, uses of nitrate and discussions of the only source of supply, the Chilean fields.

Under agronomy and zootechnics proposed subjects include preparation and improvement of soils, agricultural machinery, reforestation, viticulture and vinification, production of meat, fat, milk, butter, cheese and wool, machinery for the elaboration and conservation of animal products, poultry, fish culture, parasitical and contagious diseases of domestic animals, rural construction, economic elements in agricultural production.

When it is considered that we are far in advance of South America on some of these matters, while they are much better informed on others, the great value of the coming congress to all the people of the western hemisphere can be appreciated.

What Generosity Means.

"Many people get the credit of being generous who never felt a single generous impulse in their lives," says a close student of human nature.

"Their generosity—so-called—has consisted simply in formal, cold, grudging almsgiving, carried out at the call of duty, and unaccompanied by any spontaneous burst of feeling or sympathy.

"The highest generosity is full of strong, unhesitating self-effacement, and always inspires—except in debased natures—feelings of gratitude and affection. Almsgiving is one of the least of its attributes. It more often takes the form of helpfulness, sympathy and understanding. It gives forth compassion and encouragement of a kind which is far beyond money value.

"The secret of generosity is unselfishness, and the way to acquire it is to cultivate universal love and sympathy."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Depopulated by Sleeping Sickness.

Fajao as a native town was no more. At hardly any point in Uganda has the sleeping sickness made such frightful ravages. At least 6,000 persons had perished in the last two years. Almost the whole population had been swept away.

Scarcely enough remained to form the deputation, who in their white robes could be discerned at the entrance to the cleared area of the camping ground. And this cleared area was itself of the utmost importance, for all around it the powers of evil were strong. The groves which fringed and overhung the river swarmed with tsetse flies of newly replenished venom and approved malignity, and no man could enter them except at a risk.—Winston Churchill in Strand Magazine.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

PLANS RED CROSS WORK

Ernest P. Bicknell has entered on his work as director of the work of the Red Cross of the United States. As his title implies, he is to be the managing head of this great organigation. He gave up the office of secretary of the Associated Charities in Chicago, which paid him a salary of $6,000 a year, to go into this new field of work at an increased salary. Back of his election to the office is the old story of work well done.

After the destruction of San Francisco by earthquake the Red Cross forwarded immense sums of money to the stricken city. It was necessary to have a high-grade man at the head of the society's relief work in that city, and some one suggested Mr. Bicknell. He obtained a leave of absence from his Chicago office and went to San Francisco at a time when everything was chaos there. Within a remarkably short time he had brought things to a system, and for months from a tent in the destroyed city administered the charity of the Red Cross, and supervised the financial end of the transaction.

Last summer when the Red Cross society decided to enlarge the field of its usefulness it saw the need of a directing head— a man upon whom the responsibility of operation could be placed. Naturally it turned to the man who had served so well in the San Francisco affair. Mr. Bicknell was loath to leave his work in Chicago, but finally consented. W. H. Taft, president-elect, is president of the society, and has consented to accept a re-election, which means that for the first time a president of the United States will also be president of the Red Cross society.

Mr. Bicknell has already matured plans for strengthening the society. The charity organizations of the municipalities of the country are being invited to become members of the society and are promptly accepting the invitation. Mr. Bicknell is now visiting the larger cities of the east, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, in connection with the work of co-operation. A little later he intends to visit the cities of the Central west. The idea is that the municipal charity organizations shall be so affiliated with the society that when a disaster occurs in or near any large city the local charity organization can promptly take hold of the work of extending aid.

AMERICAN IS SCOTCH LORD

Having been confirmed by the committee on privileges of the house of lords in his right as the twelfth baron of Cameron, Albert Kirby Fairfax, native American, now officially bears the title of Lord Fairfax of the Scotch peerage and is entitled to all the privileges of a peer in the United Kingdom, excepting that these do not include a seat in the house of lords, a distinction which, however, may be attained by him through election as one of the 16 delegates to the house by the Scottish peerage for each parliamentary session.

The house of Fairfax dates back to 1627. Its founder was one of the few nobles who sided with Cromwell and he held chief command at Marston Moor. His son was general-in-chief of the parliamentary forces and gained the great victory at Naseby. When the king came to his own the Fairfax of that day deemed it best to come to America, and about 1739 settled in Virginia, where he bought a tract of land comprising some 6,000,000 acres, and erected two mansions—Brevoir and Greenway Court—where he lived in baronial style. The present Virginia family home is Northampton, Prince George county, an estate of about 700 acres, being a part of the original Fairfax grant. Albert Kirby Fairfax was born there, as were his brother and three sisters.

His father was Dr. John Contee Fairfax, who, like all of his ancestors after the first of them came to America, disdained to lay claim to the title, with the exception of Rev. Brian Fairfax, who went to England in 1800 and received recognition as the eighth Lord Fairfax, but returned to this country and never assumed the title. The mother of Albert Kirby Fairfax was a daughter of Col. Edmund Kirby of the United States army.

Several years ago Albert went to New York and obtained a position in the banking house of Barring, Magoon & Co., in Wall street, with the intention of becoming a banker. In 1902 he went to London to represent an international banking concern and announced his intention of assuming his title. The British chancellor decided that he could exercise all the rights of his rank—attend coronations and various court functions, but could not have a voice in the house of lords unless he should become a British subject and be elected as one of the 16 Scottish peers.

He attended the coronation of King Edward by special invitation and was extensively entertained by the peerage.

HODCARRIER KNIGHTED BY KING

Cavalier Dominick D'Alessandro, a Boston hodcarrier, has been knighted by the king of Italy. D'Alessandro, in spite of his humble calling, is a scholar and a reformer. His title came to him as a token of the king's appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the laboring people of the tenements. He has been perhaps one of the greatest workers in that field ever to come out of the ranks of the laborers. The padrone system of the Greek bootblacks and of the Russians, who are employed in great numbers among the sugar beet fields of the west, has come in for much of his attention. In the field of organized labor he has likewise been active and he is the recognized head of the hodcarriers' organization. Withal he is a scholar of economic subjects and is educated in several languages.

When he came to New York from Italy D'Alessandro was possessed of a great knowledge of the oppression of the poor, and he determined to devote his life to a betterment of their condition. He began with the tenements in a quiet way, and then included an investigation of the padrone children among the Italian child laborers. He gathered evidence in his spare time against the heads of this terrible system of slavery, and the result was successful prosecutions of the padrones in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other eastern cities.

All this was brought to the attention of the Italian monarch, and he rewarded the hodcarrier reformer with a knighthood.

MAY BE MADE HEIR TO THRONE

Prince Alexander of Servia has occupied a position heretofore—since the accession of his father to the throne—something like that of vice president in this country. He is the youngest son of King Peter, which means that he was not considered in the light of a possible heir to the crown and therefore cut comparatively little figure in the affairs of the troublesome kingdom.

Now, however, the youth finds himself suddenly lifted into a position of prominence and importance in the eyes of his countrymen and the outside world. His elder brother, Crown Prince George, is the rattle-brained youth whose rash words and intemperate actions have all but precipitated his country into a costly war with Austria against the wishes of his royal father and of the Servian cabinet. The young man openly defied his father when the latter would have remonstrated with him on his course, and on one occasion attempted to strike the king. He made the temperature of the Servian so torrid that it was even reported that his father thought seriously of packing up his crown and royal ulster and running away from the country to get on the outside the peace and tranquillity he longed for.

As a result of all this, the Servian court has begun to think perhaps Prince George would be a dangerous sort of king in case his father should die. It is urged that young Alexander would be a much safer, wiser and more conservative king, and would keep the kingdom out of menacing ructions with the neighbors. It is accordingly planned to have the Servian legislature pass a new decree making the younger prince heir to the throne instead of his brother.

NOVELI

Composer—You sent for me, Mrs. Newrich?

Mrs. Newrich—Yes. I want you to compose a new call for our motor car hoot.

Meeting Mr. Brown

By V. Toppler

(Copyright, Ford Pub. Co.)

It has never been my brother Ralph's habit to be very extravagant when it came to spending money on me, so I was rather surprised when, one morning before going downtown, he asked me if I would go to the Hippodrome, and, at first, I thought he was only joking.

"I can see that you must think there is something under this, Grace, and so there is. It is like this: You remember Charlie Brown I have spoken of?"

"Yes, but don't quite see—"

"Well, Charlie is coming to New York to-night and I want to give him a good time, and as he has always been particularly anxious to meet you, I thought it a good idea to take you along to entertain him."

"I am sure I shall enjoy it."

"Well, now you leave here on the 6:36, that will take you to Grand Central at 7:05, and I will meet you there and we will both wait for Charlie, who will be on the Boston express, which gets in at 7:20. We will then have just about an hour to get dinner at the Manhattan and get to the Hippodrome in time for the show at 8:30. But now I must be off to catch my train. Do not forget—Grand Central at 7:05."

That afternoon I got a telegram from Ralph. It read:

"Will be detained by business. Cannot make Grand Central. You meet

"Oh, That Is All Right, I Am Grace Warburton."

Charlie; take him to dinner. I will be at entrance of Hippodrome at 8:30."

At first I was rather put out. The idea that I should go and meet a man whom I had never seen and take him out for dinner seemed a rather out-of-the-way thing for a young girl inclined to be bashful, but after awhile the thing began to appeal to my sense of fun, so 6:30 found me on board the train for the city, but I did not arrive until 7:23 as my train was belated.

The Boston express had been on time, however, and all the passengers had gone when I ran up to the platform. No, not all—there was one young man walking up and down as if waiting for somebody.

Surely that must be Charlie Brown I thought and ran up to him, calling out: "Mr. Brown!"

The agility with which he turned around proved his identity. He looked at me in surprise.

"That is my name, but I do not have the pleasure—"

"Oh, that is all right, I am Grace Warburton, Ralph's sister, and I want to take you with me to dinner, as Ralph was delayed and will meet us later. Now we must go and have something to eat in a hurry, as we have not very much time."

He tried to say something, and looked so bewildered that I could hardly help laughing when I looked at the queer expression in his face, but would not listen to him, and we were soon seated in a restaurant opposite the depot, as the state of my finances would not allow me to take him to the Manhattan.

He insisted that he was not hungry, but I put this down to bashfulness and insisted on ordering a steak for each of us. By a sly motion to the waitress I succeeded in getting hold of the bill, and when he wanted to pay I assured him that was altogether out of the question.

"But I insist."

"I shall not allow anything of the kind. Ralph would never forgive me if I did." He laid his hand gently on my arm.

"I should feel like a criminal if I allowed you to pay for me."

"My dear Mr. Brown, I really don't see—"

"Well, you would if you knew everything. I am here under false pretenses. I am not the man you supposed me to be."

"I haven't really had time to suppose anything about you."

"Please listen to me a moment then. I have not the slightest idea who you are or who Ralph is, and I have been wanting all the time to tell you that I am not the man you expected to meet at the Grand Central."

"Then you are not Charlie Brown from Boston?"

"No, my name is Arthur Sidney Brown, and I have always lived in New York."

I was dumfounded and blurted out:

"But why are you here, then?"

"Well, I must really ask you; you simply did not give me a chance to explain or get away, and you must forgive; I thought at first you were a girl out for a good time."

"Oh, how could you?"

"It was only for a second. I soon saw that you had made a mistake and my love of fun prevented me from setting you right. I simply could not help coming with you to see what would happen. Please forgive me! I'll bid you good night, Miss—"

"Warburton," I replied with a rather faint smile.

"Why, the name is familiar. Oh, I know. I was at Yale with a fellow of that name."

"My brother Ralph is a Yale man."

"By George! Then I know him after all, though I have not met him for years. What a strange coincidence!"

"Well, in that case you had better come along. Ralph is waiting outside the Hippodrome."

When we reached there we found Ralph waiting with an insignificant-looking little fellow with glasses, whom he introduced to me as Charlie Brown. He looked rather unpleasantly at my companion, who hurried to explain matters.

"I see you do not recognize me, Ralph. I must have changed quite a little since we were at Yale together. I am Arthur Sidney Brown, and many a battle we have fought when I was a freshman and you a sophomore. I met your sister by accident to-night, and she—"

There is no more of this story except that I agreed to become Mrs. Arthur Brown in June.

Jim shuffled from one foot to the other and scratched the tip of his ear.

"I don't exactly remember, miss," he said.

"Take time, James. There is no hurry. Just think."

"Well, it might ha' bin at the Marquis o' Granby—yesterday after tea."

"And what did he say?"

"He said it was a powerful shame a furriner should come to a British colony an' steal a thing which a lot o' pore blacks thought more of than anybody could imagine."

"And then he paid for another round of beer?"

"Well, miss, if you put it that way"—

"And he asked you to search for his black bag and particularly for a little ivory doll which was inside it?"

"Why, you must ha' bin talkin' to him, too, miss!"

"No, James. I'm just guessing. What did you say to him?"

"I didn't see any harm in tellin' him that there was no sich thing anywheres in our grounds, an' Evangeline is sure it isn't in Mr. Schwartz's bedroom."

"Do you think it quite right, James, to go to the Marquis o' Granby and discuss our affairs with a negro in a public bar?"

"You'll pardon me, miss, but that ain't a fair way of puttin' it. This prince chap an' the rest of us had a rough an' tumble on Christmas eve, an' I slung him out of the front gate all fair an' square. It was a perfectly nateral thing to meet 'im afterward an' 'ave a friendly chat over a pint."

"All right. The matter remains between you and me. But I want you to promise that if Prince John or any other negro approaches you again and tries to get information you will tell me everything at the first opportunity."

"Of course, miss, I promise that. You can't think I would go agin the people in Holly Lodge, can you?"

Applause from the stable. Even Rikki joined in with his squeak, though he could hardly make out what Jim was saying. Nevertheless Minkie had not finished with our unhappy groom yet. I was glad to hear Jim getting it. He grumbles every time he puts fresh sand in my cage.

"Did you arrange to meet him today?" she demanded.

"Yes, miss," he said.

"When and where?"

"Well, I said as 'ow the carriage might not be wanted after 5 an' I would walk to the other side of the green, when there would not be so many people about."

"And what were you to tell him?"

"Well, just any gossip that was goin', especially about Mr. Schwartz."

"And how much did he promise to give you?"

Jim looked rather sheepish. His skin is the color of a brick, but I fancy he took on a beet root tinge.

"I believe a sovereign was mentioned, miss," he admitted.

"Here is your sovereign, James. Please oblige me by not meeting Prince John tonight."

"Oh, I can't take it; I really can't—not from you, Miss Millicent. Why, I could never look you in the face again."

"Take it, please. It is not my money. You know very well that I have no sovereigns to give away. And when you meet the prince I want you to tell him plainly that you must not hold any further conversation with him. If my father knew of yesterday's talk he would be exceedingly angry."

"I thought that already, miss. Blest if I can imagine how you found out so much."

I laughed. I was the only member of the gang except Minkie who saw how important was Evangeline's yarn to Cookie. Dan was very sore about what he called Jim's treachery, but Bob told him not to be a fool. "When the beer is in, the wit is out," he said, and Bob ought to know, as he soaked up gallons of it while the Guv'nor and Mam and Dorothy were in Ostend last summer.

All that day there was electricity in the atmosphere. Tibbie said she felt it in her fur. Everybody in the village could speak of nothing else but the extraordinary collection of negroes who had invaded what the guide book calls "a peaceful retreat." At last even the local policeman became aware that something unusual was taking place, and he strolled majestically up our drive to make inquiries.

The Guv'nor met him and said Mr. Schwartz's presence accounted for the sudden access of color to the landscape.

"My friend has large interests in West Africa," he explained, "and the mere fact that he is staying at Dale End has drawn to this neighborhood many natives who are at present residing in England."

"From information received," quoth Robert, "I have reason to believe, sir, that a larceny on your premises is intended by some of these blacks."

"Nonsense! That story has arisen owing to one of them thrusting himself in here on Christmas eve."

Schwartz asked the Old Man to head off any police interference in that way. So the law marched back to the village and took off its belt. Yet every man, woman and child in Dale End resembled so many full soda siphons. The moment you touched them they spurted bubbles, and all the gas that escaped was chat concerning our sable visitors. It soon became known that there were three negroes staying at the manor and four at the Marquis o' Granby. They had plenty of money, which they spent freely, but there could not be the slightest doubt that they were hostile to us at Holly Lodge, and the maids at the Marquis o' Granby spread the story that the blacks had some awful looking choppers among their luggage. From the description I recognized these as machetes.

When Schwartz accompanied Dorothy to her old nurse's cottage during the afternoon some idiot told two negroes who were standing at the door of the inn that the millionaire was just walking across the

Continued on 8th Page, 1st Section.

The Pole Star.

Ursa Major and Ursa Minor are known also as the triones and as the Greater Wain and the Lesser Wain. It is curious to note that the larger constellation was given the figure of the bear by the Arabs and by the Iroquois red men. The assumed forms are ordinarily fanciful, and the identity of the names in this instance affords food for speculation. Homer uses both bear and wain (wagon) in his references to these stars. It is evident that the name bear was a translation from some original Aryan language, as the constellation is called in Sanskrit riksha, a word that in different genders means both a bear and a star. Of course the polar star in the tail of Ursa Minor is the constellation's point of glory. In this case we may say fairly that the tail wags the dog, because the group of stars was once called the dog's tail, or cynosure. From that we have our word cynosure, that toward which all eyes turn, as to the dog's tail for sight of the pole star.—Minneapolis Tribune.

How Nora Coaxed the Tips.

A group of women were standing in the corridor of a summer hotel when an aged scrubwoman started upstairs with a pail of water. Just then a bright faced, buxom Irish chambermaid came up.

"This looks purty heavy for the likes of ye," she said cheerily to the old woman. "Better let me help."

She took up the paid and whisked off upstairs with it.

"How thoughtful of Nora!" "Isn't she kind?" and similar expressions rose to the lips of the women. The proprietor of the hotel and another man also witnessed the incident.

"Clever girl, that Nora," said the hotel man to his companion. "She's always doing something like that when there are people looking on. She gets more tips than any two other girls in the house. She could afford to pay me for the privilege of working here. Every summer she makes enough to spend the winter in idleness at her old home in Ireland."—New York Tribune.

Oddities of Color Blindness.

Color blindness, or the inability to distinguish certain colors, is by no means rare. Incomplete color blindness is when a person cannot distinguish one of the fundamental colors, red, green or violet. If a person is told to select colors resembling violet, he will if red blind usually select blues as well as violets. If he is green blind, he will select green or gray, with possibly some blues and violets of the brightest shades. Violet blindness is rare. To a red blind person the American flag appears to have green and white stripes, while the white stars appear on a violet field. To a green blind person the stripes have the proper colors, but the field for the stars is red violet. To a violet blind person the stripes are normal, but the stars appear to be set in a dark brownish gray field. To a person who is totally color blind the blue of the flag appears a light yellowish brown, while the red stripes seem to be a darker brown.

An Idol Shattered.

Some one has said that people that are fond of hero worship should never make a pilgrimage to see the hero. Here is an instance:

An enthusiastic young lady admirer called on her favorite author. In speaking of her visit she said:

"I'm sorry I saw him. He didn't look at all like an author—no long, wavy hair; no dreamy expression; no eyes fixed on the stars as if to read the secrets of the heavens; no musical, low voice—nothing to suggest the genius. No, I found him leaning on the garden gate, in his shirt sleeves, swearing at a grocery boy! And his hair was close cropped, and he looked as if he hadn't shaved in a week. He was the most terribly human specimen I ever saw."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Wickedest Bit of Sea.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact, "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover strait or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luiz up to Pauillac or across the Mediterranean "race" from Cadiz to Tangier, nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.

What a Scotsman Wears.

A Scottish correspondent, signing himself "Haggis," writes to us as follows:

Dear Sir—Please state in your column that a Scotsman wears a kilt, not kilts. Thus Harry Lauder went to amuse the king clad in a kilt, not in kilts.

We regret to say that we find ourselves unable to accede to our correspondent's request. Respect for truth compels us to state that a Scotsman almost invariably wears neither a kilt nor kilts, but trousers.—London News.

Quite of Her Opinion.

"Oh, I did so want to have a talk with you! I'm simply mad to go on the stage!" exclaimed a gushing young lady to a popular actor.

"Yes, I should think you would be, my dear young lady!" remarked the great histrion.

Consistent.

"Why do you wear a yachting cap, deah boy? It's your brother that owns the yacht."

"Very true, old chap. This is me brother's cap."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beauty is part of the finished language which goodness speaks.—Eliot.

Tompkins & Norris

Our Annual Proclamation

UP-TO-DATE GOODS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

Lemons, Figs, Dates, Oysters

To all the People who Need Holiday Goods

WE cannot enumerate very many articles but specify a few and generalize all the balance OUR STOCK IS CHOCK FULL.

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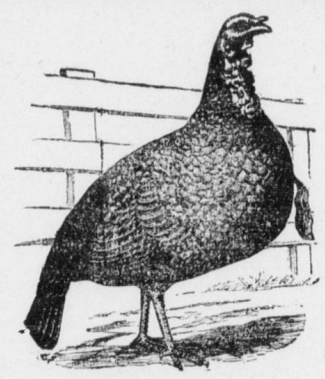
THE STORE THAT KEEPS ABREAST WITH THE TIMES

For the Ladies	For the Children	For the Men
Corsets, Shirtwaists, Fine Underwear, Handkerchiefs, from 5c to 50c each.	Dolls, Toys, Candy, Chairs, and Tables.	Sweaters, Cigars, Clothing, Gloves, Cuffs and Collars.



Turkeys, Chickens, Geese

Other Poultry in Abundance

FOR EVERYBODY---Dry Goods, Blankets Comforts, Shoes and Rubbers, Fresh and Salt Meats and Groceries in great quantities. Everything we have without competition.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, as well as unbounded prosperity,

We remain, yours for business,

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EAST EMPORIUM, PA.

SANTA IN BLUE.

Child's Prayer to the Saint Answered by a "Cop."

IT was Christmas eve in a side street of the great city and so late that the last customer had left the dingy little shop, and the light from its one window streamed out upon the night like a lonely beacon. It was a cheerful window as such things go in poor side streets, and a sumptuous Santa Claus, all glittering in cotton snow and rainbow tinsel, stood in its forefront, loaded with the

"AND, OH, SANTY, I DO WANT A DOLLY!"

pretty things that please children at ways and especially so at Christmas.

Presently from a darker, poorer street a tiny slip of a girl came timidly around the corner, and, glancing about anxiously to see that no one was in sight, she stole up to the window of the little shop and began feasting her hungry eyes upon its beautiful treasures. She was very, very thin and pale, and her clothes were but sareds and patches, yet her eyes sparkled, and there was the joy of Christmas in her heart just to look at the good things.

For a minute or more she stood with her wan little face pressed close against the glass, and then she dropped to her knees before this shrine of Santa Claus and clasped her hands together as we see pictures of children at prayer. Her upturned eyes were closed, and the light fell upon her face very softly.

In the shadow of the houses across the street a big policeman stood watching. Now he came stealthily over toward the shrine, with the child on her knees before it. As he reached the curb he heard her voice, trembling and uncertain:

"Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. And, oh, Santy Claus, I do want a dolly and some candy for Christmas! Amen!"

She had said the only prayer she knew, and as she rose to her feet again the policeman touched her on the shoulder. She started suddenly and would have run away, for these street waifs fear the big policemen, but he held her.

"Come with me," he said, and she began to cry.

He took her into the little shop, and when she came out again she held a yellow haired doll fiercely to her thin little breast with one hand and in the other she carried two bags of candy.

As she looked up to the big policeman he saw in her face what he had seen as she knelt before the shrine of Santa Claus, and he bent down and kissed her good night.—William J. Lampton in New York Herald.

Christmas Pies.

In England, Yorkshire is still the stronghold of vast Christmas pies that trace their lineage far beyond the Norman conquest into the dim feasts of Saxon kings and Danish freebooters. A rather quaint note, written in 1833, makes mention of the "wains" (or wagons) groaning about Christmas time under a load of these pies and adds, "At such times the hostess of a well frequented inn of the old school will construct a pie of the circumference rivaling her own, and the county newspaper will record its dimensions."

One such "hostess of the old school" is immortalized by a famous though slightly profane epitaph in a Yorkshire churchyard running as follows:

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Shoven.
She was versed in the arts
Of cakes, pies and tarts
And the mystical rites of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much praised.
Now here she doth lie
And make a mud pie
In the hope that her crust may be raised.

—New York Evening Post.

Rural Repartee.

"Sary," snickered young Ab Cornstossel, "I kinder think I'll put myself on th' Christmas tree fer you this year."

"If you do, Ab," giggled Sary, "they'll not take you off this year. They'll let you stay there till you git ripe enough to pick."

"Christmas Children."

In some Catholic countries there is a custom of dressing up puppets called Christmas children, hiding them on Christmas eve, setting persons in quest of them and giving a reward to the finder.

"Cut It Out!"

[A New Year's poem.]

THE old year's shades were quite pulled down
When through each village, city, town,
There passed a sandwich man with sign
Whose legend filled a single line:
"Cut it out!"

"Be more specific!" said the man
Who plainly rushed too much the can.
The sandwich man ne'er turned aside;
Only the legend writ replied:
"Cut it out!"

"Please state exactly what you'd say!"
Desired the man who smoked all day.
But all the answer that he got
Was this laconic, center shot:
"Cut it out!"

The man whose face so haggard white
Meant poker playing night and night
Required to know what thing was meat
And got this answer eloquent:
"Cut it out!"

So every one who looked on it
Felt his especial fault was hit.
Their souls with new resolves did fill,
And all exclaimed aloud: "We will
Cut it out!"

So all braced up and for three days
Frequented narrow, proper ways
And followed fully up the plan
Suggested by the sandwich man:
"Cut it out!"

But ere the sandwich man did trace
A four days' journey from the place
All things were as they were before
And no one ever hinted more:
"Cut it out!"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AZTECS' HORRIBLE HOLIDAY.

They Celebrated the New Year With Human Sacrifices.

The bloody and complicated ritual of the Aztecs commemorated the return of their masterful war god, the sun, from the south, and the ceremonies carried on in his honor occupied a period of several days. The initiatory rites began before daylight of the first morning, when the chief priest and his subdignitaries wended their way in solemn procession to the top of their greatest pyramidal sanctuary. Here the high priest retired alone to a small temple, whose doorway opened toward the east, and as the rising sun crimsoned and purpled the serrated mountains he knelt and sprinkled thickly upon the marble floor the sacred meal.

As the first rays of the newborn sun strike slantingly across the floor of the tiny temple the bended priest beholds a miracle. Faintly at first, then stronger and stronger, grows an imprint in the meal of the naked foot of their war god. Upon this miraculous manifestation the high priest announces to the assembled couriers that their god has returned to them and that the grand festal occasion is inaugurated.

Unhappily the first feast rites were of a grewsome and horrible nature, consisting mainly in sacrificing youths to the gods. It is said that they were feasted for days previous to the ceremony that they might be in a wholesome and pleasing condition upon their last and the war god's first great day. In other ceremonies human beings were killed and flayed, and the participants in the sacrifice enveloped themselves in the bloody skins of the victims, while they took part in a wild and uncanny dance.

While the observance of the new year among the Aztecs seemingly predominated in bloody rites, they were most likely confined to the religious order of the priests, and the great mass of the people, with no taint of blood on their hands, might be happy and revel in the feast of the new year.—New York Herald.

The Jewish New Year.

In striking opposition to the spirit of joy and happiness which pervades Christendom generally is the New Year of the Jews. With the Jews, who also observe the New Year for two days, the days are not days of feasting and enjoyment, but days of judgment. According to the belief of every orthodox Jew, every member of the Jewish race is tried on the New Year. The books kept in heaven are opened on that day. The record of each man for the year just ending is looked through and taken under advisement for ten days. On the tenth day, the day of atonement, the fate of each man for the coming year is drawn up, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement the fate is sealed and nothing can change it any more.—Chicago Tribune.

Their New Year's Wishes.

Weary Wraggles—If I wuz only back at me old home, what a spread I'd have dis New Year's day! Oh, fur de wings uv a dove!

Hungry Hank—Oh, fur de wings uv a turkey, y'l accept plum puddin' to come afterward!

New Year's Preparations.

Jings—I notice that Soakly wets his finger in the glass every time he takes a fresh drink.

Bings—Yes; he wants to keep it moistened so he can turn over that new leaf on the 1st.

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of LEONARD TAGGART, Deceased.

LETTERS Testamentary having been granted by the Register of Wills of Cameron County to the undersigned upon the estate of Leonard Taggart, late of Emporium, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to the Executrix.

Emporium, Pa. HELEN M. TAGGART,
December 12th, 1908.—6t. Executrix

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED to secure subscriptions and advertising for the New Amstel Magazine—a monthly, whose mission is "to uplift and enliven and cut out the bad."

Satisfactory acknowledgments have been received from many distinguished men, including Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan, Secretaries Root and Cortelyou, Attorney General Bonaparte, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Julian Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Henry Hanby Hay, Hiram W. Hayes.

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No better gift to a lady than a set of rich furs and no better opportunity to secure them than at the great

Christmas Sale of Furs

which is now in progress. These furs were contracted for months ago—before the big advance in prices. We could not buy them to-day at wholesale for the prices at which we are offering them to you.

Black Furs

Black Lynx and Black Wolf Furs are the favorite this season.

Lynx Muffs

Pillow and rug styles at $35.00 $42.50 up to $60.00.

Lynx Collars

Pelerines, $35 and $45.
Shawls, $43.50 and $50.
Bolero Cape, $75 00.
Throw Scarf, $37.50.

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Pillow Muffs, $11.95.
Rug Muffs, $15 95.
Shawl Collars, $15.95.

Black Fox Sets $30

Large Rug Muff and Shawl Collar.

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$14 Large Pillow Muff and 50 inch Throw Scarf.

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Speaking of Holiday Gifts

At this season of the year nearly every mind is occupied with the same thought---what will I give for Xmas? Practical gifts are most acceptable. Gifts of real worth can be chosen from the large stock of this reliable clothing house

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Out of the Ordinary.

Clothes to appeal to the up to date man must be neat, nobby and perfectly tailored. We have them in all prices ranging from $8.00 to $18.00

Leather Goods, Suit Cases and Hand Bags $1.00 to $10.

Gloves, in Wool and Leather; we carry a full line from 50 cents to $3.00

Gents Furnishings

Bath Robes $3.50 to $8.00.
Sweater Coats 50c to $4.00.
Shirts, in plain white and fancy 50c $1.50.
Neckwear 25c to $1.00.
Suspenders in Holiday Boxes 50c to $1.00.
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Watch Fobs 50c to $5.00
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Remarkable Opportunities for Practical Gift Buying

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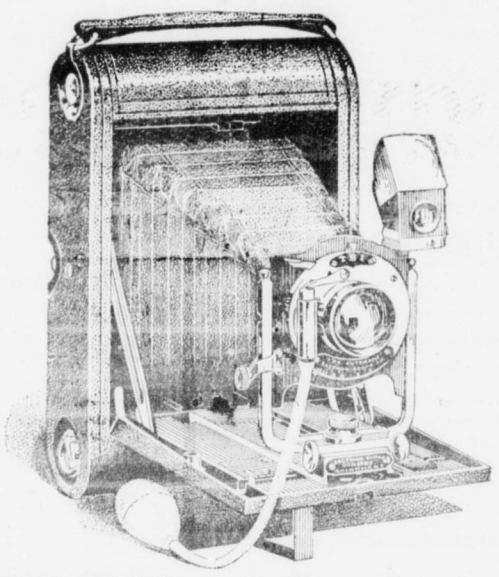


KODAK Solves the Xmas Problem

So simple that even in the hands of the novice they make good pictures, so perfect in equipment that they fulfill the requiremenhs of the expert—such ars the EASTMAM KODACS.

Kodaks - - - $5.00 to $100
Brownie Cameras $1.00 to $9.00

Toys

This store fairly teems with Toy Gifts. To buy your toys at LLOYD'S is both traditional and an economical thing to do. Santa's selection of Dolls here is complete. Dolls dressed and undressed ranging in all sizes and prices, in bodied dolls with natural eyelashes, best value for your money to be found anywhere. Unbreakable dolls and fine selection of handsomely dressed dolls. Go-Carts and Carriages in all styles and sizes. Iron and Wooden Sleds, Flexible Flyers, Bob-Sleds and Schooners, Mechanical Toys, Iron Trains, Stuffed Animals and Toys too numerous to mention. Xmas tree decorations and ornaments.

Cigars

All the leading brands of cigars in boxes; price $1.00 per box.

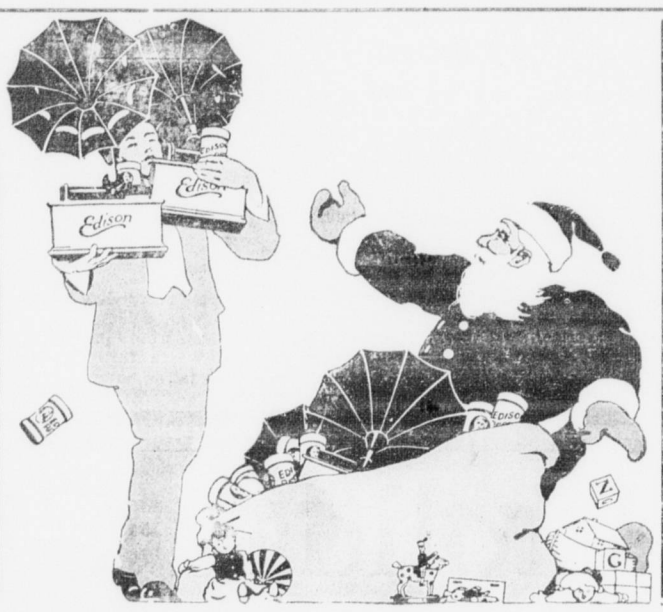
A fine selection of pipes in mereschaum and briar.

Fancy Goods

On the fancy goods counter is a gift at every turn, among these you may select: Toilet Sets, Mancure Sets, Jewel Cases, Military Sets, Hand Mirrors, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Sets, Candle and Candle-sticks,

Sterling Silver Novelties and Leather Goods,

Handbags, Purses, Pocketbooks, Music Rolls, Cigar Cases, Collar and Cuff Cases, Portofolios, Traveling Cases and many other novelties.



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Not often in a life time, can you buy china made especially for Holiday gifts.

Our assortment includes vaces, cups and saucers, bread and butter plates, creamery and sugars, mayonnaise bowls, olive sets, nut sets, bread and milk sets, fancy plates, celery dishes, desert dishes and many new novelties.

Our Little Art Corner

Our carefully selected stock will help you in selecting a suitable gift.

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make excellent Xmas Gifts. We have them in all prices from 15c to $7.00.

Edison Phonographs

The Children's Christmas—Christmas means more to the children than to any one else. This Christmas will mean more than any that have passed if an Edison Phonograph is among the gifts. It is something that will give them more real, wholesome pleasure for a long time than anything else you could buy.

Bring the children in to hear the Phonograph and let them decide. A full line of instruments and all the new Records.

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Books make welcome Xmas presents. If you are undecided about what to give for Xmas, go to the book counter. Our stock of books offer some of the world's best literature. Books both for children and adults. All the latest copyright books, Books of Poems in burnt leather and padded covers. Fancy gift books in a great variety of binding. Among our books for boys, we have stories by Alger, Henty, Cooper, Reid, Ellis, Optic and Otis. For Girls, by Mead, Carey, Allcot and many other authors. A fine assortment of juvenile books in board covers from 15c to $1.00. Attractive linen books for the babys. A full line of Bibles, Teacher's Edition in all prices. Prayer Books and Key of Heaven in many styles of binding.

STATIONERY

Writing Paper in Fancy Boxes is always acceptable. We are showing a line of Eton & Hurlbut Writing Paper in fancy boxes suitable for Xmas, from 25c to $2.50 per box. Xmas cards for enclosing with gifts, Xmas Post Cards, Fancy Calendars for 1909, Autograph, Photo and Post Card Albums. A full line of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens. 1909 Diaries now on sale.

A Holiday Necessity, Huyler's Unequaled Candies, Fancy Boxes and Baskets in all sizes and at all Prices. We also offer a large variety of Pure Loose Candies. Cop Corn Balls for Xmas Trees.

No Stropping--No Honing--Give Him a Gilette Safety Razor for Xmas. He will use it never fear. And thank you from his heart every time he shaves. Prices from $5.00 to $15.00.

HARRY S. LLOYD.